The Saturday Evening
POST
December 21, 1957 – 15¢

My Parachute Didn't Open
By a Jet Pilot

DEC 17 '57

THE MISERIES OF ELDER BENSON

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Floor is new Armstrong Custom Vinyl Cork Tile, No. 1005.

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the floor that belongs in a luxury room

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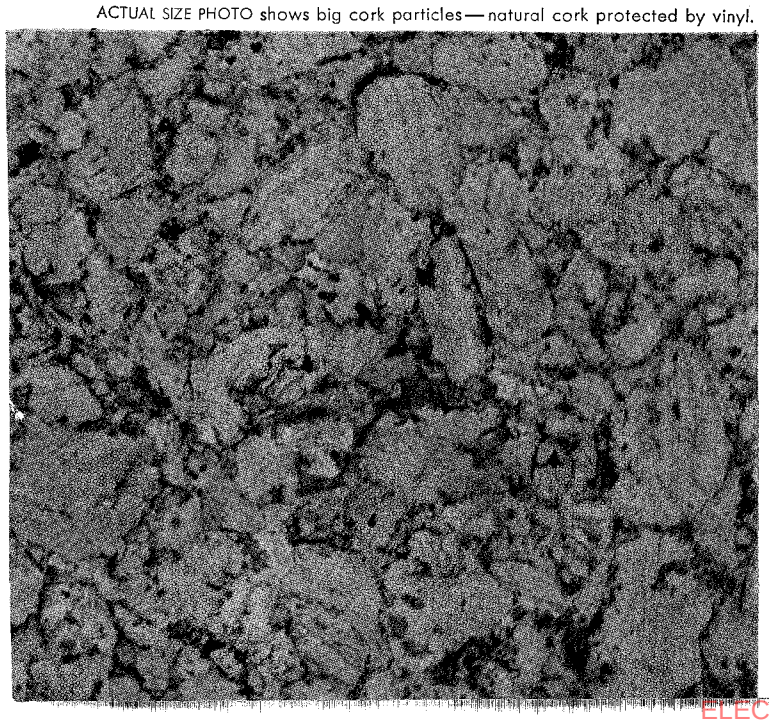

There isn't a floor in all the world that does so much for really fine furnishings as Armstrong Custom Vinyl Cork Tile. It captures cork's timeless beauty to perfection—with good big particles of the finest imported cork protected by a smooth layer of crystal-clear vinyl. The result is a rich, deep-textured effect in warm, natural colorings, an elegant background for precious rugs and distinguished furniture.

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SANTA'S HELPERS. Telephone operators Carolyn M. Kraatz and Arlene P. Halgin, of New York City, symbolize the country-wide spirit of Christmas giving.

Telephone Folks Will Play Santa for Thousands of Kids

As you read this, telephone operators all over the country are dressing thousands of dolls for distribution to children's homes and hospitals at Christmas.

Throughout the Bell System, thousands of other telephone men and women are collecting food, candy, toys and dollars for those less fortunate than themselves.

It's a long-time telephone tradition—and a rather natural one. The spirit of service and the spirit of Christmas are pretty close together. And telephone folks try to be good citizens all year 'round.

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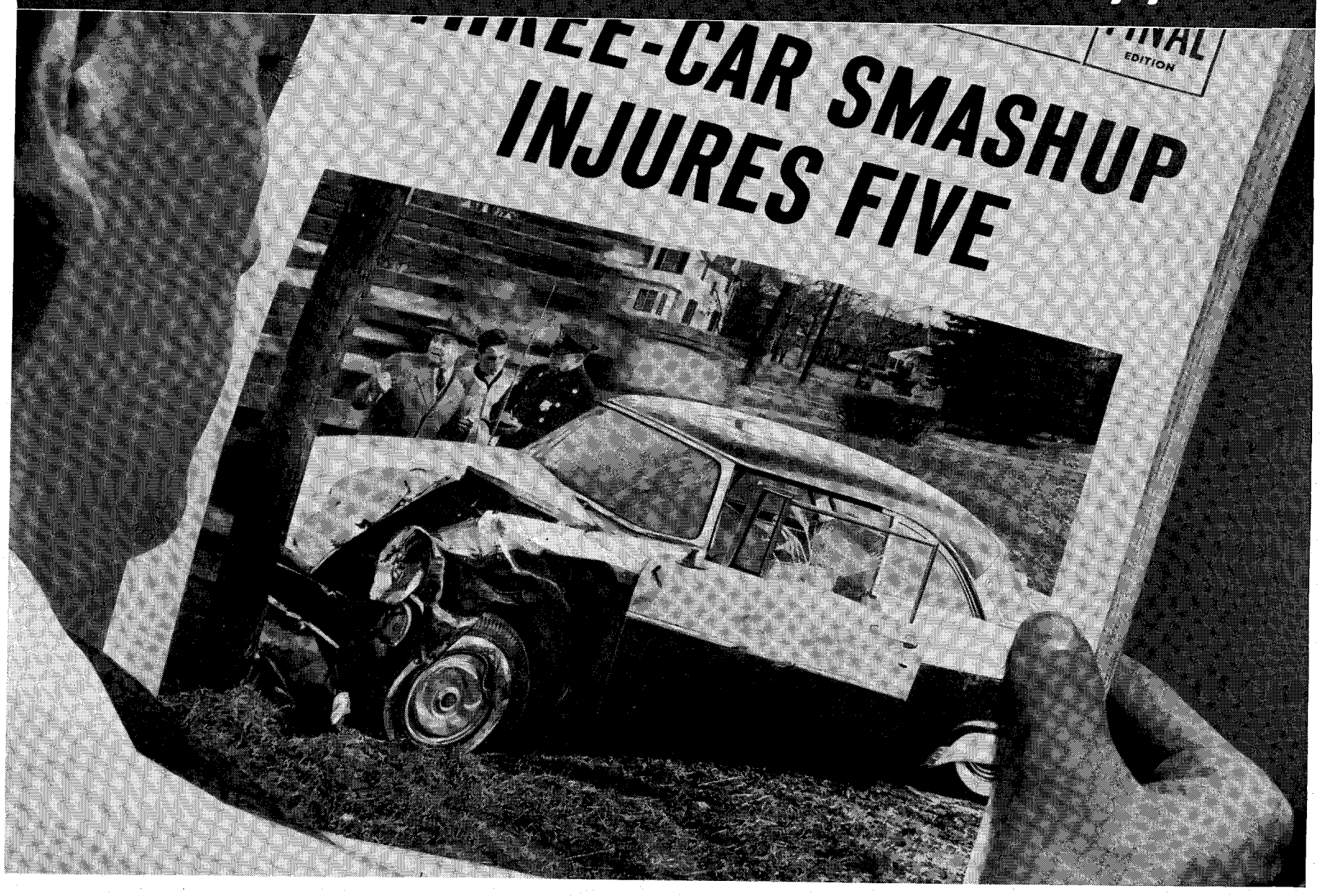
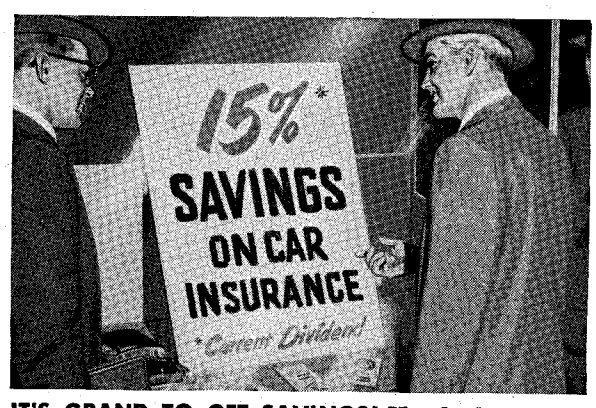


Your accident makes the front page

HOW LIBERTY PROTECTED YOU IS A MORE IMPORTANT STORY

IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual when your old policy expires. Get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of our policyholders have switched to Liberty from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. We'll take care of the rest.



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

**Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.*

IT'S WRONG to call it "*your*" accident. You were driving carefully in the middle line. Suddenly you were sideswiped on the left, and your car was forced into the car on your right. The fellow on the right lost control, shot off the road and hit a pole. It was a complicated mess. Several people started blaming you.

Right then you put in your call to Liberty Mutual, your insurance company. The Liberty claimsman hustled over to make a first-hand inspection. He not only gathered important evidence but he also took a load of worry off your shoulders.

Every Liberty policyholder knows he can count on quick, skillful help in time of accident trouble. Wherever you drive in the U. S., Canada or Hawaii, you can reach Liberty claims service by phone, day or night. No wonder 70% of Liberty policyholders have switched to Liberty from other companies.

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Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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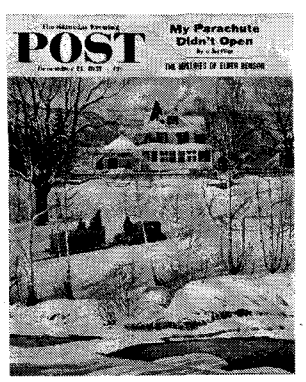

THE COVER

Now the days hurry toward the nicest day in the year. Or, if you're very young, maybe you regret the way they don't hurry. Anyway, life now *feels* like Christmas—everywhere is the sound of carols, the scent of fresh-cut evergreens, the sight of holly wreaths and red bows, and the warmth of smiles on people's faces and in their hearts. On the cover, Christmas is coming to the White Mountains and white valleys of New Hampshire. Papa has been out for some cordwood to make the home fires merry, and that extra return-trip passenger is a merry yule tree. In prospect is one of those white Christmases that most notherners prefer—a minority would settle for green palm trees beside a blue, blue sea. John Clymer certainly can paint clear, cold air, can't he?

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"Reinforced tire chains cut braking distances in half on both snow and ice. With these chains, traction to start is increased up to 7 times over that possible with regular tires on ice," reports the National Safety Council.

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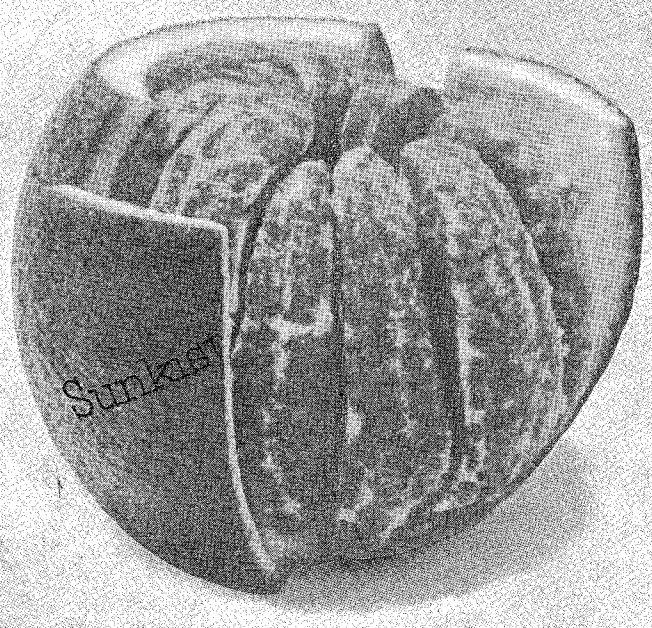
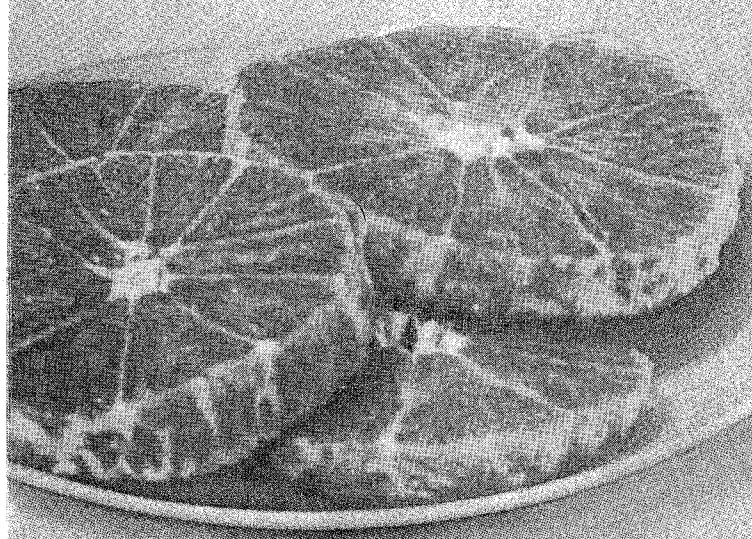
The "meat" of an orange
is the main source of many of
its health values. In fact...



Fresh Sunkist Oranges give
your family 10 times more of the
important bio-flavonoids and protopectins
than frozen orange juice.



Give your family fresh oranges for luscious eating. Or squeeze them for juice, keeping the health-filled solids! Remember, you get *all* the vitamin C and more than fifty other health values in fresh Sunkist Oranges. Sweet, juicy Sunkist Navels—now in season—are easy to peel, have no seeds.

Sunkist FRESH ORANGES & LEMONS

The Sunkist stamp on the skin of fresh oranges and lemons is your guarantee of quality. Accept nothing less. Sunkist... from California and Arizona.

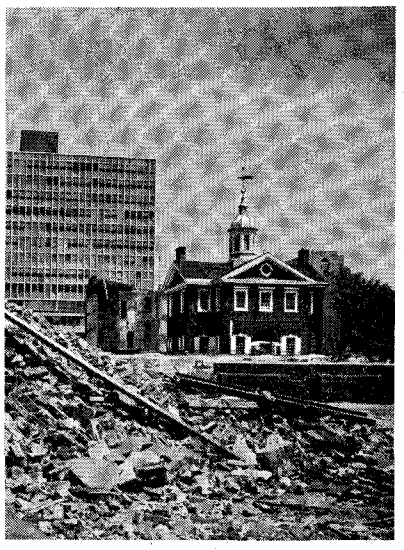
Letters

Conflict

Dear Sirs:

In reference to the letter in the November 16th issue from Mrs. Charles A. Fife, of Bryn Mawr concerning the Mall Building opposite Carpenters' Hall, I am in complete agreement with her. That abominable steel and glass structure has no place with the colonial atmosphere that is being restored to its original beauty.

THOMAS F. LOUDERBACK
Upper Darby, Pa.



Dear Sirs:

Why shouldn't we take advantage of advancements in manufacturing, mass production and functional materials?

I doubt very seriously if Reader Fife would cook on a wood-burning stove or trade her horsepower for a horse and buggy.

MRS. BEN H. JEANES
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Modern office buildings are unsatisfactory externally, internally and eternally. They have the lines of a carton, the smell of a hospital corridor and the gracefulness of a woven wire fence.

R. H. HARRIS
Lexington, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The Mall Building is without elegance, beauty or distinction.

MRS. FRANCIS PALMER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I couldn't possibly agree more with Mrs. Charles A. Fife! Hope Sputnik I and II land right on all the glass and steel, dead dog and all!

MRS. JOSEPH SIMMONS
Loudonville, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The awful contrast between the beauty and dignity of the Carpenters' Hall and the functional ugliness of the Mall Building must have been painful to many readers.

MRS. EDITH PALME
Pittsfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I think the Mall Building is hideous and ruins the style and quaintness of Carpenters' Hall. Our colonial architects used much better style, line and taste than these so-called modern ones.

MRS. C. G. JOHNSON
Bogota, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

The contrast between old and new gives an interesting dramatic effect. Don't you think it makes Carpenters' Hall and Independence Hall look that much more "historic"? I do!

MRS. MARION FRIEDMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The modern skyscraper has been evolved from the natural changing needs of the community; therefore is definitely suitable to our contemporary way of life while the colonial type of building is outmoded—unsuitable physically and economically.

E. LEWIS DALES
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Millions are being spent in preserving a few remaining buildings of historic heritage in a park environment. Let no one take their scale, craftsmanship, and refinement from them, as they are tangible cultural links with a colorful past. Yet Philadelphia is not a museum where, because of location, buildings of a different function must be bastardized to "conform." Conform to what? That is the question.

If would-be critics will examine the basic premise that architecture is as progressive a technical art as physics is a technical science, they must understand that progress is only made through the reality of buildings that express the culture of their time.

MARK PERRIN LOWREY, *Architect*
New Orleans, La.

Children and Poisons

Dear Sirs:

I want to thank you and Meyer Berger for the article HELP FOR THE POISONED CHILD, Nov. 16. Before I finished reading the article I went around our house looking for dangerous articles that were not safely out of reach and I was amazed at how many I found. Thank you for giving those of us with small children a "prod."

MRS. BARBARA FULLNER
Montclair, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps the medicine-cabinet makers, in this age of silver gadgets, could also provide "Help for the Poisoned Child" by inventing a reasonably child-proof lock or catch for their metal sliding-door cabinets.

After much hunting, I still haven't found one with a catch, and the hardware store wasn't too helpful in outfitting my old wooden cabinet, short of suggesting a padlock.

MRS. FRANCIS MURPHY
Buffalo, N.Y.

Road Racing vs. Closed-Circuit Racing

Dear Sirs:

Piero Taruffi's article STOP US BEFORE WE KILL AGAIN! [as told to A. E. Hotchner, Nov. 16] was indeed excellent, and made a plea which members of the motor-racing fraternity in the United States have been working on for years, and have finally achieved. It is only unfortunate that . . . the (Continued on Page 6)

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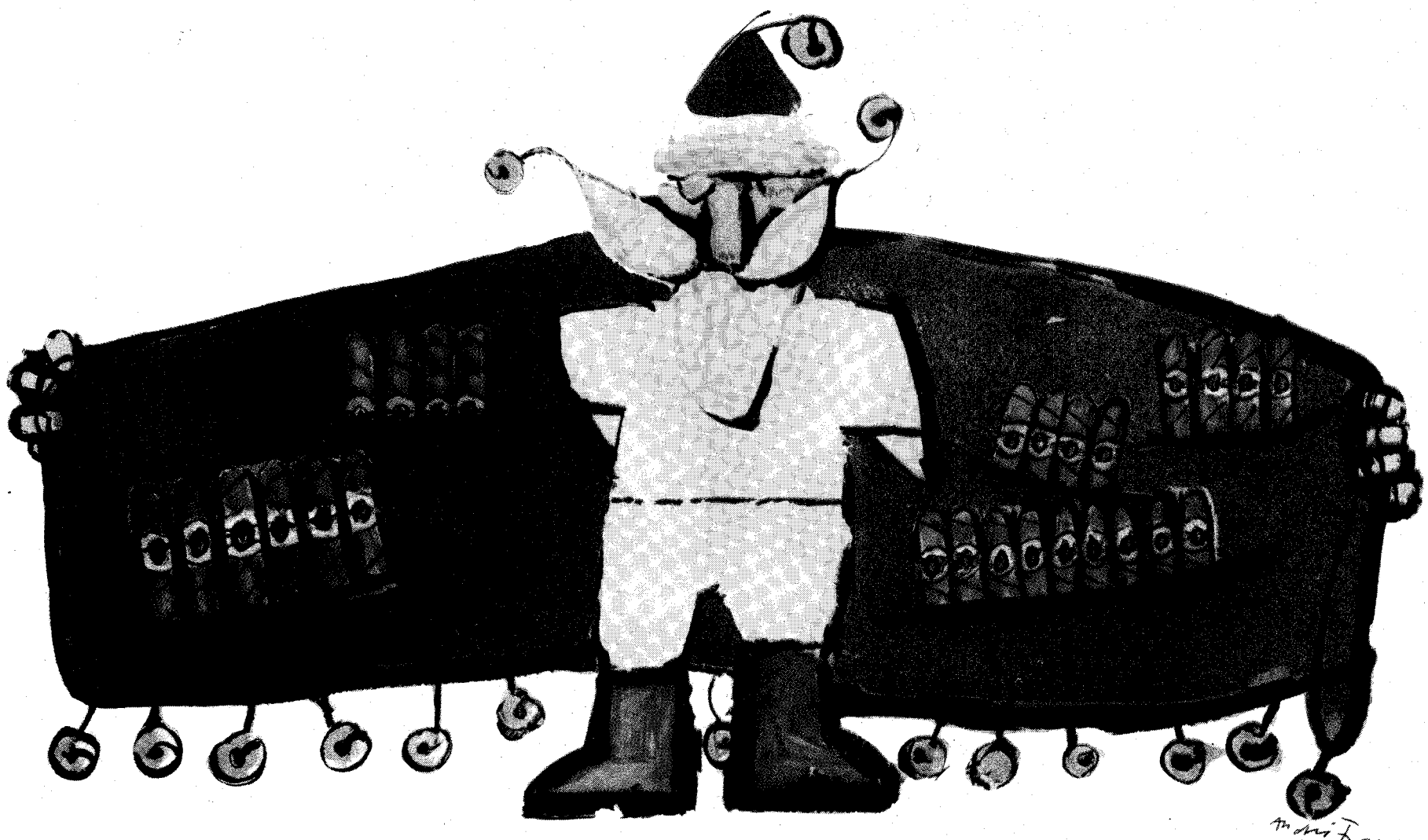

bells ring for the man who gets

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The Fine Cigar!

Bells ring, hearts sing and a man's king when you give The Fine Cigar. Superbly mild, supremely fine, Dutch Masters is the preferred choice of cigar-lovers everywhere.

Put a Glow in his life. This Christmas, give Dutch Masters!

SMARTEST GIFT WRAPS EVER!

Look for the unique Dutch Masters Santa featured at your neighborhood cigar dealer. Designed by famed French artist, André François, these festive gift wraps reveal the secret of Santa's bulging red coat... Dutch Masters Cigars!

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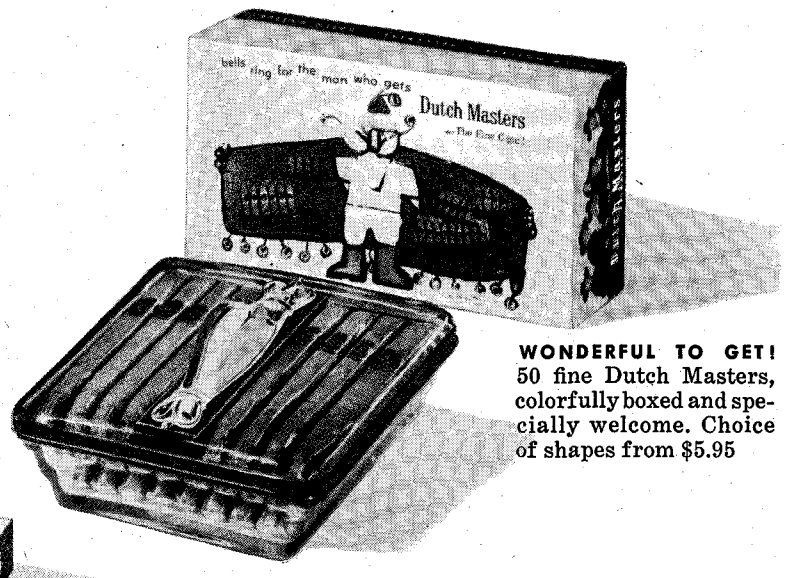

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EXTRA CONVENIENT! 25 Dutch Masters in handy 5-Packs. An attractively cartoned Christmas treat. From $3.00

DISTINGUISHED GIFT! 25 Dutch Masters Crowns and a permanent glass humidor for the price of the cigars alone. About $5.95

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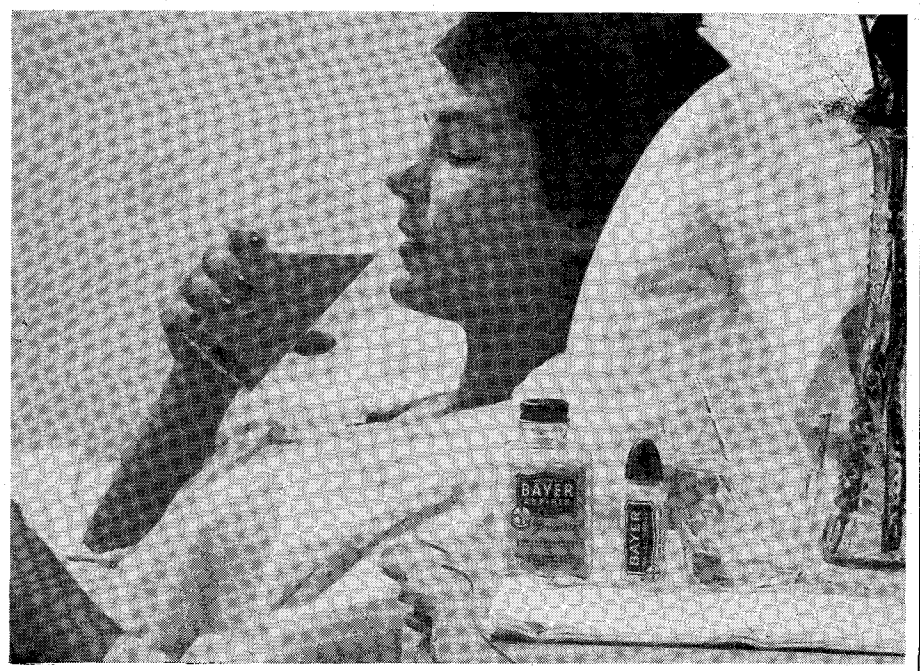
When you're suffering from the fever and pain of

Colds or Asiatic Flu...



BAYER® Aspirin makes you Feel Better–Fast!

Fever, sore throat, headache, backache, muscular aches and pains—all are characteristics, not only of the common cold, but of highly contagious Asiatic Flu. And at the first indication of any of these symptoms, you should:

1 Get in touch with your doctor
2 Get as much bed rest as possible
3 Drink lots of fruit juice
4 Take Bayer Aspirin to reduce the fever and relieve the pain

The importance of taking Bayer Aspirin at the first sign of a cold or Asiatic Flu cannot be over-emphasized. Both diseases, if neglected, can cause you serious trouble . . . Asiatic Flu especially . . . for it not only spreads with insidious speed, but can lead to pneumonia.

Bayer Aspirin makes you feel better fast because it relieves aches and pains with astonishing speed and quickly reduces fever as well.

We believe your own doctor or public health official will tell you that Bayer Aspirin brings the relief you need from painful discomforts caused by colds or Asiatic Flu.

Remember—three years of painstaking research confirms that Bayer brings the *fastest* relief . . . the *fastest*, most *gentle-to-the-stomach* relief you can get.

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NEW

with Neo-Synephrine®

As personal as your toothbrush!
Comes in containers of different colors, so everyone in your family can have his own. Thus it
Offers greater protection against spread of infection than any other nasal spray!
Coats swollen nasal membranes with a soothing spray that shrinks swelling, relieves nasal congestion.
Sweeps away stuffiness . . . dries up runny nose . . . relieves head cold miseries . . .
Has you breathing freely again—fast!

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Post chose to treat it with "yellow rag" sensationalism. . . .

Only one spectator has been killed in the United States as a result of sports-car road racing. That was the person shown in the picture of Watkins Glen 1952 which, by implication, you attempted to project into a pattern of gore. The open-road circuit at Watkins Glen has not been used since 1952, and all the efforts of the Sports Car Club of America . . . have been bent toward removing racing from open roads in favor of the closed circuits such as Taruffi advocates. . . .

The Cumberland races, which Mr. Taruffi mentions, are conducted on a closed, airport circuit identical in fixtures and design to the Sebring circuit Mr. Taruffi praises. . . . This race has been staged annually since 1952, and has never had a spectator injury, much less a fatality. . . .

The last open-road race held in this country was in 1956, and all of the races of the Sports Car Club of America in the future will be held on closed circuits. . . .

In short, Mr. Taruffi's article just plain doesn't apply as far as the United States is concerned, and it is indeed unfortunate that a magazine with the reputation for fairness and accuracy, such as the Post, has slipped so badly in this ill-advised attempt to create a sensation.

G. W. FLEMING
Westport, Conn.

● *It seems that reader Fleming and a dozen other racing enthusiasts who complained are reading things into the article, which was concerned primarily with road races in Europe, not the United States. And only one out of the eight photographs used applied to road racing in the United States. The facts stated by reader Fleming do not contradict anything that Sig. Taruffi wrote.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

As an active road-race driver I have had nothing but great respect and profound admiration for the great Piero Taruffi.

However, as a retired road-race driver, Maestro Taruffi sounds like any other embittered soul who has given up his game.

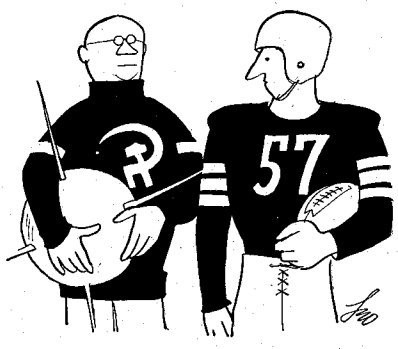
SYLVAN H. STEIN
Dallas, Texas

Re Football and Learning

Dear Sirs:

Your well-documented article of November 9, SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE AT TEXAS U., by Fred Russell and Jack Gallagher, points up a growing problem of alarming proportions.

I think athletics in all forms has a real place in the college curriculum, but it is of the most value when a substantial majority of the students participate. Whenever the prospect of winning a game with a neighboring school on a pleasant autumn afternoon assumes more vital importance than the graduation of a class of competent engineers, or doctors, or businessmen with a well-rounded outlook, then the primary purpose of the university has been subverted. . . .



One thing is certain. Russia did not achieve her recent nuclear results by fielding a team of 200-pound boys who could run, pass, and block better than their compatriots over in the next town.

ROBIN S. WILLIAMS
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The advertising of the article, and to some extent the article itself . . . seeks to create the illusion that there has been a rift from the start between President Wilson and coach Royal, of the University of Texas, because of different attitudes toward the academic performance of students participating in intercollegiate athletics. Such a rift exists only in the imagination of the authors.

During the interview between Mr. Royal and the athletic council prior to his nomination by this group to be head football coach, there was considerable discussion of the place of intercollegiate athletics in a college program. His stated desire that all members of his squad maintain a standard of work which would earn a degree had much influence on the council on arriving at its unanimous recommendation to the appropriate authority that he be appointed. Since this is the standard of performance for the university it is obvious that there is not, and has not been, a conflict between coach Royal and university policy on scholastic performance. It should be noted that a majority of the athletic council are full-time teaching members of the university faculty.

PROF. MYRON L. BEGEMAN
PROF. J. ALTON BURDINE
PROF. O. B. WILLIAMS
Committee on Intercollegiate Athletics, U. of Texas
Austin, Texas

● *The authors did not intentionally seek to create the illusion of a rift "from the start." But the article does leave the impression, not illogical, that a showdown is inevitable, given the president's "lofty aims" and the coach's "practical problem" of securing and retaining players who can win football games.* —ED.

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Reading across pages, then down:

4–Frank Ross. • 13, 14, 15–Noel Sickles. • 16–Two by Hans Knopf. • 18–Amos Sewell. • 19–Wide World, United Press. • 20–Gene Lester, Universal-International. 21–Culver, Penguin, four from Culver; Penguin. • 22, 23–Ben Stahl. • 24–Anonymous, Tom Blau. • 25–Larry Kritcher. • 26, 27–H. Landshoff. • 28, 29–Thornton Utz. 30–Two by Frank Ross; Hollander & Feldman. • 31–Frank Ross. • 32, 33–Frank Ross. 38–Sam Bates. • 39–Hans Knopf. • 69–Frank Ross. • 80–Anonymous, Tom Blau, Anonymous, Frank Ross.

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Gillette *Gifts on Cards*

Use these gay Gillette Gifts on Cards in many ways...as welcome gifts for every man you want to remember... family, friends, the postman or the officer on the beat. They trim the tree or mantle—and don't forget to put a couple in Dad's stocking! No wrapping needed—just add the name to these cheery cards designed by Vernon Grant, famous artist. A nearby store has the complete assortment...and even last-minute shoppers can find an adequate selection. But for the best choice get yours now!

49¢ to $1.00

● Gillette Super-Speed Razor with Blue Blade Dispenser—**$1.00**

● 10 Gillette Blue Blades in dispenser—**49¢**

● Gillette Foamy Instant Lather Shaving Cream—**79¢**

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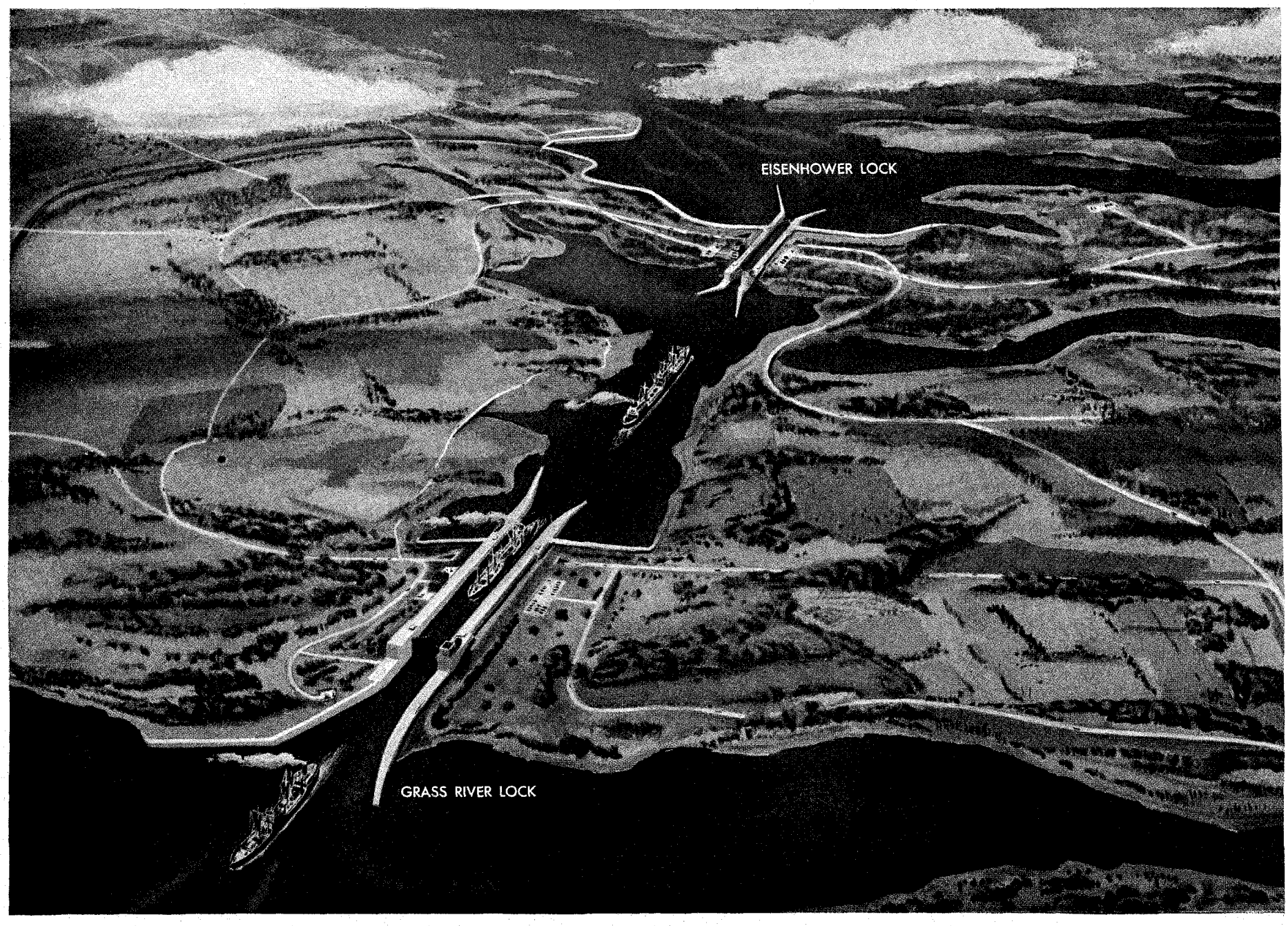

Super waterway to the sea...2.2 millio

2,400 miles of deep-draft seaway, more hydro-electric power for two nations ... the twin dreams of harnessing the mighty St. Lawrence are fast coming true.

Here is the heart of the spectacular St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Projects—the famed International Rapids section as it will look when completed in 1959.

The Seaway Project includes modern locks, canals, and deep channels all along the route from Montreal westward. Ocean ships with 25,000-ton capacity—up to ten times that of present St. Lawrence freighters, will have clear sailing to mid-America. Commercial development spurred by the Seaway will make world ports of Great Lakes cities . . . and benefit communities hundreds of miles farther inland.

Big as the Seaway is, it is matched by the Power Project which will harness the river with a huge hydro-electric dam at Barnhart Island. Located near Massena, N. Y., 90 miles southwest of Montreal, the St. Lawrence Power Dam will be the second largest in the world.

Unique in this historic undertaking is the role of Allis-Chalmers . . . building heavy-duty construction machinery to help complete both the Seaway and Power Projects . . . supplying key machinery to produce a major share of the cement for both projects . . . and providing giant hydro-electric equipment for the 2,200,000-horsepower dam.

This joint venture of Canada and the United States is a landmark in engineering achievement . . . and a prime example of Engineering in Action that will bring widespread benefits for generations to come. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

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Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future—today

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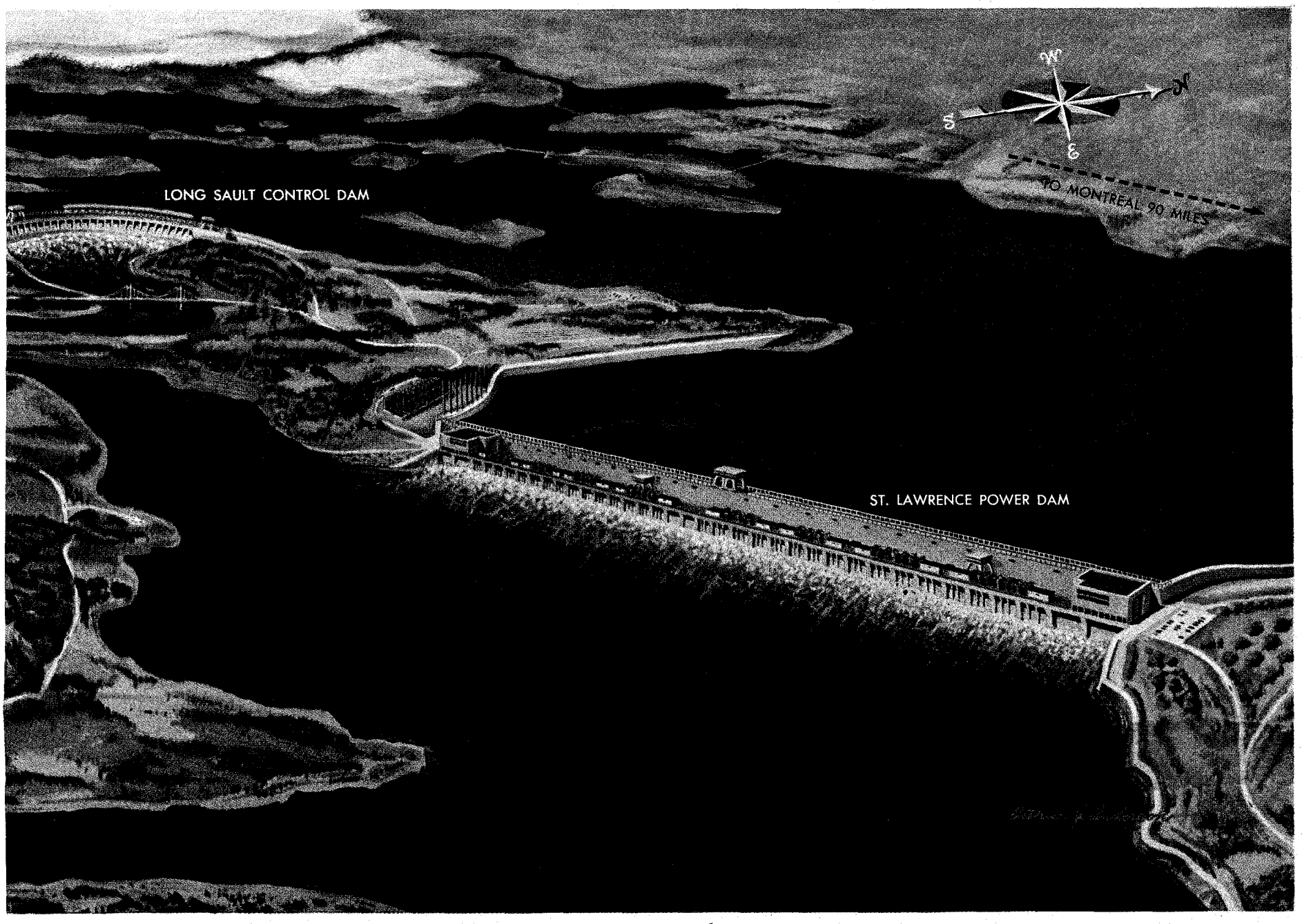
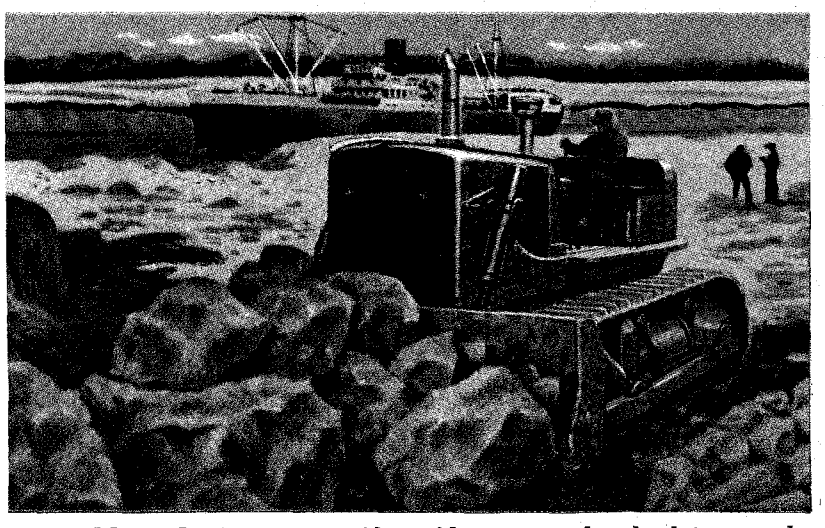
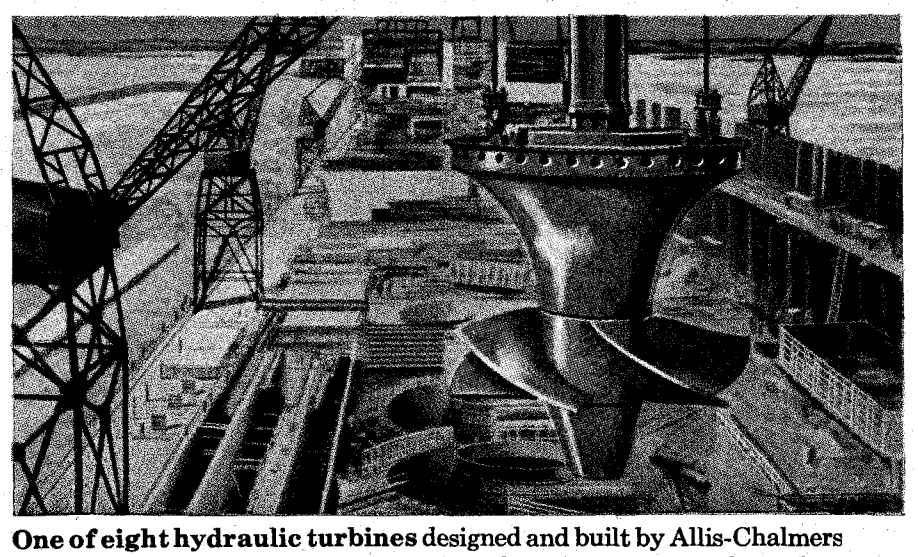


new horsepower....*both by '59*

Stairway to the sea—Cross section shows how water from the Great Lakes drops *602 feet* to sea level.



The old and the new—Alongside soon-to-be-obsolete canals, heavy-duty machines like this Allis-Chalmers crawler tractor are helping to complete the biggest construction job in American history.



One of eight hydraulic turbines designed and built by Allis-Chalmers for the St. Lawrence Power Dam at Barnhart Island . . . each producing enough power to supply the electrical needs of a city of 100,000.

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Editorials

The Times Call for Iron Nerves and Stout Hearts

Despite the undoubted peril in which this country finds itself as the result of Soviet superiority in the rocket field, an immediate threat to our security is loss of nerve. Indeed, this was one of the reasons for the hurry-up fashion in which the first Russian Sputnik was tossed off into space. The idea was to produce in the West a failure of will conducive to appeasement.

During the decade when the United States enjoyed undisputed superiority in nuclear weapons, the Soviet leaders showed no signs of losing their nerve. Whether the West urged a plan for inspection as a condition of arms reduction or demanded evacuation of conquered territory, the Kremlin conceded nothing. During the Korean war we still had superiority in nuclear weapons, but the Communists played it so that we and not they feared to take risks that might lead to the big war. For that loss of nerve we are paying a high price now.

Today the Soviet leaders expect even greater triumphs over western morale. Already they have had some preliminary successes. Senator Ellender, of Louisiana, gets into the news with a plea for another Summit conference. Financier Cyrus Eaton comes up with a piece in the New York Herald Tribune endorsing Dr. Eugene Rabinowitch, editor of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, who urges acceptance of a proposal by the Soviet's Presidium of the Academy of Sciences for a conference to "discuss any proposals directed toward the prevention of atomic war, the creation of secure peace and tranquillity for all mankind."

Of course, everybody wants peace and tranquillity, and the possession of "capabilities" in the missile business by the Soviet Union is not exactly tranquilizing. But it would be disastrous if this country should be persuaded to fall into a Communist trap, and this suggestion by Soviet scientists looks suspiciously like a trap. We are assumed to have become so dazzled by the voyages of Sputniks that we ignore not only our own achievements in related fields but also the fact that the U.S.S.R. is by no means putting all its eggs in outer space.

On this latter point the Wall Street Journal recently pointed out that Khrushchev, while "proclaiming that the missile has doomed the piloted warplane . . . is outproducing the U.S. several fold in light bombers and fighter planes. The Russian defense program also includes continued production of 'the most modern tanks, artillery pieces and highly mobile helicopters. It is training its soldiers in the maneuvers of "tactical" atomic war.'" Indeed, according to the Journal, "some American experts suggest that Russian hullabaloo over its advances in rocketry is in part a deliberate attempt to focus America's attention on missiles to the exclusion of other military hardware."

That, of course, could be the opinion of experts interested in their own particular brand of military hardware, and it would be folly to discount Russian achievement in rocketry or to ignore its dread possibilities. But a diversity of military means certainly conforms to Soviet political and military strategy. We are confronted with an attempted squeeze play, the object of which is to paralyze us with fear of the ICBM so that we are incapable of resistance to new "peripheral" conquests by conventional means, say in the Middle East. A panicky decision to throw aside all our conventional arms in favor of moons with dogs in them might well beat us.

It seems reasonable to believe that, right now at any rate, the leaders of the U.S.S.R. are no more anxious for atomic war than we are. They must doubt whether western capability can be written off sufficiently to make aggression now a good gamble. The softening of Soviet threats to Turkey in the face of Mr. Dulles' determined stand supports this view. What former President Hoover had to say recently was no news to the Soviet leaders, although it seems to be ignored by too many Americans, to wit: Soviet science owes a lot to the discoveries of German, English, French and American scientists, not all of whom are in Russia.

Of course, everybody wants to "meet the Russians halfway"; we have made proposals, which seem to some people to go considerably more than halfway. Also "science is international," and it is tragic that mere nationalist politics should keep scientists apart. These are truisms which most people accept. But they hardly dispose of the present fact that we can't "meet the Russian people" at all except through their Communist bosses, who use these platitudes to weaken our resistance. And it is hard to see what western scientists could gain from meetings with Soviet scientists who have been dragooned into a crash program for the conquest of the world.

Loss of nerve is a serious danger, the more serious because it is so easily disguised by pious and high-sounding platitudes which ignore reality.

People Who "Boo" Seldom Know What or Why They are Booing!

A city famous in American literature was recently booed and hissed by a theater audience in Westbury, Long Island, New York, U.S.A. In this booing and hissing, there was as much mob emotion as in any of the outbreaks of racial feeling that have lately jarred our country. How hysterical can you get?

When the French explorer, Bernard de La Harpe, established a trading post in the Southwest in 1722, he called it La Petite Roche. The place is now a city of 110,000, and its name is the English translation of the French: Little Rock.

The city has been the home of at least three persons whose names will live a long time. One is General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, who was born there. The second is a fictional siren created in 1925 by Anita Loos, when she wrote a satirical novel, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Readers of that gay masterpiece may remember the simple words of Lorelei, the wide-eyed, refined diamond digger: "I was just a little girl from Little Rock when I first left Little Rock."

The third of the celebrated three is another little girl from Little Rock, who appeared in James A. Michener's book, Tales of the South Pacific, and later in the musical show, South Pacific. A large audience turned out for a revival of the show at the Westbury Musical Fair, about the time of the Faubus crisis in Little Rock. In the opening scene of the show, Emile makes a casual remark to Nellie about her home town—"Small Rock, where you come from."

"Oh, Little Rock," says Nellie, and she laughs a little at his mistake.

But Fran Warren, who was playing Nellie, never got as far as the laugh. The words, "Little Rock," were no sooner out of her mouth than a fierce roar of boos nearly knocked her over. Minutes passed before the show could resume.

So alarmed were the managers of the production that they considered changing the name of Nellie Forbush's home town in the next performance. Instead, a statement was read at the start, pointing out that "Little Rock is a large city, and there are many shades of opinion, tolerant as well as intolerant," et cetera. In short, dear audience, for heaven's sake, keep your shirts on. Which the audiences thereafter did.

As a matter of fact, the people of Little Rock had generally behaved well in a time of difficulty. They have their tiny share—say 3 per cent—of bad and cracked eggs, the same as other cities. The 97 per cent behaved themselves. Probably none of the booers in Westbury had ever set foot in Little Rock. No doubt some of them, if they were Southerners, would be hot segregationists. Maybe a few are such on Long Island. No part of the country has a monopoly of mob psychology or common sense.

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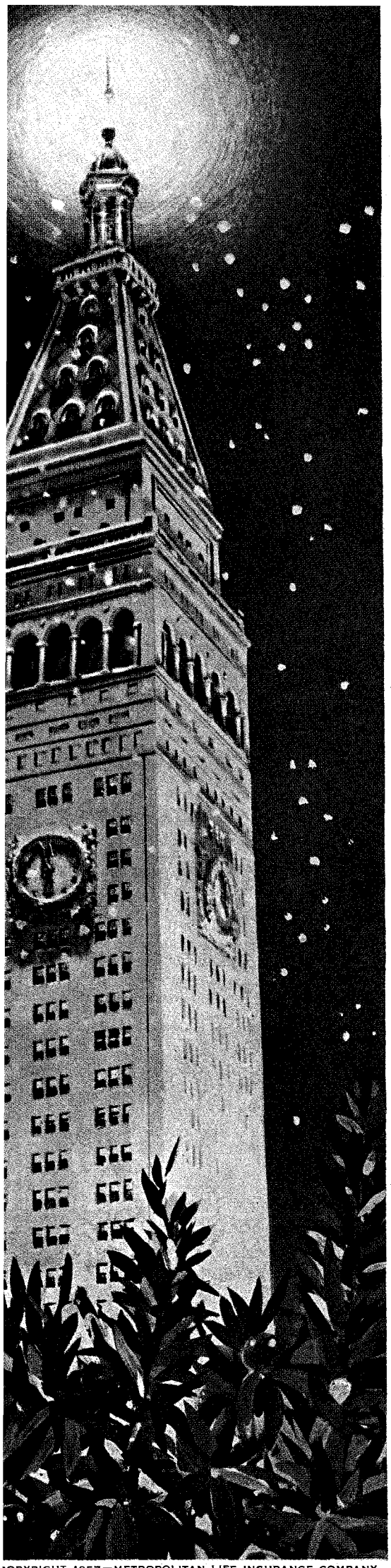

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Holiday Greetings

TO all our friends in the United States and Canada, we of the Metropolitan Life extend our warmest wishes for a Merry Christmas...and the happiest of New Years in 1958 ✣ ✣ In the true spirit of Christmas, our thoughts turn to the gifts with which Divine Providence has enriched our lives. We have much for which to be thankful ... warm and enduring ties with families and friends, peace in our two nations and that great blessing which more and more of us are enjoying throughout life ... good health ✣ ✣ May you and your family have, in abundant measure, health, happiness, peace of mind during this Holy Season and in all the years ahead.

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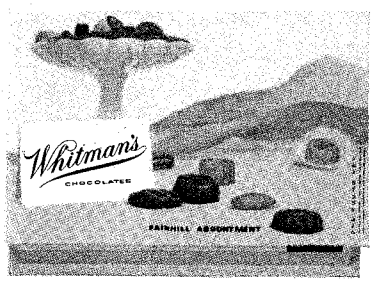

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SO FAMOUS,

SO SURE TO PLEASE

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The U-boat dived and prepared to attack.

Death in the Deep

A remarkable novel of the U-boats, and the ruthless but courageous Germans who preyed in wolf packs on our ships, in the terrifying war under the sea.

By WOLFGANG OTT

PART ONE

The U-boat ran on the surface, steering a westerly course.

When Midshipman Hans Teichmann went on watch, the Cape Finisterre light was flashing on the port quarter. Fifteen minutes later it had vanished. The lights of a few Spanish fishing boats were still to be seen. Then they, too, were gone, and only the gulls remained, sleeping on the light swell, incredibly white in the moonlight; from a distance they looked like snowballs.

The men on the bridge were tired and cold, but their eyes were vigilant, trying to penetrate the night. Behind them, in the Bay of Biscay, a pale-green strip appeared above the horizon. When it took on a yellow tinge, Wittgenberg, the exec, called down the tower hatch, "To captain: It's beginning to get light."

Lüttke came up. The exec reported course and speed. The captain said nothing. He had the sextant handed up to him, took a star sight and went below again.

Without removing his night glasses from his eyes, Teichmann said to the exec, "Is the skipper always such a clam?"

"Not when he's bawling you out."

It was quiet for a moment. Then they heard behind them a light cough. The exec turned around and said, "Morning, Herr Timmler."

"Morning, gentlemen." He laughed nervously, "Ha-ha."

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"Next time you come up on the bridge, Herr Timmler, you will please say, 'One man to bridge.'"

"Yes, of course. But why?"

"I've got to know how many men are on the bridge besides the watch. In case we have to submerge in a hurry."

"Oh, I'll remember that. And now, one man leaving bridge." He went below.

"Teichmann," said the exec, "you should have greeted our war correspondent. Remember, he's a Ph.D. as well as a writer."

"I don't like him," said Teichmann. "Do you?"

"I can't bear the sight of him."

Then the first rays of the sun appeared, feeling their way across the horizon. The great fiery ball thrust its upper edge over the horizon. While the heavens blazed the gulls flew up, greeting the morning with plaintive screams; and there was one that came flying toward the ship, holding its wings rigid longer than the others.

"All ahead full!" Wittgenberg shouted. "Left full rudder! Fire when ready!"

But it was too late. The bomb had been released. It exploded in the water ten yards to starboard. The bridge watch got a good splashing. The plane vanished.

Lüttke appeared on the bridge. The exec reported what had happened. "Swine!" said the skipper. No one could tell whether he meant the British airmen or his bridge watch. Then he ordered them to submerge.

Midshipman Teichmann went to the control room and sat down at the place of the bow hydroplane operator. To the right of him sat the stern planeman. Behind them stood Winkler, the engineering officer. The men at the vents of the diving tanks reported.

"All vents ready!" Winkler called up to the tower.

"Flood!" the exec called down to the control room.

"Flood," said the engineer to the men at the vents.

Teichmann set his hydroplane at "full dive." The vents were opened, water poured into the ballast tanks, and the sub tipped forward in a dive. At fifty feet the engineer called out, "Negative tanks." With a deafening roar, the water was blown out of the quick-diving tanks.

Winkler leveled off and reported to the captain, "All vents cycled and shut."

"Depth forty meters," the captain ordered. "All ahead dead slow. Trim the ship."

When the submarine had steadied at twenty fathoms the captain spoke to Winkler. "That new fella will have to move faster," he said, with a gesture toward Teichmann. The midshipman wondered whether the skipper had forgotten his name or just didn't want to use it. *A stuck-up dude*, he thought.

Teichmann underestimated him. Lüttke was unpopular, but he was a first-rate U-boat skipper. He had sunk more than 100,000 tons of Allied shipping. His men feared and hated him, and yet were secretly proud of him. When he had received the Knight's Cross in 1941, they had painted a replica of the medal on the conning tower of their U-boat. He had made them scrape it off, saying, "I hadn't heard anything about the crew being decorated." That was Lüttke. But he wore his medal ashore; he even wore it in the officers' brothel.

About This Novel

Despite denunciations, lawsuits and boycotts in Germany, Wolfgang Ott's brutal, bitter novel about U-boat warfare under the Third Reich has become a runaway best seller in Europe. It was the sensation of last year's Frankfurt Book Fair, and will be translated in nine languages. A movie based on the book is now in progress. The 33-year-old author served on mine sweepers and submarines in World War II. His controversial novel has been hailed by many critics as "the great novel" of both World Wars. —The Editors.

After breakfast there was deep-dive drill. The sub dived to eighty fathoms. Teichmann thought the exercise unnecessary. Since leaving the submarine pen at La Pallice, they had dived six times to evade R.A.F. planes.

At 0800 Teichmann was relieved. He and Midshipman Stollenberg had their bunks in the petty officers' quarters, and there they spent most of their time off duty, sleeping or gossiping. They were just twenty, and newly graduated from the Naval Academy at Flensburg-Mürwick. This was their first combat patrol. In the beginning they had kept bumping their heads in the submarine; now they were developing the habit of walking bent over, and learning how to get through a narrow, watertight door in a hurry.

The constant stooping was hard on Teichmann. He was six feet tall, and had the build of a prize fighter—massive chest and long, muscular arms. But the worst thing about submarine life was the bridge watch. It lasted four hours. During this time they were not allowed to sit or lean on anything or remove the heavy glasses from their eyes. Each of the four lookouts was responsible for a ninety-degree sector of sky, horizon and sea. The top of a mast on the horizon, thin as a pin, had to be reported at once; and if there was more than a mast truck to be seen, the lookout could expect punishment.

Illustrated by Noel Sickles

Teichmann.

The captain had ordered Teichmann and Stollenberg to familiarize themselves with the functioning of G7a and G7e torpedoes. The torpedoman was supposed to instruct the midshipmen on their off watch. Instead, they played cards in the petty officers' quarters. The torpedoman lost regularly. He soon reported to the captain that the course of instruction was complete—the midshipmen knew all about the torpedoes.

Next, the captain ordered the midshipmen to supervise the men's daily cleanup details. This was for the birds, the exec confided to the midshipmen. The men couldn't be expected to clean up the whole ship every day.

The exec stood pretty high with the crew. The more the captain bawled him out, the more popular he became. He called his men by their first names, although this familiarity annoyed the skipper. But it made the men feel good, for Wittgenberg was a real prince—his Excellency Ehrenfried Berthold Prinz von Wittgenberg-Weissenstein. His subordinates addressed him as "lieutenant" and "sir," but it sounded as if they meant to say "your highness." He was a fine-looking man. He had a well-shaped, boyish face, jet-black hair combed straight back, and sparkling teeth; he was almost as big as Teichmann, but more slender and supple.

On the eleventh day out, in somewhat foggy weather, Midshipman Stollenberg sighted a shadow, relative bearing three one zero. The captain gave orders to submerge. While Winkler was maneuvering to periscope depth, the soundman reported that the target was crossing the sub's bow. The captain was in a fury. In his opinion, the engineering officer was taking too long in getting up to periscope depth, and when he did get there he couldn't hold it. Twice the periscope went under. The captain threatened to have Winkler court-martialed. Finally he gave orders to surface.

There was nothing to be seen. The U-boat steered a course from the last sound bearings. Half an hour later she dived again, took new sound bearings, surfaced again and followed the unseen ship at full speed. A breeze sprang up and spray lashed the faces of the bridge watch.

Shortly before midnight they sighted a tanker. She was zigzagging wildly. Lüttke ignored the zigzags and followed the tanker's base course.

At 0300 the sub was close enough to attack. Teichmann was amazed that the tanker hadn't detected them. The U-boat was on the surface, 600 yards from its target. The fire-control instruments were set: target speed 18, bearing 60, range 600. Then the sub ran into a fog bank and the attack had to be postponed.

An hour later they were in the clear again, and ready to fire. At the last moment the tanker zigzagged off (Continued on Page 44)

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The men lost their heads as the water poured into the control room. One of them pushed Müller's feet off the ladde

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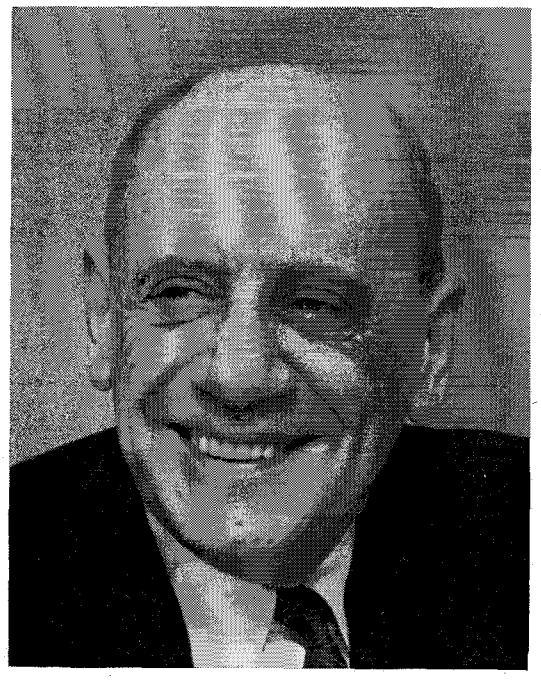
In the New York offices of a client, business-letter consultant Richard H. Morris (right and below) conducts a class in the fine points of persuasion by mail. He says that most business letters have no sales appeal, sex appeal or eye appeal.



Are You a Letter-Writing Lummox?

In millions of letters American businessmen abuse, confuse and downright insult their customers. The result is chaos, often amusing, but always costly.

By RUFUS JARMAN

A big American corporation directed the following letter to a customer not long ago:

"Dear Mr. Williams: Our recent letter addressed to you has been returned to us marked 'Deceased.'

"If this is correct, will you please verify it? Then write us what your plans are for paying off the unpaid balance of $30.56.

"We sincerely hope that everything will go well with you."

A hospital-insurance organization recently wrote to the father of a small boy: "Before approving payment of your son's hospital bill we wish to verify whether or not his broken collarbone resulted from an accident."

The father wrote back: "My son's injured collarbone was no accident. I broke it over my knee."

A large mail-order house dispatched this gem to a slow-paying charge-account customer: "You owe us $132 and there is no doubt about it. You own a house and that is attachable. I therefore demand that you bor-

BONERS THAT GET INTO LETTERS

"We have been authorized to make monthly advances to Miss Marion Wade."

"He winds up his mouth as Department Head next month."

"Sid Walters contacted pneumonia, which was brought on by a weekend condition."

"If you don't receive this letter, please let us know."

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row the money, if necessary, since I must have at least a partial payment within ten days.

"Think it over. Will it be worth it for your friends and relatives to learn how slowly you pay your bills?"

This customer filed a suit for libel, and the store settled out of court.

The first two letters quoted are examples of the 6 per cent of all business letters that simply make no sense. The third is an appalling case of the 11 per cent of business letters that are so tactless, curt or demanding that they get no answer, or bring outraged complaints to management.

Such communications may do their writers no good, but they have paid off handsomely for Richard H. (for Herbert) Morris, of Westport, Connecticut. A tall, spare man of fifty-seven, Morris is probably the nation's leading authority on business letters.

In sixteen years, R. H. Morris Associates, an organization made up of Morris, his wife, and a few ladies who do typing and such, has examined carbons of some 3,000,000 letters written by the fifty large corporations which use—or have used—Morris' services as a letter-writing consultant.

His clients range from Revlon to Dun & Bradstreet, and include General Foods, du Pont, Esso Standard, Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company, Yale & Towne, Eastman Kodak, several insurance companies and a dozen large department stores, among them Lord & Taylor, of New York; Gimbels, of Philadelphia; and the J. L. Hudson Company, of Detroit.

Morris estimates that at least half of the millions of business communications mailed daily are twice as long as they should be, and that 26 per cent are so repetitious, involved and shot full of technical or legal jargon that they cannot be understood by most people. Still others contain statements not calculated to inspire respect for the writer's intelligence. Consider the following passages, taken from various business letters:

"This sum will be paid you in a single amount at the time of your death, which we understand is the way you prefer."

"As we do not repair cotton dresses, we are returning your table cloth to you."

"We can't understand why you resent our inquiring about your bad habits."

"We are sorry that your nightgown did not arrive in time. However, there will surely be other occasions when you can use it."

To help his clients, Morris has produced 25,000 "guide" letters which serve as models for about 30,000,000 letters sent out annually. Almost everybody in the United States who receives business letters gets at least one a year based on a Morris guide. Morris maintains that any letter, including duns for money, can be written so that the person receiving it will feel kindly toward the sender.

For instance, a young woman in Washington, D.C., when dunned Morris-style for $82.93 she had owed a department store for a long while, gushed, "Your recent letter was so considerate and courteous that I will spare fifty dollars for you, even at Christmas time. Thanks and Merry Christmas."

"The underlying weakness of business letters," Morris says, "is that hardly anybody likes to write them, while even fewer people know how." (Continued on Page 52)

How to Sound Like a Stuffed Shirt

ORIGINAL LETTER January 31, 1956

Dear Sir:

We are referring to your letter dated January 15, 1956 to our Mr. Doe. We are unable to locate carbon copy of your letter dated December 20, 1955 to the Jones Company, and would appreciate your forwarding copy to the attention of this writer which will enable us to reply to your letter, as without a copy of the letter you refer to we are unable to answer your letter as of now.

Very truly yours,

MORRIS' REVISION January 31, 1956

Dear Mr. Smith:

Sorry to bother you, but since we cannot locate a carbon of the letter you wrote to the Jones Company on December 20th, will you please send us a copy.

Then I will be able to answer your letter of January 15th, immediately.

Many thanks,

ORIGINAL LETTER

"We are writing to thank you for your communication advising us of your change of address as shown above, and we are glad to advise you that we have made the proper notation of same in the company's records."

MORRIS' REVISION

"Thank you for sending us your new address."

How to Drive a Customer Crazy

"We received a telegram from you requesting 116 cases of the above product. However, we knew this was an error and should have been only 16 cases. We did not have a sufficient amount in stock to cover this order, and therefore shipped you only 71 cases.

I know you cannot use this many, and would appreciate your shipping 55 cases back to the Warehouse. Please forgive this error, but honestly it was not our fault."

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I placed my head in mamma's lap and cried. She smoothed my hair and smiled fondly. I knew then that I could not tell her.

The Christmas Lie

She hadn't told the truth, and now she would bring shame on all her family. . .

By DOROTHY THOMAS

It was the last day of school before the Christmas holidays, and I, because I was only recently recovered from a weeks-long bout with tonsillitis and wearied on the walk home in the Alberta cold, rode with the Bunny children in their cutter, and so got myself into a world of trouble.

I found it very pleasant riding with Madge and Ben behind the foal-heavy cayuse they were let drive to school. It was good to glide effortlessly along, the buffalo robe they had brought from the States tucked around us, and look on the wall of timber to either side of the line our sleigh trail followed, and listen to rhythmed bell and hoof. I was ready to fall asleep when the thought of Christmas came to me and I asked suddenly, "What are you having for Christmas dinner?"

The Bunny homestead was in the long Battle Lake valley, and they had wide, sloping gardens in summer, and a cave for storing food, a much larger meat house than ours, and they butchered more often from an ampler herd. Madge, a literal-minded but kindly child, told me of the dinner plans in detail, and my mouth watered, listening. When she finished with "squash pie and whipped cream, and walnuts from our folks in Missouri," I, who could barely remember such meals from that past that was Kansas, burst out, "Oh, I wish I could be there!"

A brief silence followed my cry, and in it I counted the hoofbeats and reminded myself that at nine I was too big a girl to be bidding for an invitation, and blessed my luck in there being no brother or sister by to go home and tell on me.

"Come on, Babe," Ben said to the mare and gently touched her with the whip tip. "Sky looks like more cold." I wondered whether they were thinking what being led into politely asking (Continued on Page 71)

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The Miseries of Elder Benson

Soaring farm production and staggering surpluses cost billions of dollars every year. A Post editor reports on our embattled Agriculture Secretary's struggle with a paradox.

By JOHN BIRD

Almost five years ago, when Ezra Benson was appointed Secretary of Agriculture, a certain hard-bitten farm leader, knowing something of Benson's staid economic views and equally mindful of the steady shower of Government checks that had gladdened rural hearts during New Deal and Fair Deal years, quipped, "Well, boys, they are gonna shoot our Santa Claus."

Indeed, it appeared that subsidized farmers had reason for gloom; taxpayers some hope for relief. As Mr. Benson took charge of the huge United States Department of Agriculture, he immediately let it be known that he was a man with a stern, unpleasant and unpolitical mission. His main goal was to bring economic sense to the sprawling "action" farm programs that were costing the Treasury some hundreds of millions of dollars a year. He was horrified by the tidal wave of surplus agricultural products, almost $3 billion worth, that had backed up in Government warehouses, air-conditioned caves, and idle ships leased for emergency storage. He expressed determination to work unceasingly toward "flexible" price supports to replace high, rigid Government guarantees which, he held, had encouraged

(Continued on Page 58)

Benson tidies his bespattered hat on speakers' platform near Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he was the target of egg-hurling hecklers last fall. Fortunately, the hat was at his feet, not on his head.

No matter how hard he tries, the Secretary (center) can't dispose of the wheat surplus. The storage bill alone for excess farm products costs $40,000 an hour.

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Let's be Frank About Me

She reveals what it's like to be accused of a "cheap extramarital jaunt," why she feuds with columnists and scandal magazines, and also tells about husband Dick Powell's brush with death.

By JUNE ALLYSON, as told to John Maynard

"I do resent the columnists' comments that we quarrel frequently in public," says Mrs. Richard Powell.

Conclusion

One night my husband, Dick Powell, received a telephone call from the wife of another actor. She said, "The columnists are saying that my husband is in love with your wife."

"Isn't everybody?" Richard replied, and that was all he ever said about it.

That is the way Richard handles such things. He knows that malice and gossip are a part of our lives, and he has learned to live with them.

Scandal is fun, I suppose, for people who are not the victims of wicked tongues and malicious whispers. But it's certainly no fun when the whispers are about you. Even now I have difficulty trying to think objectively about our bout with the gossip mongers.

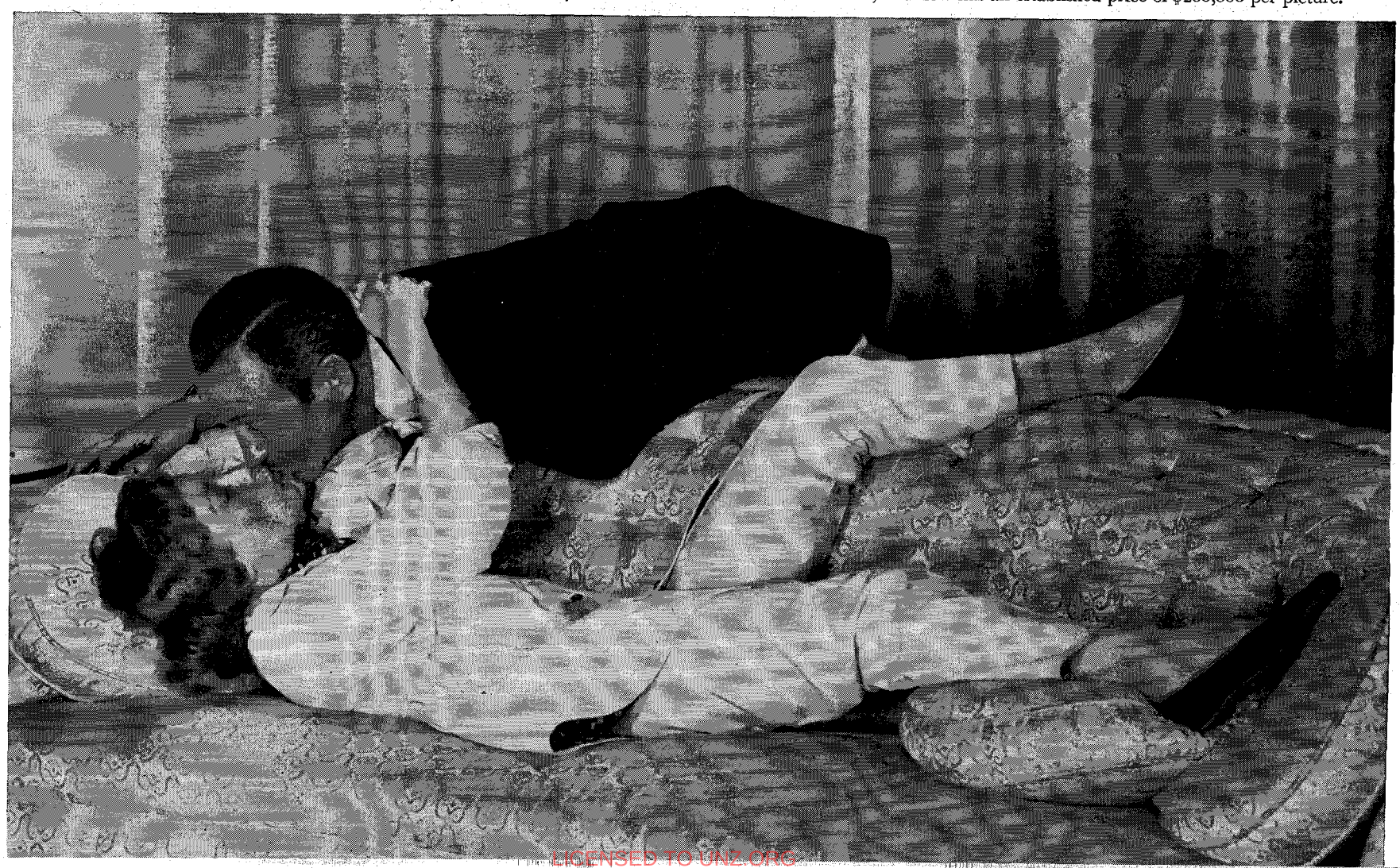
It started about three years ago and has not let up since. They still go on, these silly stories, popping up in the most unlikely places. I can imagine how they began. Give a certain type of writer a typewriter and nothing to write about, and his imagination goes to work. He's got to write about something, so he says to himself, "Now here's this June Allyson, a movie star, the screen's Perfect Wife, the Girl Next Door and all this sort of thing. She's married to Dick Powell and has two lovely children. Now wouldn't it be a wonderful twist if she were really flirtatious and irresponsible?"

So the next step is putting the daydreams into words, and soon readers are believing such nonsense. Perhaps that isn't the actual way it happened, but the stories were published and the notion caught fire. It wasn't true, but who cared? Certainly not the gossip peddlers.

Then a scandal magazine, one of those monstrous explorers of closets, came up with a story that I had followed a male singing star to Las Vegas. The magazine left little doubt about why I was supposed to have followed him.

(Continued on Page 76)

June and David Niven in their recent movie, My Man Godfrey. She has starred in 37 of her 40 films, and now has an established price of $200,000 per picture.



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Almost always she has played the good-girl roles.

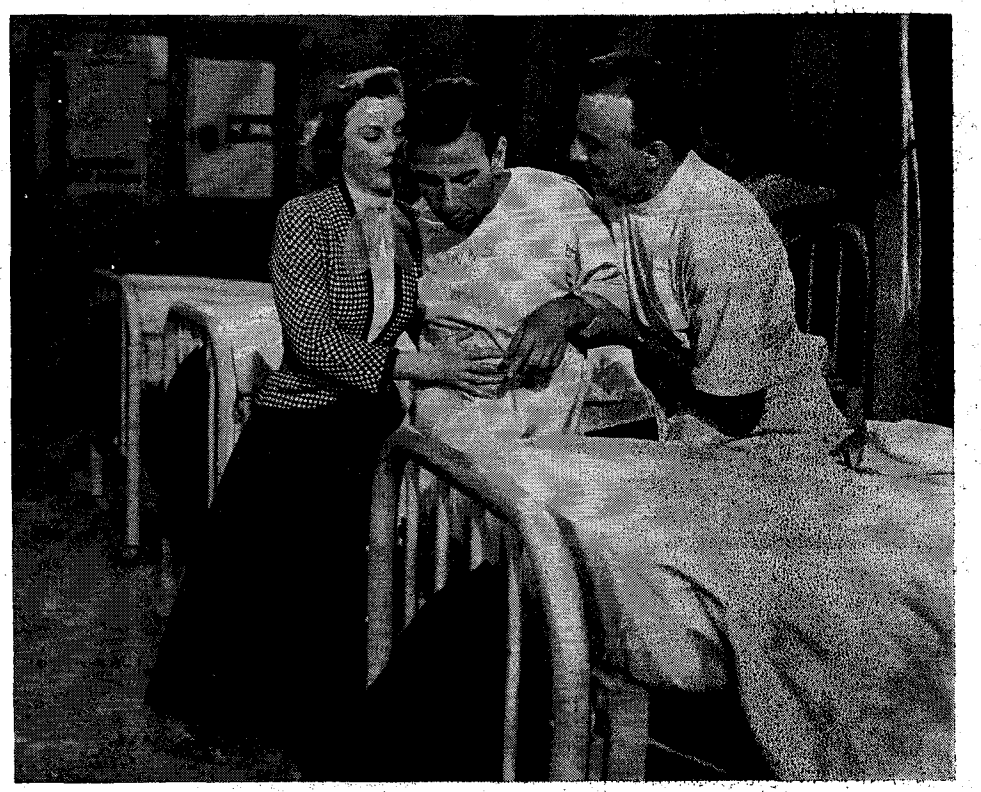
1949: In The Stratton Story she played a devoted wife who helped a crippled pitcher come back.

1951: Too Young to Kiss. June, costumed as a 13-year-old girl, shows her daughter Pamela the set.

1954: The Glenn Miller Story. "This," June says, "is the picture I have loved most of all." At right is Jimmy Stewart.

1954: Executive Suite. As a corporation wife, June, with Bill Holden, fought the struggle for power in big business.

1955: Strategic Air Command, a picture with a "long and harrowing" schedule.



1955: The Shrike. "Richard opposed me violently," says June of her decision to make this film with costar José Ferrer. This time she played a wicked, unfeeling woman.

1956: The Opposite Sex. As "the good wife," June confronted her husband's temptress, Joan Collins, in a screen version of The Women.

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When they were within a couple of yards of each other, they both stopped and stared.

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By EDNA O'BRIEN

SUMMER ENCOUNTER

One day a tall, dark young man walked right into her fifteen-year-old life.

Sunlight lay across the road in such a thin, clear pane that Lola Gin felt urged to throw a stone. She threw. Nothing happened except a little puff of red-clay dust. She drew her slim tanned knees up, rested her rounding chin on them and sighed.

"Far as a person can see, nobody's coming. Anything I can't stand it's an ol' lonesome road!"

Lola Gin's mother answered from the opened window. "New highway's cut us off till we're sure-enough country."

Lola Gin raised her chin, stretched her leg out and threw another stone. Again the clear glass-light neither cracked nor tinkled.

"Reckon it's about time to start supper," said Lola Gin's mother.

Lola Gin said nothing, but got up and stretched like a cat. Leaving her pile of throwing stones on the porch steps, she moved out of the shade into the hot, late afternoon. With her tanned legs and arms coming stemlike out of her yellow dress, with her yellow hair curling all such ways, with the sun beating brassily down, she looked like nothing so much as she did a vaseful of Van Gogh's sunflowers. But no sunflower ever had such a wanting as she had now, for Lola Gin was flesh and blood and fifteen summers tall, and the long summer days went on forever without anything happening.

"I'm gonna mosey around a little, mamma." Kicking at the dry grass which came up between the rocks of the walk, she turned her face toward the east orchard.

The air was tart with overripe apples and when she came into the uncool shade of the orchard trees, she had to watch not to crush her foot into the fallen fruit. Finally she stopped and leaned against an apple-tree trunk. The bark felt cool and alive. She became aware of the apple-heavy boughs. The tree's flagrant fulfillment of fruit pressed against her own wasting season.

"Lola Gin—Lola Gin!" her mother's voice ripped across the drowsy stillness, but she didn't want to talk to her mother now.

Grabbing at a sturdy bough, less loaded than the others, she pulled herself into the green concealment of the leaves. Wedging herself in securely, she lay there, belly flat, arms dangling, peering out at the bit of road the leaf partings allowed.

"Lola Gin!" her name rolled across the afternoon.

She snuggled deeper. The buzzing of bees and the heat were making her drowsy. She didn't know she had slept until she awoke and made a quick move which almost spilled her out of the tree. Catching herself, she climbed down. She must have slept a long time, for the shadows were as long as they ever get to be before they turn into night.

Then, as she started toward the house, she suddenly knew. Something had happened while she slept. The feel of it was in the air, like rain when still far off. She began to run.

Hair flying, heart pounding, she broke into the kitchen, half expecting to find a dazzling stranger sitting at the kitchen table, but the bare white square of oilcloth glared back out of the late shadows and the chairs stood empty. It was a moment before she saw her mother.

"Nobody's been here?" she asked.

"Of course nobody's been here." Yet excitement was in her mother's voice.

"Tell me, mamma, who's been here?"

"Nobody." A pause, then: "I reckon you wasn't buried when the gypsies passed?"

"Gypsies!"

"Come right down the road from the hills. Saw them from away off and called, but you didn't answer."

Disappointment gripped her. "You mean they passed right down our road—and are gone!"

"They passed a'right, but they ain't gone. Your pa says they're camped in Cedar Woods. He's out lockin' everything up, so's they can't steal nothin'. Your pa'll take a shotgun to the first one comes stealin' around." Her mother stirred something on the cookstove. "Be dancin' and fiddle playin' and fortunetellin' tonight."

Lola Gin was crisply alert. Fortunetelling! All her life she had heard about the stealing, fiddle-playing, fortunetelling gypsies. A long time ago, when she was twelve, they had camped in Cedar Woods. She had been strictly warned about going near them. She'd thought then, and she thought now, that the land-rooted, stay-at-home farm folk did not want to have their fortunes told because their lives were like little boxes where everything had its place, and they didn't want it tampered with. Well, she was going to have her fortune told!

Through the window, she saw her strict, iron-gray father coming up the barn path. It wouldn't do for those stern eyes to look into hers.

"Mamma, do you care if I go rest a little? Feels like I can't eat a bite of supper. Feels like my stomach is about to be sick. Mamma, do you care?"

"For a healthy girl, you got sickly mighty sudden." But Lola Gin was gone, and just as her father came in for his supper.

Fully dressed, with the crazy quilt pulled over her and tucked neatly under her chin, Lola Gin waited for the dark to deepen, for her father to fall asleep. Her mother wouldn't make much of an extra sound in the night, but her father had the ears of a touchy hound. A stingy moon was cutting through the black haw tree when she heard him snore.

Throwing the quilt back, she arose and went groping along the dark as soundlessly as a shadow.

When she emerged from the house she was carrying two quarts of wild-rose jam—folks said her mother was the only person in the world who knew how to make it—and a pint of candied pears in a clean meal sack. One of the hounds came up and sniffed at it, then went off, bored.

The little curl of moon didn't interfere with the darkness a bit. It was a good thing her feet knew the way. And they seemed not to care if her heart was in her throat. They picked themselves up and laid themselves down like sure steady strangers, going knowingly into the unknown.

(Continued on Page 54)

Illustrated by Ben Stahl

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Left: With two surgical screws installed in his shattered left ankle, the author successfully resumed jet flying at the Nouasseur, Morocco, air base last August—only two months after his terrifying experience.

The Days live in a 400-year-old house at Finchingfield, England. Mrs. Day had never flown until she accompanied her injured husband to the hospital in an air-evacuation plane.

My Parachute Failed to Open . . .

A fighter-bomber pilot who bailed out of his jet with a faulty parachute tells how he survived the "impossible."

By CAPT. GEORGE E. DAY, USAF

So this is death, I thought. I lay at the foot of a slender pine tree, one of many in the Queen's Forest. The tree looked as if it might spear upward about thirty feet. The sharp bright blue of the English sky emphasized the fragile look of the boughs and I could see where several had been sheared off. Others hung limply, like the broken arms of a toy doll. I turned my head slightly to the left and felt a tickling sensation start a path along the right side of my forehead and down into my eyebrow. When I brushed a hand across my face, the blood gleamed bright red on my right index finger. It looks like wine, I thought. My mind said, "Lips that touch wine will never touch mine." It said it again and again.

My eyes kept trying to focus on the limp canopy of my parachute. I followed the riser cords of the chute as they wove in and out of the pine tree. I never thought that death could have sensations like this. How can death have sensations? I thought. How can you see a tree and a parachute, and hear an airplane burn? Hear an airplane burn! Can I hear an airplane burn? Yes, I can hear—I can hear, and I can see. But I can't breathe. I can't breathe and my lungs hurt, and my chest is heaving. Why isn't the air sucking into my lungs? Now the air is sucking in and I can hear the fire more plainly. I feel pine needles under my hand. My back hurts. It hurts very bad. Is there something wrong with my leg? It hurts too.

Suddenly the big realization comes on. I hurt. I hurt and bleed, but I know that I hurt and bleed. I can feel it. I can feel it because I am alive!

How can I be alive? How can I fall four or five hundred feet and be alive? Why didn't the blasted parachute work? What could have happened? Could it be that the slender pine I lay under had broken my fall, and grabbed my parachute cords in (Continued on Page 61)

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MAN TO MAN

By WILLARD TEMPLE

For the first time, Coverly was seeing his future son-in-law as a man, not a boy.

Coverly heard the car honk three times at the top of the drive. It annoyed him, as it always did. He frowned over the morning paper and Alice said, "It won't be long before you'll wish cars were honking in the drive. Be nice to him, Vince."

"Why not?" Coverly said. "He's a big success. They're all big successes today. Four hundred a month, he's getting. Starting his first job at four hundred a month. How long had we been married before I made that much money?"

Alice smiled sunnily. "Do you resent your daughter marrying a man who can support her?"

"I think there's something wrong when boys just out of school, with no business experience at all, are sought after like professional athletes."

Alice smiled again, undisturbed. "They're in love."

"Love," Coverly said. "You think that's all there is to it."

"That's all we had," Alice said. "Answer the door. Be nice."

"I'm the soul of politeness," Coverly said, walking to the door, smiling the mechanical smile.

"Hello, sir," Johnny Price said. He always said "sir." He was thin, hipless, with his hair cropped so short Coverly could see his scalp through it.

"Hi, Mrs. Coverly," Johnny said, and Coverly was conscious of the difference in his greeting. "When did you get the cheaters?"

Alice removed her glasses. "I kept squinting at the newspaper and I couldn't thread a needle. I look like someone's great-aunt."

"Put 'em on again," Johnny said, and crowed approval. "I like that upsweep," he said. "Kind of sexy."

"I'll tell Mary you're here," Coverly said, and went down the hall, wondering what would have happened to him twenty-odd years before if (Continued on Page 42)

"I guess you think it's pretty crummy for your daughter, living where she does now," Johnny said.

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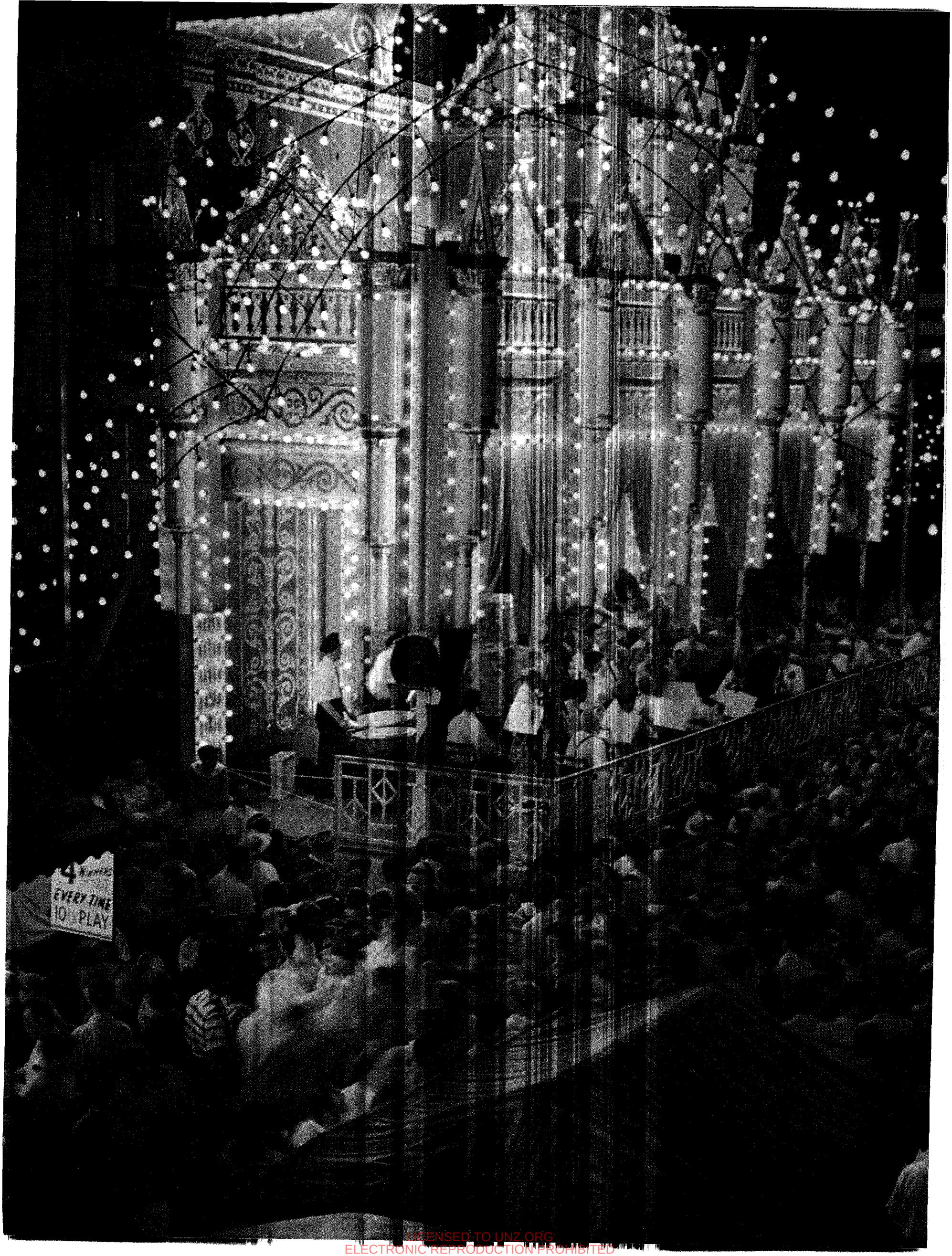

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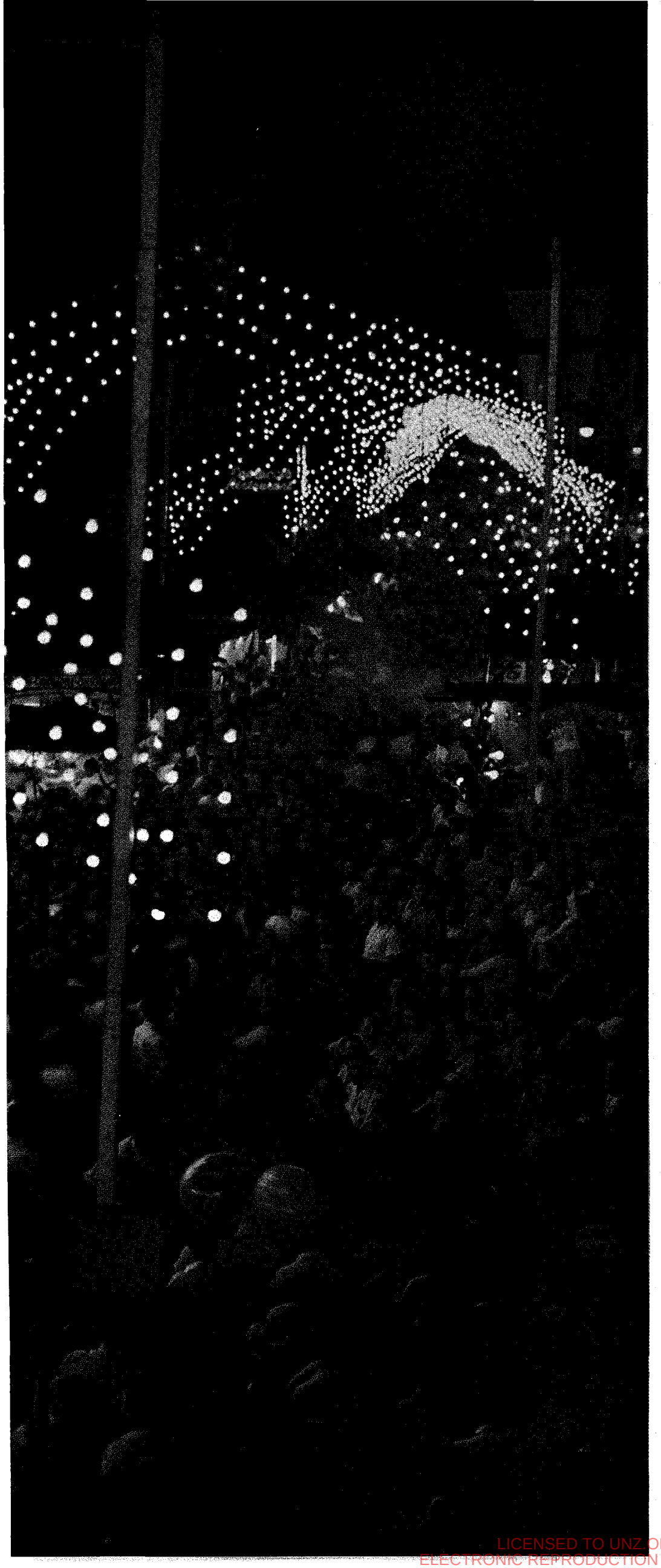

The Face of AMERICA

The Italian-Americans

In Mulberry Street on Manhattan's Lower East Side, the feast of San Gennaro is the noisiest, gayest event of the year. In New York's Little Italy, the patron saint of Naples is honored with Neapolitan gusto: On September 18 and the four following days, the drab, tenement-lined streets are bright with revelry. Families complete with bambinos all crowd the pavements to watch the pageantry and wolf down pizza, sausage and cream-cakes in heroic amounts. At night, under arches of light, they listen to the Maestro Minichini Band (left) play the stirring arias of Italian opera. All this merrymaking is doubtless pleasing to good old San Gennaro—Saint Januarius—who went to martyred glory in the fourth century. Alive, he was a pious bishop, but there is no evidence that he would object to a little fun to leaven the reverence of his day. ● Photograph by H. Landshoff

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By JACOB HAY

FABULOUS BREW

The astonishing repercussions of the most powerful batch of moonshine ever concocted.

Thank you, senator. I am grateful for this opportunity to clarify some of the misapprehensions which have sprung up in connection with the extraordinarily successful development of the Mark V Aeolus Intercontinental Ballistic Missile, and especially to refute the absolutely false allegation that has been published by certain irresponsible newspapers, both here and abroad, that the Mark V Aeolus runs on whisky. I would also urge the members of this committee to consider a recommendation that the Attorney General of the United States drop the senseless and, indeed, monstrous charges which have been lodged against Hoady Steptoe.

Wha—— Oh. My apologies, gentlemen. For the record, I am Dr. Thomas Outerbridge Randleman, Director of Research for the Galactic Propulsion Corporation, in charge of Galactic's Research and Development Facility at Widow Woman Gap, North Caro—— I beg pardon? . . .

Certainly, senator. I should explain that the name derives from the early history of the area, which is the western part of North Carolina. The location was selected because of its relative isolation and low population density—in the event of accidents, you understand. . . .

You're quite welcome, sir. Now, where was —— Oh, yes; yes, of course. . . . Yes.

Suppose I begin at the beginning. What has come to be known to the press and public as the Steptoe Affair had its inception one evening last spring, shortly after we began work in our newly completed laboratories at Widow Woman Gap. We had just suffered a shattering blow, for one of the first conclusions our new facilities had enabled us to reach was that we had just wasted nearly six months in experimenting with a variant of nitroglycerin.

"Oh, Hoady," Susan sobbed, "I was so proud of what you're doing for your country."

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

It might be in order to observe here that much of our work is concerned with what are termed "exotic" fuels, or more simply, unconventional fuels suitable for spatial-rocket propulsion.

My staff had left for the day, morale much depressed, and I was alone in my office, contemplating what direction our research must now take, when the janitor entered, intent upon clearing up the debris of the day's disastrous labors. Since our organization was so new, I had not seen him before, and I now perceived him to be a tall, lean young man with a shock of unruly red hair and a wry expression upon his rather long face. I bade him a courteous good evening and indicated I wished him to return later, in order that I might continue my thinking without interruption. Somewhat to my annoyance, he insisted upon striking up a conversation.

"You look a mite peaked, Doc," he told me affably. "Yessir, right down in the mouth. I'm Hoady Steptoe, by the way." He extended a large brown hand, and not wishing to seem undemocratic, I took it. His grip was firm and friendly. "Tell you what, Doc," he continued. "What you need is something to fix you up. And I got it right here in my pocket. Does the trick every time, it does indeed."

With which, he drew from his pocket a small glass vial, filled with what appeared to be a commercial headache powder. As the vial bore no label, I was most dubious, and besides, I didn't have a headache. Nevertheless, and over my protests, he proceeded calmly to pour a glass of water from the vacuum jug on my desk, and into this he poured a minute quantity of the powder, which dissolved swiftly.

"Here," he ordered me firmly, "take this. Just drink it down. Do you the world and all of good, it really will."

Rather than offend the decent fellow, I took the glass and, much against my better judgment, drained it at a gulp.

For one brief instant, gentlemen, I knew the fear of death and damnation. My throat was afire; my eyes were blinded by tears; my ears rang like a cathedral's bell tower. My breath

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"Look out!" Hoady shouted as the still exploded with an earsplitting roar.

caught in my lungs, my joints turned to gelatin and my glass dropped from nerveless fingers to shatter on the floor. The world reeled upon its axis, and my one coherent thought was that I had been poisoned by an enemy agent sent to disrupt our work on the Mark V Aeolus.

Then, abruptly, the agony ceased; full consciousness returned and, to my intense astonishment, a warm glow of well-being permeated my whole body, and for the first time in many years I remembered the entire last stanza of The Star-Spangled Banner. The day's disappointment suddenly assumed its true perspective as a trifling irritation.

"Right good, huh?" was Steptoe's comment in response to the really dazzling smile I gave him. "Nothing in the world do you more honest good when you're low than a little corn squeezings."

And then the basic significance of my experience burst upon my brain with even more explosive force than the experience itself. I fought to shake off my overwhelming bonhomie and regain my customary scientific coolness and detachment. Unsteadily, I motioned toward the vial. Alas, once more my vision blurred and my office began to swing around me in great, lazy circles.

"Knew I shouldn't of give him so much, first time off," Steptoe muttered. "These poor city boys just ain't up to it, I do believe." There was the soft click of my office door closing, and I ceased to take any further interest in the world.

To my intense embarrassment, my secretary, Miss Rudisill, found it necessary to pour a glass of water over me in order to rouse me next morning. Oddly enough, I felt tremendously fit; the sun was shining and the birds were twittering, and I had the distinct conviction that something important had happened.

Miss Rudisill, however, was unimpressed. A spinster of middle years, she had never approved of our move to North Carolina from New Jersey. Sometimes her loyalty to me was a trifle wearying.

"Either you've been working too hard or you should be ashamed," she told me crisply. "And judging from the reek in this room, you should be ashamed. (Continued on Page 49)

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"I had never realized, until I no longer had it, what it means to live within the shelter and protection of a marriage," says the author.

When My Husband Died . . .

After a long and happy marriage she faced the shattering emptiness of widowhood. Here is her solution to a problem confronting millions of women.

By BARBARA SMITH

Mrs. Smith's son, Ralph, and his family in their New York apartment. When his mother learned that he planned to marry, she had "a sinking feeling of loss."

The late Hugh Smith, general manager of the Philadelphia Better Business Bureau, was 60.

It was the Saturday of the Thanksgiving weekend and the day after my fifty-second birthday. We were all pleasantly occupied. Ralph, our son, had come from New York to spend the holiday with us. He asked if he could take over the bookstall at the Downingtown Farmers' Market, where Hugh disposed of our surplus stock.

The books were Hugh's hobby; the antique shop near our home in West Chester, Pennsylvania, was mine. No one at the Farmers' Market knew that Hugh was a prominent executive in Philadelphia, where he had established an organization that was respected for its integrity and its influence on the business community. Whenever he went to the market he wore a shapeless sweater, a garden-stained pair of trousers and a battered hat, lugging his books out of the station wagon and

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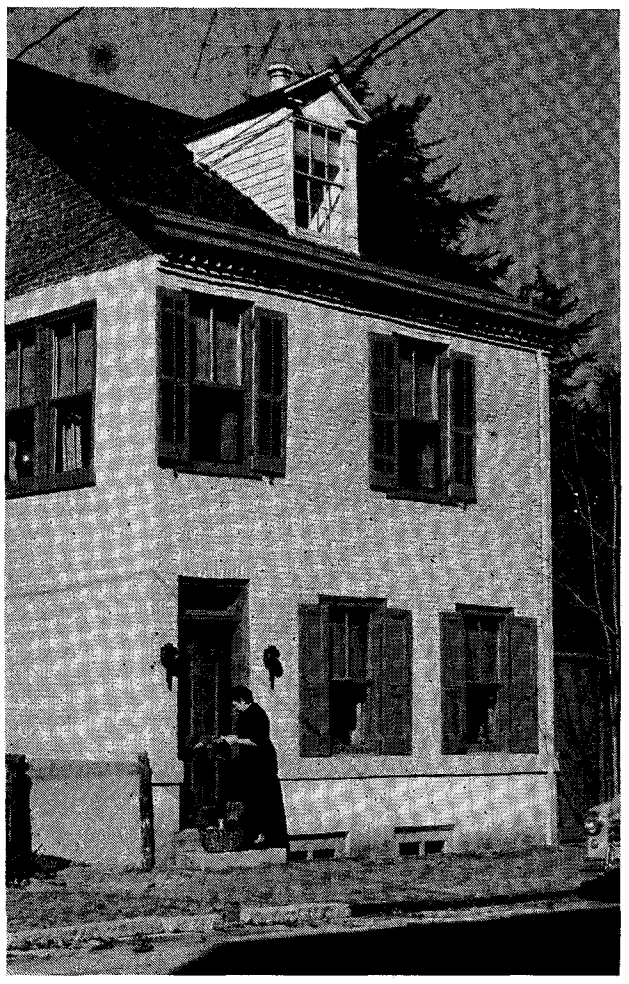

This is the little house in West Chester, Pa., which Mrs. Smith remodeled and moved into after she sold the family home.

The author (left) visits the new owners of the country house where she and her husband lived for more than 20 years. She reluctantly gave it up because "every stick and stone called to me in poignant memory."

setting them up in stacks made of orange crates.

This morning Ralph had gone down to a nearby college campus to see some of his friends. He was delayed. At eleven-thirty Hugh said he'd go down to the market alone and open the stall; Ralph could come down later if he liked. Hugh left the shop. And that was the last time I saw him alive.

I do not like the word "widow," and I cannot quite believe that it means what it seems to mean. If "wife" is one thing and "widow" is another, how does it happen that within the space of a few minutes one person can be both? Legally, semantically, "wife" has a definite, limited meaning; socially, its meaning embraces a territory as large as life itself. The wife, a component of one of those social units which make up our society, finds shelter within the unit, and then within the society.

But there is no well-defined social slot for the widow, and if she wants a place for herself, she must hew it out. I used to wonder if the Hindus, when they allowed the widow to destroy herself on the same pyre as the deceased husband, weren't solving a social problem rather neatly.

The newly created widow suffers a loss so total that she cannot immediately realize it, let alone cope with it. Unless she puts up defenses at once, she is lost in a quicksand of grief from which she may never emerge. In my case the defenses were up from the moment I heard that Hugh had died of a heart attack.

The feeling that took possession of me was that I had never (Continued on Page 57)

On a periodic hunt for antiques to stock her shop, the author rummages through a wholesaler's collection. Her business, which began as a hobby, has paid "remarkable dividends" and is now the center of her social life.

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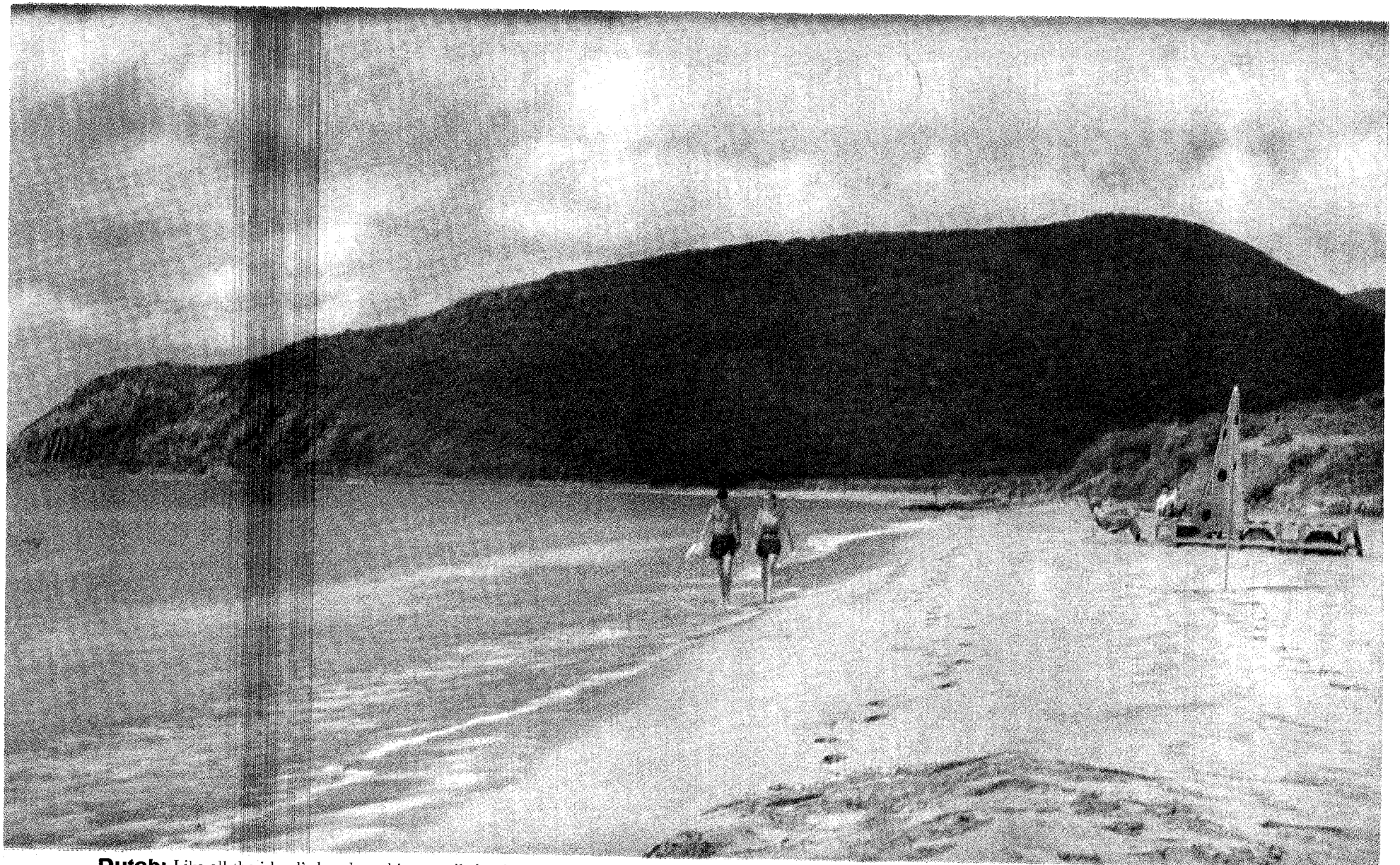
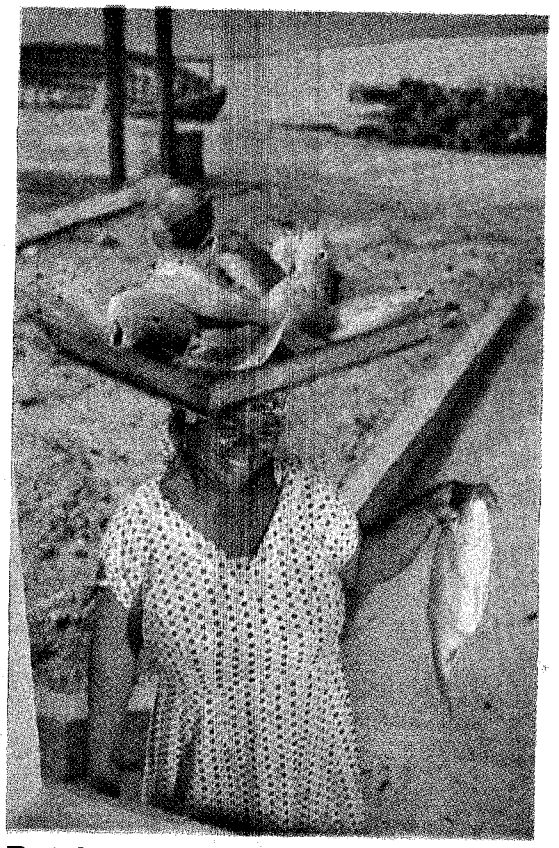


Dutch: Like all the island's beaches, this unspoiled strip of Little Bay shore line is government-owned and thus protected against future private or commercial clutter.

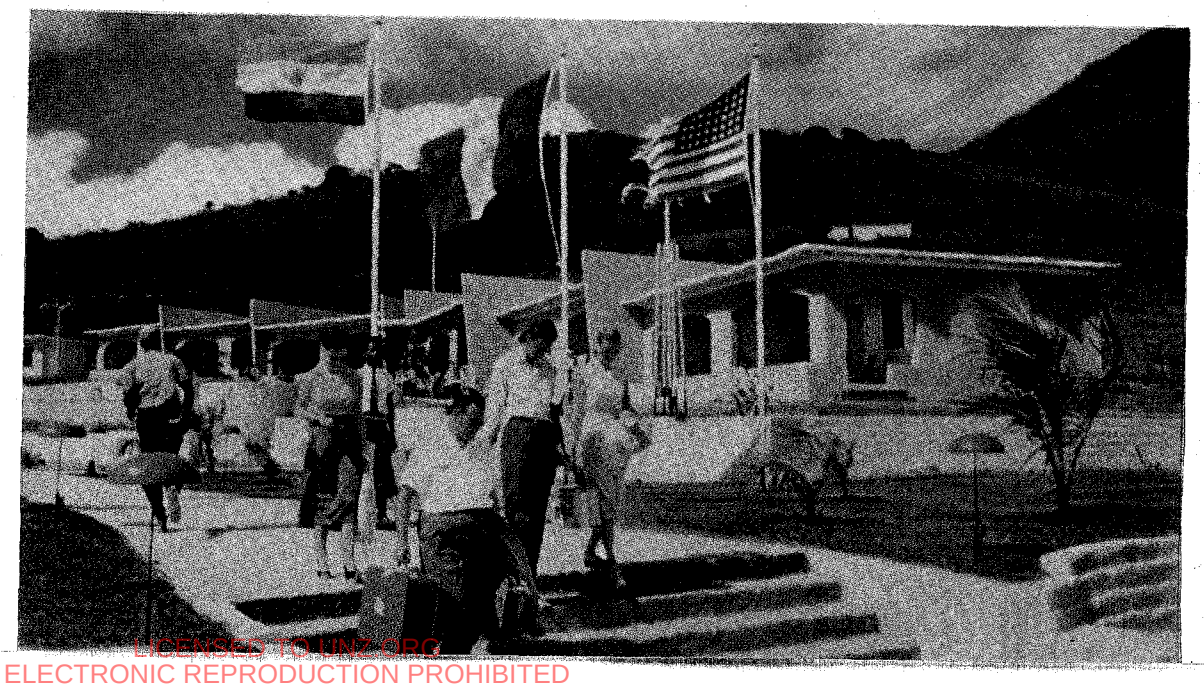
Hidden Gem of the Spanish Main

Far from the tourist-crowded haunts of the Caribbean lies this French-Dutch island of virgin beaches and friendly natives.

By Richard Thruelsen



Dutch: In Philipsburg, a native peddler hawks from door to door a batch of red snappers freshly caught by the island's fishermen.



Dutch: St. Martin, which now can provide bed, bath and board for some eighty visitors, hopes to double its accommodations in the next year or two. At right is the Little Bay Hotel, built by the Netherlands Government.

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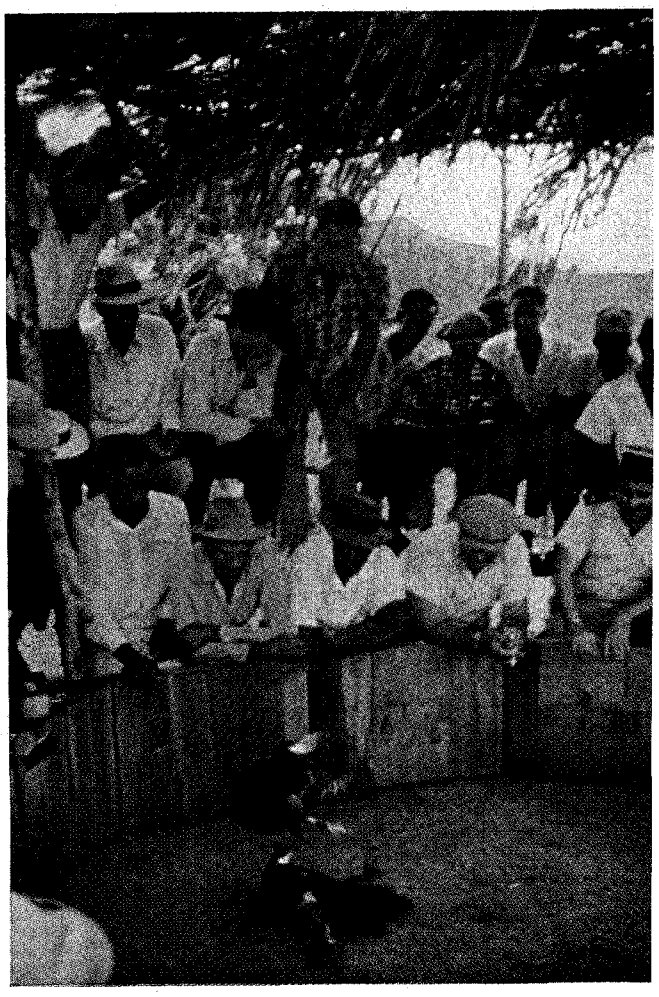
Photographs by
Frank Ross

French: These school children of Cul-de-Sac de Labarrière speak English, as do their Dutch counterparts. Of St. Martin's 6500 citizens, 4000 live in French territory.

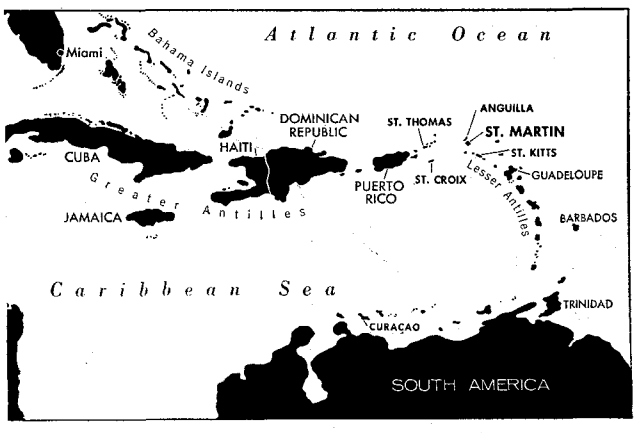


French: Saturday afternoon cockfights are a favorite diversion on this half of the island. The Dutch, however, frown on the sport in their domain.

One morning in the fall of 1955 a businessman named Erik Lawaetz, of St. Croix, in the American Virgin Islands, set out on what was projected as a routine trip to Antigua, a British island some 200 miles to the east. Lawaetz, a real-estate developer, was beginning to feel the pinch of the lack of available land on St. Croix, and he had decided to see what Antigua had to offer in the way of sites which could be developed for winter residents. With him on the forty-foot chartered ketch, Limejuicer III, were three guests along for the ride, and a native captain and mate.

The ketch ran into a severe storm some hours out of St. Croix, and during several days of heavy weather was blown off her course and became thoroughly lost. No one worries too much about such situations in that part of the Caribbean, for if you sail a hundred miles or so in any direction you generally raise an island—but Lawaetz and his friends were understandably anxious to get somewhere.

"The captain," recalls Lawaetz, "maintained that we (Continued on Page 68)



St. Martin, a 37-square-mile island in the Lesser Antilles, is seven hours by air from New York, via San Juan.

French: The Saturday morning market at Marigot lures bargain hunters and merchants from all over St. Martin. Some of the buyers and sellers also come from nearby Anguilla in the boats at rear.

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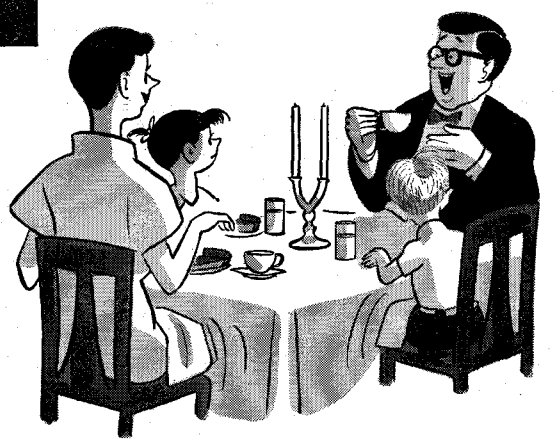
MOHAWK FALLS, OR BUST

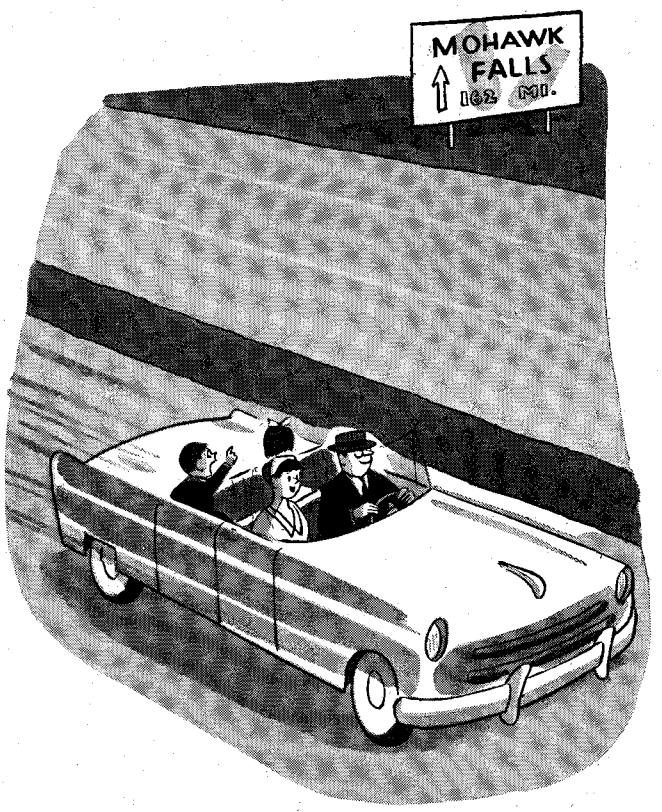
By Ted Key

1



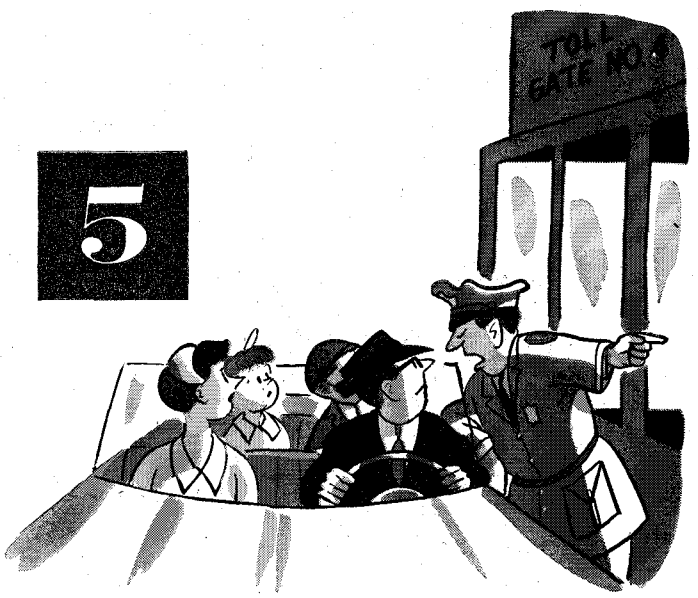
". . . a pleasant surprise.
Tomorrow morning, bright and early,
I'm taking you all to Mohawk Falls."

4



"Hey, Pop!"

5

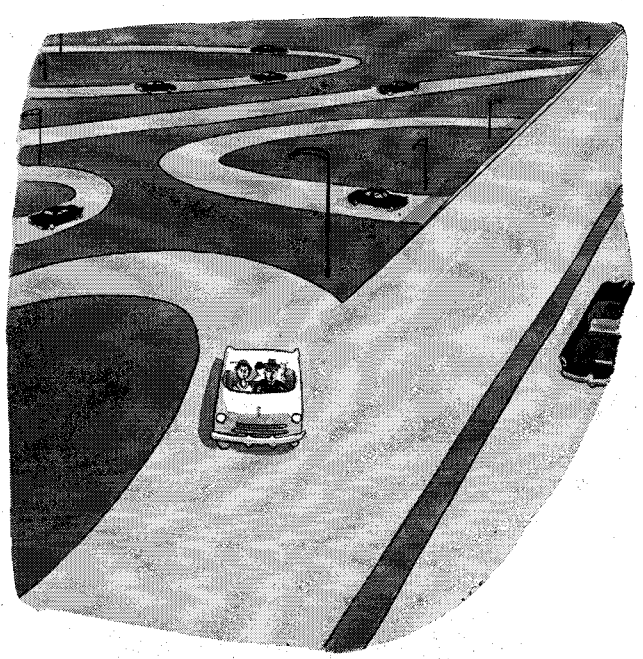


". . . circle around and do a left. A sharp turn at the first gyndrum and under the lullum, making a full loop, you can't miss it."

8

". . . do a complete U and then double back on the framis, that's near the brinkum, of course. Then over the underpass, sharp right and cut by the flager. Can't miss it."

9



"Well, we're off!"

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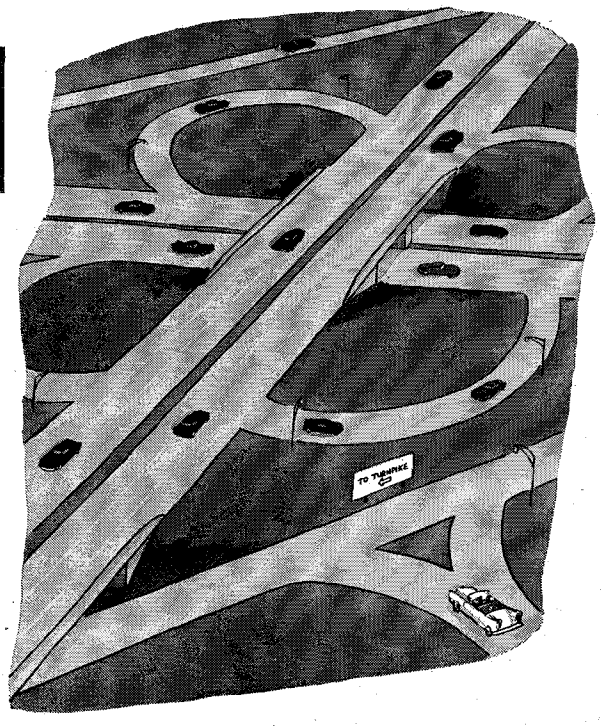

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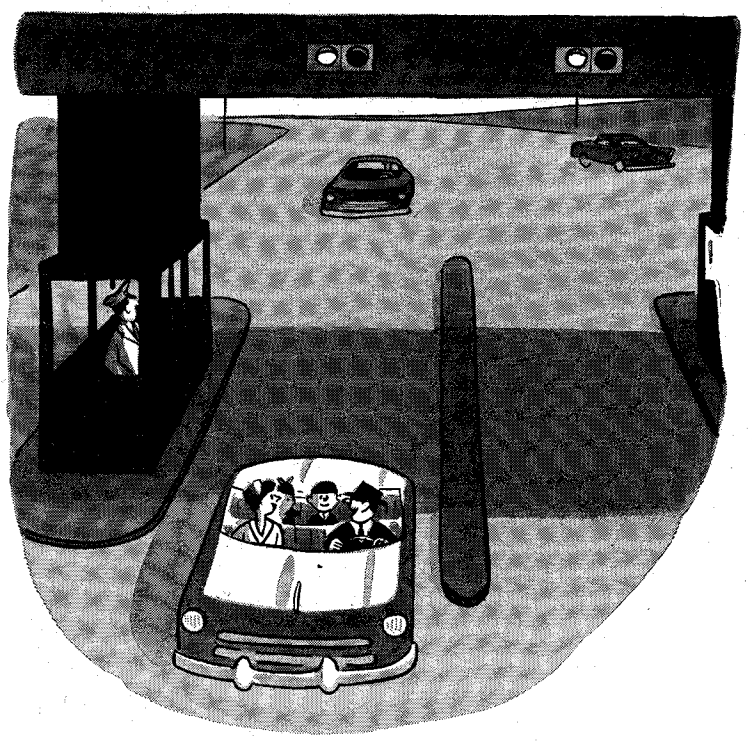
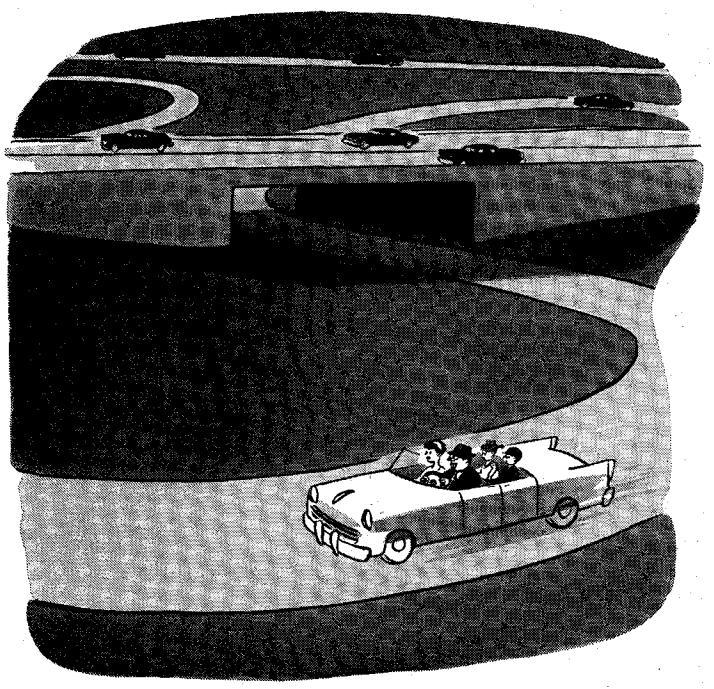


"Well, we're off!"

6

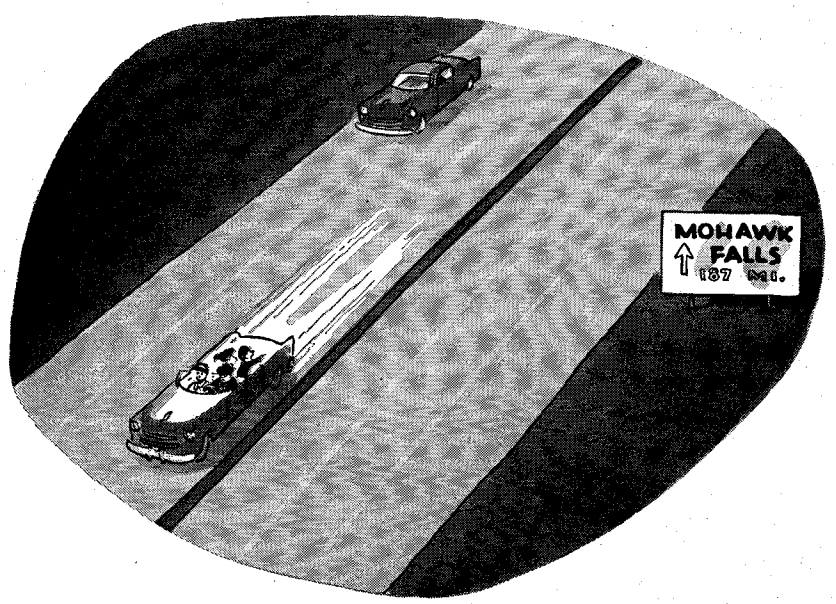


"Well, we're off!"

7

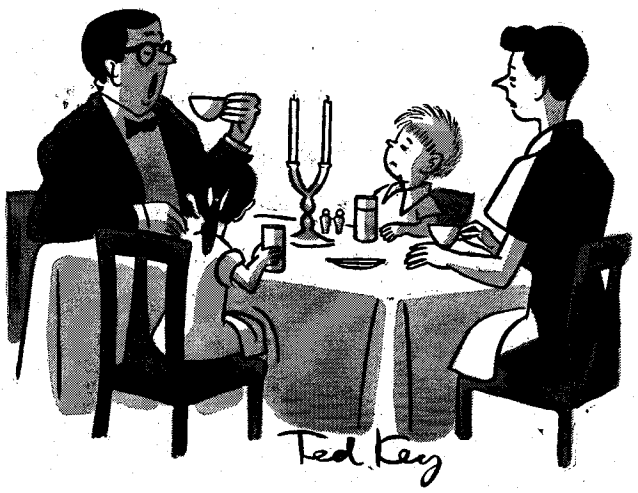
"Hey, Pop!"

10



"Hey, Pop!"

11



". . . tomorrow morning, bright and early,
I'm taking you all to Mohawk Falls."

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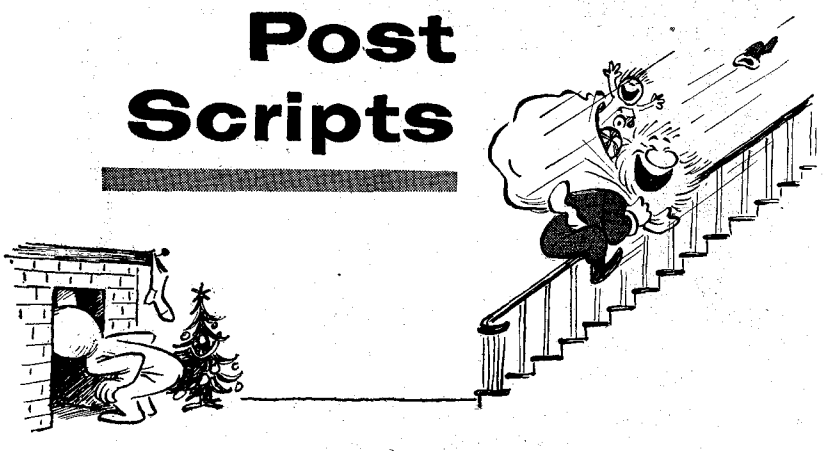
Post Scripts



A Few More Tough Decisions I've Had to Make Lately

"Do you think you can fix Rodney's trombone, dear—or should we send it away somewhere?"

"—— if not convenient for you to pay now, we can, of course, bill you later."

"We're all going for a ride in Frank's antique car, honey. Do you want to ride in the rumble seat or up front with ——"

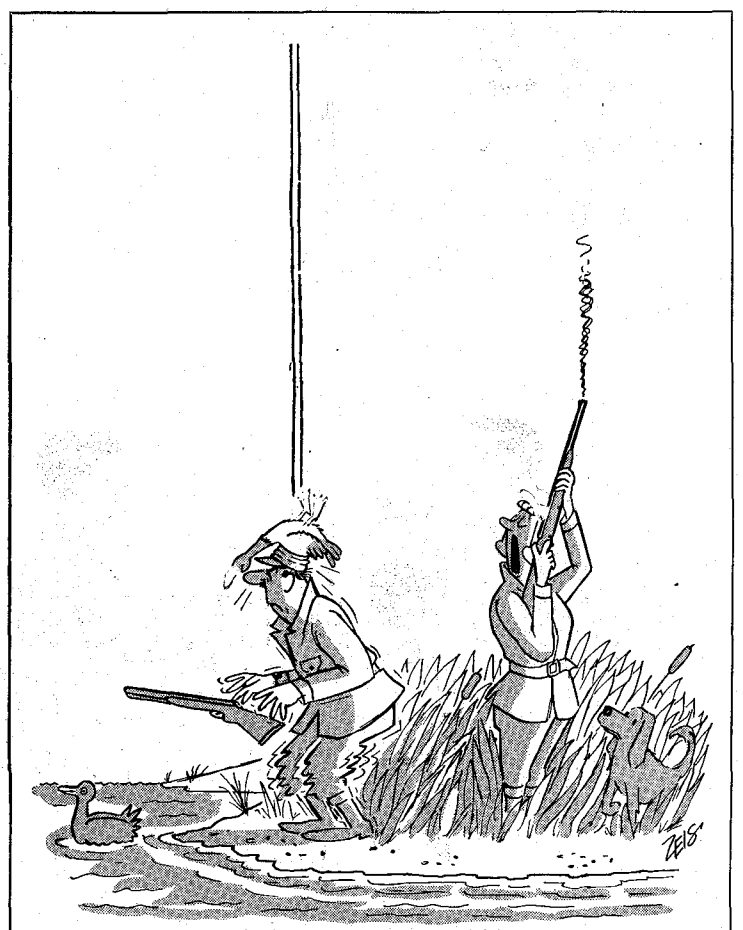
"Swinnerton? Doctor Yeager. If you slip down here right now I can drill that tooth for you. Or you could drop in a week from Thursday, whichever ——"

"—— and one of us will have to go with them on the rollycoaster, dear. If you've still got that headache, I'll ——"

"Someone will have to drive to Cleveland tomorrow, Swinnerton, to meet Mr. Savage from the main office. Will you have your car or ——"

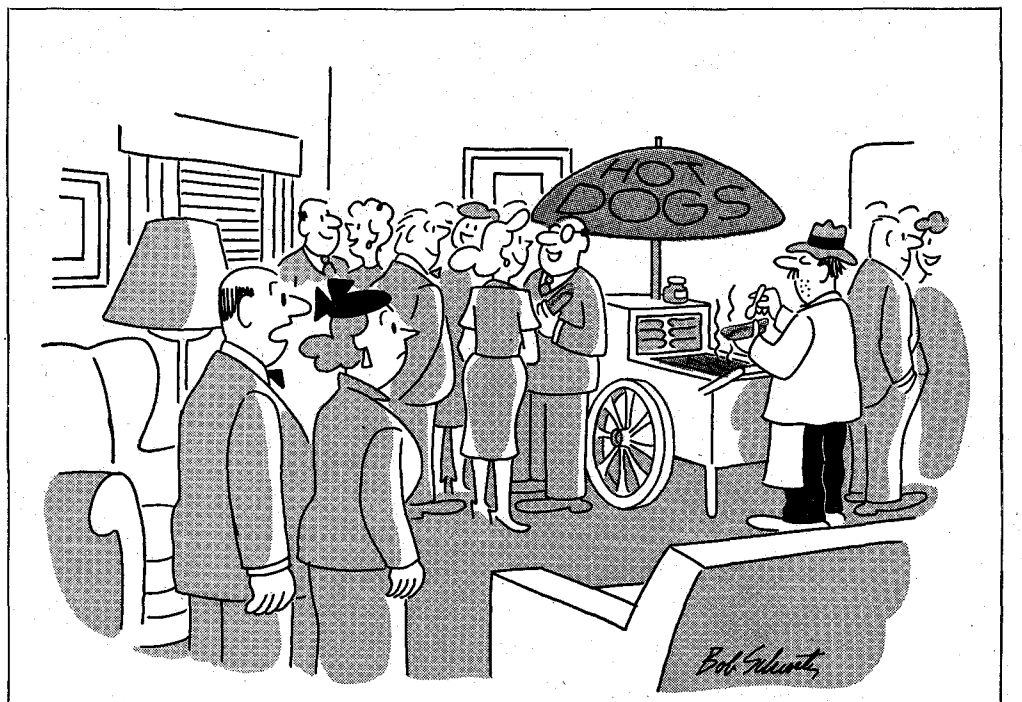
"I hear the baby crying, honey. Are you awake or shall I ——"

A. R. SWINNERTON



"Sorry."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I didn't know it was a catered affair."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

What Happened Between Chapters One and Eight?

"Darling, I think this is a wonderful idea—I mean, reading books aloud to each other on these cozy winter evenings. I'll read first. Are you ready?"

"I'll just stretch out here on the davenport and listen. Ready."

"O.K., here we go: 'As Dr. Hugo Devers stood at the window of his study, his steady, professional-looking hands drawing aside the white curtain, his deep-set gray eyes seemed to reflect the problem which had gnawed at him since early morning. As he viewed the courtyard. . . .'"

"Keep reading, dear. I'm listening."

"'—and the shadows which now were etching themselves into it, he thought of Mary O'Leary, kind and gentle Mary O'Leary, who, that morning, had come to his office . . . who, that morning, had come to his office . . . who, that morning, had come to his ——' See, I knew it! You're not even listening, dear!"

"Uh! . . . Of course, I'm listening. I'm merely shutting my eyes to rest them."

"If you were listening, what's the book about?"

"About this Dr. Hugo Devers. He's been standing at the window of his study."

"And what's he been doing other than that?"

"What do you mean, what's he been doing other than that?"

"Just what I said. Who's he been thinking about?"

"Well, he was drawing aside the curtain, and —— Well, he was thinking about somebody who was standing outside in the courtyard."

"See! I knew you weren't listening!"

"O.K., O.K., so maybe I dropped off for a moment. Begin from where he was standing by the study window, and this time I'll listen very intently."

"O.K. Well, anyway, that part about him standing at the study window, and then—let's see—here we go, now: 'As he viewed the courtyard and the shadows which now were etching themselves into it, he thought of Mary O'Leary, kind and gentle Mary O'Leary. . . .'"

"Keep reading, dear. I'm listening."

"'—who, that morning, had come to his office.' Mary . . . had a little lamb. . . . Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!). . . . Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears. . . . Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers ——"

RAYMOND HOWARD

Merry Christmas, Happy 1958

May you get the things you've wanted,
May there be no substitutions,
May your troubles last no longer
Than your New Year resolutions.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

What's Worth Reading This Month

The following is a list of worth-while books chosen from thousands of tons of trash. I have purposely omitted best sellers and such, hoping to give the prospective reader something unusual or little known to chew on.

Thirty Things a Woman Can Do With Her Hands: Not quite complete, but a fascinating compendium of crafts and interests from archery to zithering, written by Mrs. Mabel Van Doily in 1866, but still practical.

How Now, Brown Cow?: A practical manual of raising milk herds in a small city lot where zoning regulations permit. The author has also provided a smaller section on milk goats for smaller lots.

Burnt Sienna Toast: A satisfying novel of a French artist of the Nineties who was happily married, never cut off his ear or shot himself, ignored ladies of the evening, never drank a drop and who received recognition and financial success during his lifetime. Very unusual.

Doctor, What's Wrong With Me?: Written for the layman, this is an invaluable textbook for hypochondriacs. Illustrated with amusing pictures of most common diseases.

Fast Flies the Flag of Flendara!: An exciting account of the little-known war between Bellogia and Flendara in 1906. The author, as a child, was taken to see the battle by his mother, then Queen of Bellogia, now an ancient barmaid at The Old Battleaxe and Unicorn pub in Cornwall.

Learning to Dance in a Closet: A detailed study of various dances—mostly Latin-American—that can be practiced in a clothes closet. Invaluable for anyone planning to attend a New York night club.

ROBERT FONTAINE

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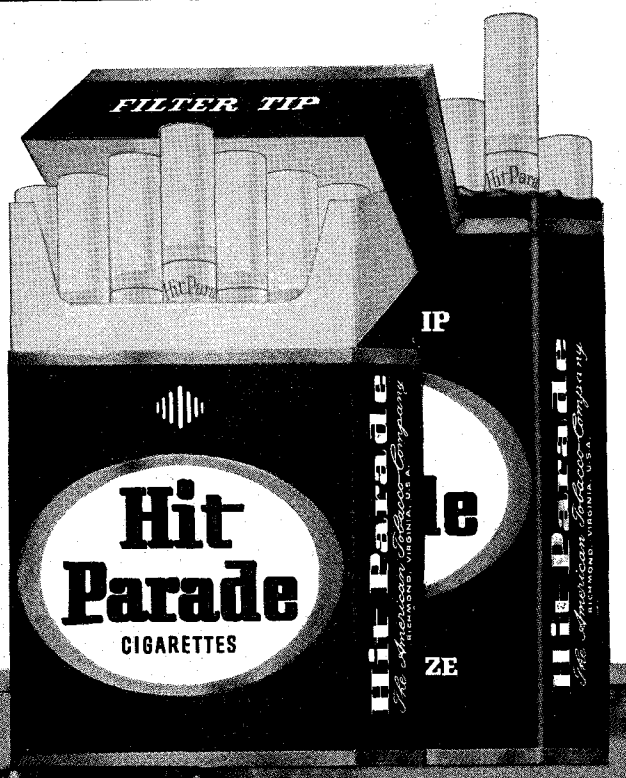
the tobacco... the tip... and the taste!



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. . . exclusive T-7 filter, developed especially for Hit Parade, lets you have your flavor, too!

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. . . the freshest, liveliest taste of any filter cigarette. Get new Hit Parade today!

New crush-proof box or familiar pack

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Among those who lunged up the slope was Wesley Maury.

WEST OF THE LAW

What was a white man doing among the attacking war party?

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"Why do you dislike me, Mr. Claypool?" asked Potter Nourse.

Bednigo Claypool smiled down at the attractive young lady and made some evasive reply, but he hid his real feelings. His job was to help General Dodge, chief engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, span a still-wild America with two steel tracks. This girl, Potter Nourse, was in league with Wesley Maury, the wily scapegrace who sold guns to the Indians menacing the railroad, and with Thomas Durant, the Eastern financier whose lust for profit threatened to milk the railroad of its assets.

She had, as a matter of fact, offered Bednigo a generous bribe if he would spy on General Dodge for Durant and his corrupt syndicate, the Crédit Mobilier. Bednigo Claypool, a young man whose burly appearance belied his shrewdness, did not refuse the bribe outright. Better, he thought, to leave the channels open, to see what he could see.

III

Mrs. Beebe and Hepsie Rennie had been granted permission to go to Fort Kearney to set up an eating house. Fort Kearney, as matters turned out, became a sort of preparatory school of scoundrelism. It was the first of the moving towns, of the three places described as Hell on Wheels. Gamblers, ruffians, purveyors of bad whisky and dance-hall girls preceded even the rails and, there on the Platte River, prepared to gouge and rob the laborers in the employ of the railroad.

General Dodge and a party of which Bednigo Claypool was a member were absent in the general direction of Boulder Canyon on a survey which was to determine at last the route that must be followed by the railroad through the Black Hills toward the setting sun. On the way they visited Nick Janis, famous French guide and frontiersman, at Fort Laramie, and there were regaled with a plainsman's banquet, the *pièce de résistance* of which was a huge bowl of stew. Bednigo, fishing in the pot with his spoon, brought to the surface a bit of bone and meat that aroused his curiosity. He held it up for all to see.

"A squealer?" he asked with raised brows.

Janis was emphatic in his denial of this aspersion cast upon his delicacy. "No! No!" he gesticulated. "No squealer—a bow-wow!"

At this climax of the meal a clatter of hoofs outside caused

(Continued on Page 64)

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Game Warden in Manhattan

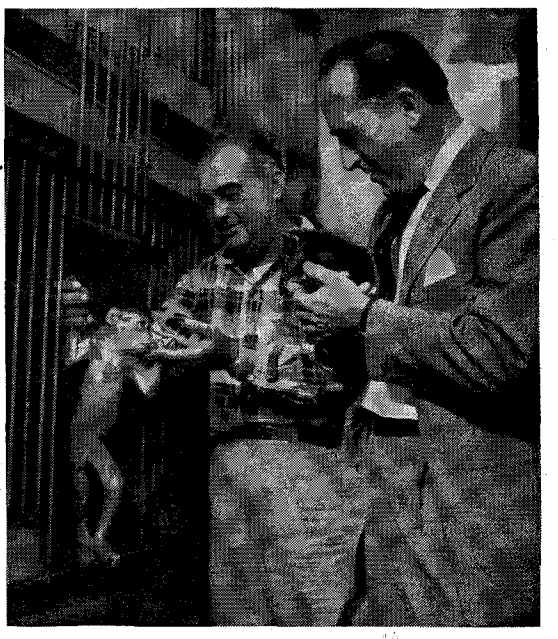
From tenement rooftops to swanky restaurants and exclusive shops, this wildlife sleuth hunts down lawbreakers among the skyscrapers.

By BILL WOLF

When Tony Mazza dresses for his day's work as a New York State game protector, he does not put on the trim, trooperlike uniform worn by most members of the law-enforcement division of the Conservation Department. He dons an inconspicuous businessman's suit instead and drives downtown from his home in the Washington Heights section of New York City, looking exactly like thousands of other New Yorkers. Then he starts patrolling the strangest outdoor beat of any game protector—the island of Manhattan. There, where even a horse is becoming a rare sight, he hunts for violations of the state game laws, and finds them too. His route may take him into the canyons of Wall Street, through the jungles of Broadway, the wilderness of Central Park and among the mid-city cliff dwellers. Tony Mazza has spent seventeen years doing such work quietly, efficiently and anonymously to all but a handful of Manhattan's many.

Mazza wears a business suit because he would feel rather silly parading in full uniform through exclusive millinery shops, the plumage-trade centers and fur districts or the kitchens of Manhattan's better hotels and night clubs. In his rounds he looks for illegal plumage or fur used for hats and other articles of clothing, or illegal game. Sometimes he must answer a call from some gentle old lady who insists that a squirrel climbed a tree in front of her downtown apartment and simply can't get back down without aid. Frequently he'll visit a pet shop to make sure the owner hasn't sneaked some American cardinals (illegal) in with Brazilian cardinals (legal) for sale.

Some time back Mazza and his assistants nearly went crazy (Continued on Page 74)



Mazza (right) prowls pet shops for prohibited animals. Here he holds a (legal) South American coati-mundi.

At a game provisioner's storeroom, Mazza (left) checks a deer carcass for the tags that prove the game was lawfully killed, and is not poacher's venison.

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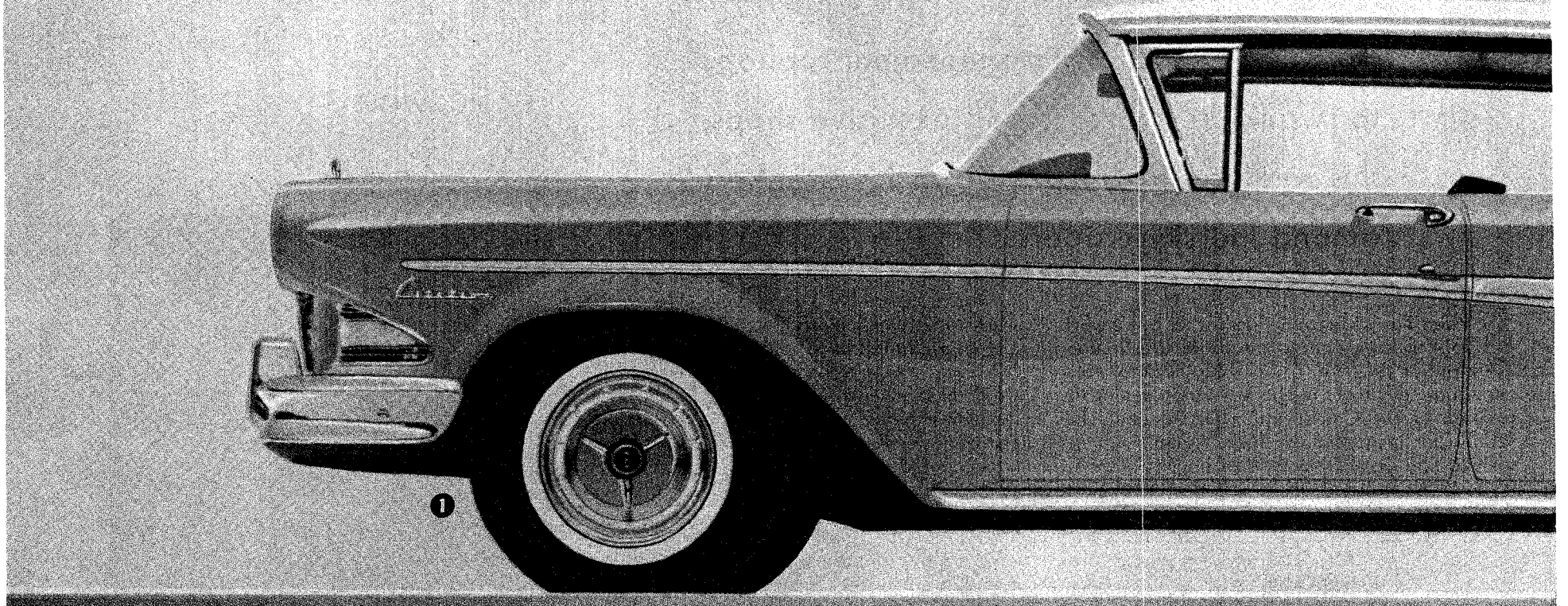

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Man to Man (Continued from Page 25)

he had ever told Alice's mother she looked sexy.

The radio was blasting in Mary's room. "Some fellow to see you," Coverly said over the noise. "He's telling your mother how sexy she is."

"Well, I hope you think she's sexy," Mary said. "Do I look all right?"

"You're being married in two weeks," Coverly said. "You've already hooked him, remember?"

"I'm wearing an engagement ring, not a wedding ring," Mary said. "A girl can't be too careful." She grinned at him, a slim, brown-haired girl, and he remembered when she had been moon-faced, hippy, with bands on her teeth and no boys came around ever, and he had expected her to be eternally single.

"Why don't you like Johnny?" she demanded suddenly.

"Have I ever said anything ——"

"That's just it. You're so polite."

They went down the hall and she kissed Johnny. Coverly was used to this, accustomed to seeing them locked in an embrace on the doorstep, in the TV room if he walked in unannounced. He was embarrassed, but they never were.

"Monday morning I go to work," Johnny said. "The salt mines are calling. Life gets rugged at eight A.M. Monday."

"At four hundred a month," Coverly said dryly. "I made eighteen a week when I got my first job. Selling shirts six days a week and no fringe benefits."

"But now he's a vice president," Mary said dramatically. "Did our hero recoil from selling shirts? Did he say he wouldn't sell shirts?"

Johnny Price struck a pose. "He sold shirts."

"Vincent Coverly," Mary said, "this is your life."

"You're both insane," Alice said. "Johnny, I know you were planning to take Mary house hunting this morning. I'm sorry, the store called about a fitting for Mary's wedding dress. Why don't you take Vince with you instead?"

Johnny looked crestfallen, Coverly was astounded, but Alice gave him no chance to protest, ushering him outside while Johnny lingered beside Mary.

"The phone hasn't rung this morning," Coverly said. "You arranged this. What Machiavellian scheme are you up to?"

"You've never been alone with him, Vince," Alice said. "He's going to be your son-in-law. Unbend. Buy him lunch. Talk to him."

"What about, the birds and bees?" Coverly said. "Selling shirts? I guess that's good for a laugh. You've ruined my day."

"All set, sir?" Johnny said, coming up, and they went out to his car. The radio came on with the motor, music pouring into the car.

"Last night Mary and I passed a new place on Harrison," Johnny said. "I thought I'd stop there first; it's about the closest." He flushed slightly. "Hope you didn't mind our kidding about the shirts. I know nothing about merchandising. It never appealed to me."

"It didn't appeal to me, either," Coverly said. "I hated it."

"Oh?" Johnny looked perplexed. "Then why ——"

"You don't know it, Johnny," Coverly said, "but by training I'm a chemical engineer. It probably seems incredible to you, but engineers weren't in demand in 1933, when I graduated. I couldn't get a job. I wanted to get married and one day there was an ad in the Sunday paper for junior executives for a department store."

He remembered that long-ago Sunday morning, pecking out the letter of application on the typewriter, playing down his engineering training, deliberately lying, writing that he had taken engineering simply as a foundation.

He remembered walking the two miles to Alice's home, sitting on the front porch discussing the letter with her, writing it again in her house, and together they had walked to the corner to post it.

"I don't know how many people answered the ad," Coverly said, "but six of us were interviewed. One of them was a law-school graduate. I pretended a vast enthusiasm I didn't feel and was hired."

"You mean you got married on eighteen dollars a week?"

"Alice and I were married six months later," Coverly said, "when I was moved out of shirts and raised to twenty-five dollars. Well, I never used my slide rule, but I got by."

"You sure did," Johnny said. He cast a sideways glance at Coverly. "I bet you'd have made a helluvan engineer."

He stopped the car before a new apartment building. Workmen were landscaping the grounds. A dapper manager escorted Johnny and Coverly to an eighth-floor apartment.

"This is two hundred a month," he answered Johnny's question.

"Two hundred," Johnny said in a shocked voice. "I see." Elaborately casual, he added, "Not bad, but I wouldn't want to make a decision without my girl's opinion."

The manager looked amused and they rode down silently in the elevator. Johnny's face was red. When they were outside he muttered, "Two hundred! Cripes! Half my income. I tried to act as if it were peanuts, but that character saw right through me."

"They always do," said Coverly. "At least, he was a manager. Your mother-in-law-to-be and I were snubbed by a doorman."

Walking to the car, Coverly was transported back down the years, remembering himself and Alice going up a walk beneath a canopy, asking the doorman if there were any vacancies.

He remembered saying, "We might go as high as fifty a month."

He would never forget the doorman's answer. "I'm afraid you people are on the wrong street," the doorman said icily.

Coverly could not recall ever having felt more defeated, his face flaming, staring at the brass buttons on the man's uniform. They did not own a car and could not even escape quickly, walking back under the canopy, past other apartments, waiting for a bus at the corner.

"The other places I had in mind would probably run about the same," Johnny said. He sat in the car, tapping the steering wheel with one fist. "Want to show you something," he said suddenly, and drove off.

Conversation between them languished and died. Coverly was lost, the city had mushroomed over the years, and nothing was familiar.

"Here we are," Johnny said, suddenly pulling up at the curb.

In front of them was a four-story apartment, close to the street, lacking both canopy and doorman. Johnny went to the basement to get the key from the super and rejoined Coverly in the entrance.

"I'm afraid it's on the top floor," Johnny said. "No elevator."

They walked up three flights and Johnny unlocked a door. He was suddenly diffident. "It is bigger than the other one. Nothing fancy, but plenty of light and air. Kitchen's old-fashioned, but everything works and I could redecorate the rest. It's a lot cheaper."

Coverly stood silently at the living-room window, looking out into the courtyard, a hollow square faced by other apartments.

"Wrong side of the tracks, I guess," Johnny said.

"Fifty a month, did you say?" Coverly asked.

Johnny stared at him. "No, sir. It's a hundred and ten. You can't get anything like this for fifty a month, Mr. Coverly. I guess you think it's pretty crummy for your daughter, living where she does now. But we could use the money if Mary doesn't mind carrying groceries up three flights. And I owe a thousand dollars to an uncle who helped finance my education. I have to pay him back."

Coverly turned from the window to look at Johnny Price and he thought suddenly he was looking at a man, not a boy.

Johnny's face was set. "This would suit me, Mr. Coverly," he said, "and I feel sure that Mary would be happy with it, but I don't know how you and Mary's mother would feel about your daughter living here, climbing three flights of stairs whenever you came to visit."

"Let's get some lunch," Coverly said, and they went silently down the stairs. In the car Coverly said, "Turn left at the next block. There's a restaurant halfway down on the south side."

After they had parked and gone inside, Coverly said, "Order a couple of martinis. I'll be with you in a minute."

He went to the phone booth, dialed his home and when Alice answered, Coverly said, "I thought you'd still be home. I'm calling from Mike's."

"Mike's," Alice said. "You don't mean—you're not ——"

"I mean Mike's," Coverly said. "Where you broke the news to me that Mary was on the way. Where we had wine with our dinner the night I told you I was going to be an assistant buyer."

"I'll never forget it," Alice said. "I wish we could go back."

"Well, we will," Coverly chuckled. "Guess where the kids are going to live. On Clement Street. We were in the apartment directly across the way. I didn't recognize the place until I was in the apartment looking out the window at the courtyard, and I looked right across into our old apartment. Johnny has to pay a hundred and ten dollars for it. He's afraid we won't approve of our daughter living there."

"He's sweet," Alice said. "You'll bring him home for lunch, of course."

"I will not," Coverly said. "I'm going to buy him lunch here. I don't know when we'll be home. It's about time you women got out of the act and let me get acquainted with Johnny." THE END

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Louie the Diamond King set out in his big private plane to fly nonstop from Mexico to Canada to deliver a small fortune in gems. Engine trouble, however, forced his pilot to land in the United States. Taking the gems, Louie hurried to the nearest airport without a word to anyone. As he was about to board a commercial airliner for Canada, United States customs agents arrested him.

"U.S. law says that diamonds brought into this country without being declared shall be forfeited to the Government," the agents pointed out. "You didn't declare these, so they belong to Uncle Sam."

"Not so," Louie retorted. "I never planned to land in the United States. I was forced down. Furthermore, I never intended to leave the diamonds in this country. So the law doesn't apply to me."

If you were the judge, would you return Louie's diamonds?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Louie lost his diamonds. The court interpreted the law strictly. It said that: "Whoever crosses our border must show what he brings with him. Matters of public safety and health, as well as matters of fiscal policy, require, or at any rate support, rigid adherence to the demand for disclosure."

Based upon a 1955 Federal case.

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Death in the Deep (Continued from Page 14)

schedule, and Lüttke abandoned the attack. Forty minutes later the sub was back in position again, but this time she was discovered. The tanker turned away and fired her stern gun. The sub ran full speed out of range.

Two hours later they closed in again. By this time the wind had risen, there was a rough sea, and it was impossible to fire a torpedo with any accuracy. Once more the attack was broken off.

When the sky began to grow light, the tanker sighted the sub again and opened fire with two guns.

"Do we submerge, sir?" asked Wittgenberg.

Lüttke gave the exec a cold stare. "No, we'll wait for the sea to quiet down," he said. "With that sea they won't hit us. Those fellows don't know how to shoot."

The sea did not quiet down. The wind rose to storm strength and piled up the long Atlantic swell into vertical walls that descended on the bridge, tearing at the safety belts with which the bridge watch had made themselves fast. At the approach of a wave the men lowered their heads, clung to the bridge coaming and humped their backs like cats in a thunderstorm.

At first Teichmann was amused, but not for long. The waves approached like swiftly moving dunes, burying the four men on the bridge alive. You had to learn how to hold your breath until the wave passed. Once when the boat got away from the helmsman and broached, the sea came from aft and poured into the bridge, hurling the four men overboard. They dangled helplessly from their safety straps, until, with great difficulty, they clambered back onto the bridge; and at that moment a mountain of water fell on them. Teichmann thought he was going to suffocate; he had forgotten to take a deep breath. When he was relieved, everyone had forgotten about the tanker; she was gone for good.

At noon Teichmann came on watch again. The storm had not abated. The men off-watch were rolling out of their bunks, and half the crew were violently seasick. Then the ship got away from the helmsman again, and a mountainous sea came on from abeam. The belt of the port after lookout let go; the man was picked up by the sea, flung high, and dashed against the bridge coaming. And then the bridge was submerged. When Teichmann could see again, the man was wedged between the forward deflecting wire and the bridge. He had been very lucky. Teichmann hauled him in. It was Michels, a seaman first class. With the help of the exec, Teichmann lowered him into the control room.

Michels was carried to the forward torpedo room and strapped into his bunk. An arm and a leg were broken. That much had been determined by the radioman, who was the ship's "doctor," having once taken a three-day course in first aid. He managed to set the leg. But he couldn't stand the sight of blood, so the arm, a compound fracture, was set by the motor machinist's mate.

At dusk the boat dived. They spent the whole night submerged. Thirty fathoms down all was quiet; the storm was imperceptible.

And then for a long time—for two whole weeks—nothing happened. The ship searched the sea at a snail's pace, while her crew became bored. At last a radio message from ComSub in Lorient reported that a convoy was approaching Lüttke's position.

At 1400, six hours later, the lookouts sighted columns of smoke on the horizon. A Sunderland flying boat was circling over the ships. When five U-boats made contact with the convoy, ComSub radioed the order to attack. The U-boats closed in to intercept the ships from ahead. All were surfaced, but the recon plane did not bother them greatly. When the plane came too close to Lüttke's ship, he slowed down to reduce the froth of his sub's wake, and that was enough. Everybody on the plane seemed to be asleep.

Lüttke was the first to dive for the attack. Teichmann had his battle station in the forward torpedo room and looked on as the torpedoman got the tubes ready. He heard propellers circling overhead, but he did not take this seriously until he heard Lüttke say, "Depth forty meters!"

The engineer said, "Full dive!" and the captain, "All ahead full."

The sound of the destroyer's screws came rapidly closer. She was running over the U-boat. The men looked up as if there were something to see, and Teichmann was startled by the terror in their faces. Then everyone had to hold fast to keep from sliding; the sub was tilting heavily forward. The engineer's voice rasped from the loud-speaker system, "Lay aft to the bulkheads." As they all stood up to move aft, a crash of thunder knocked their legs out from under them. Teichmann sat paralyzed. Everything seemed to collapse inside him; it amazed him to find that he was still able to breathe. Looking through the bulkhead doorway, he saw the men in the control room were trembling.

But then suddenly everything was back to normal. No more depth charges were dropped. A few glasses and light bulbs had been broken in the control room; otherwise, there was no damage. "That was just to put the fear of God into us," one of the men said.

The depth gauge now read seventy meters. The torpedoman and his helpers jumped up and began to close the outer doors of the tubes. While they were working, the skipper came into the forward torpedo room.

"Is this when you decide to close those doors?"

The torpedoman and his men kept on cranking.

Two red spots appeared under the captain's cheekbones. He turned round and went back to the control room. Here he announced, "Dinner."

The exec said through the loud-speaker system, "Attack discontinued. Secure from battle stations."

A few depth charges went off in the distance. Later the sound men reported hearing the noise of breaking bulkheads, as in sinking ships.

The cook called, "Come and get it!" and the skipper ordered the crew to table.

The meal passed in silence. Herr Doktor Timmler, the war correspondent, ate nothing at all. His stomach was out of order, he said. Between mouthfuls, Teichmann asked the chief quartermaster why the attack had been called off.

"Dumb question. Because the torpedo-tube outer doors were still open at seventy meters."

"How do you expect me to guess that?" said Teichmann sullenly. "I'm new to all this."

The door between the wardroom and the chief's room was open and the captain overheard this exchange. "Send me the torpedoman," he said.

The torpedoman was a quiet, well-balanced man, with five missions behind him. But when he went into the wardroom and reported to Lüttke, he was white as a sheet.

"Do you know," the skipper asked, "why the torpedo-tube outer doors have to be closed when the boat goes below thirty meters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because the steering mechanism of the torpedoes must not be exposed to higher water pressure or they won't steer the course that has been set. But, sir, it was impossible for me to ——"

"Why did you neglect to mention this in instructing the midshipmen?"

"I forgot, sir."

"Very well. You told me that the midshipmen had been checked out on torpedoes. That was a lie. You will report to me at nine o'clock tomorrow morning for punishment. Dismissed."

The four torpedoes in the tubes had to be removed. Everything possible was taken out of the forward torpedo room. The screaming Michels, with his broken limbs, was moved to the chiefs' quarters, but there still wasn't space enough. The captain gave the order to fire two torpedoes from the tubes. There was then room enough to unload and adjust the other two. The torpedoman was given five days of arrest, to be served in port.

When the sub surfaced the following morning, the convoy, or what was left of it, was so far off that pursuit was hopeless. Reports of the other U-boats' successes were piled high in the radio room, and the army newscast spoke of them too.

Lüttke waited three weeks for another convoy. None came. Finally he received an order from ComSub to take on fuel in midocean from a submarine of the IX-D type, which was returning home because of engine trouble.

Two days later the boats met. Michels was transferred to the homeward-bound vessel; he suffered agonies while they were taking him out through the tower. The men were able to send mail, all letters being submitted to the captain for censorship. Stollenberg sent his parents a post card. Teichmann had no one to write to. His father was dead; his mother had remarried and gone to Switzerland.

By nightfall they were finished fueling and had taken on two torpedoes. Now they had their full complement of fourteen. When the exec reported the deck clear for diving, Lüttke steered a course toward Central America, and the IX-D started for home.

"*Heil* and victory and good hunting!" cried her captain.

"Thank you, sir!" Lüttke called back.

For three weeks they combed the Caribbean Sea from Puerto Rico to Trinidad without seeing anything to shoot at. The whole time the sea was perfectly calm under a coppery sun. Searing heat sucked the life out of the men. Around them the bridge watch saw an endless watery waste, glittering like a tin roof. They never had enough to drink; the distilling plant had broken down, and thirst was a torment. Now and then, one of the watch would collapse and have to be let down into the control room.

Inside the boat it was like a Turkish bath. The average temperature was 120 degrees. In the engine room it was 150 degrees. A bottle of warm pop had to do three men for twenty-four hours. Hardly anything was eaten. The bread was moldy, the butter was liquid and rancid. No one could sleep in the heat and in the miasma of oil, damp leather and the body odors of fifty men.

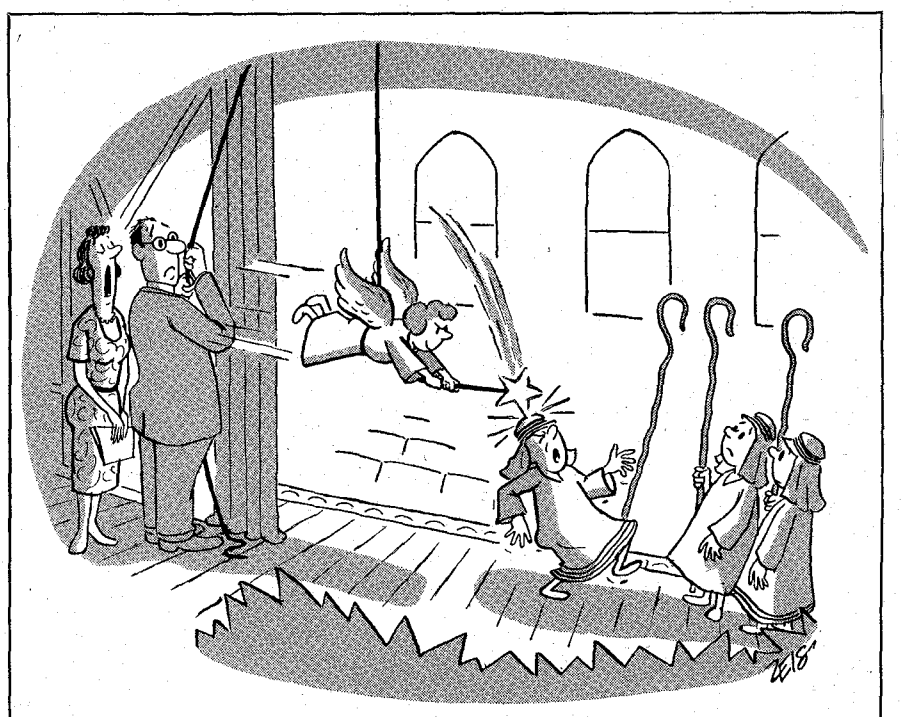
The firemen had oil boils all over their bodies. The rest of the crew had skin rashes; corroded by the salt water and baked by the sun, their faces peeled like dried potato skins. Huge pimples formed under their dirty beards. Everyone lived with a dull, throbbing headache.

No one was allowed on the bridge except the watch and the captain. The boat dived eleven times to escape American planes. This was all that happened. Everything else was daily routine, and part of the routine was the disgust that the men felt for each other, the irritability that sent them into rages at the slightest provocation.

Timmler, the war correspondent, made enemies on every side. He fancied himself to be a philosopher, and was piqued because the sailors didn't take him seriously. If a depth charge destroyed his appetite, he claimed it was because he had more sensitive nerves than the others.

The sailors tolerated Timmler until it developed that he was a homosexual. That created a stink among the crew. He grew violent and they had to keep him tied to his bunk for hours on end.

Two hundred and fifty nautical miles southeast of Trinidad they sighted an American freighter. She was faster than the submarine, and the chase would have been hopeless if she had not, for no apparent reason, (*Continued on Page 46*)



"I'm afraid she isn't quite right for the part."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 44*) changed her course seventy degrees. That gave the U-boat a chance.

The sub dived. Lüttke ordered battle stations, and prepared to fire a salvo from Tubes 1, 3 and 4. Then he gave out the data: target speed one six, bearing eight zero, range 1000. Engel, the first lieutenant, fed the readings into the fire-control instruments. The sounds of the ship's screws could now be heard by everyone.

"Tubes ready," the exec reported.

The outer tube doors were opened, the captain corrected the target position a last time, and said, "All ready." And a moment later, "Fire spread. Make ready Tube Two."

From the forward torpedo room the torpedoman reported, "Spread fired electrically. Tube Two ready."

The stop watches ran—one with the captain in the conning tower, one with the chief quartermaster in the control room, and a third with the torpedoman in the forward room. The men crouched silent and motionless, listening for explosions. When two minutes had passed, they looked at the torpedoman's stop watch as though hypnotized.

"The old man never misses," muttered the torpedoman, "and certainly not with a spread." The stop watch in his hand trembled. "Just the same, a mistake of one knot in the target speed would ——"

When two and a half minutes had passed, the men sitting in the far end of the room stood up and gathered round the stop watch, waiting for the explosion. Then, simultaneously, the torpedoman and the chief quartermaster announced, "Time's up." Three minutes had passed. The men didn't dare to look at one another.

In the conning tower a heated exchange began between the captain and Engel, the first lieutenant. It turned out that Engel had forgotten to throw the blue switch after the captain's last correction; the new data had not gone into the steering mechanisms of the torpedoes.

"Stand by to surface," said Lüttke. "Prepare for surface battle."

Compressed air shot into the ballast tanks and the boat rose.

"Tower hatch opened!" the exec called down into the control room.

"Equalize pressure!" called the engineer.

The gun crew scrambled up. When Teichmann came out on the bridge he heard Engel report, "Gun ready." Before Lüttke could give the command to fire, the freighter began shooting.

"They must have seen those torpedoes," said the exec.

The freighter had two guns, one fore and one aft. Both were of larger caliber than the U-boat's; their shells, exploding in the sea, sent up tall geysers. The freighter's first shots were long. The sub's first shot was short, but not much.

"Up four! Fire!" cried Engel to the gunner. The second shot was long. "Down one! Fire!" Engel commanded.

His calm was impressive. He had just got hell from the captain for forgetting to throw that switch, and now he stood there as calmly as if he were firing at a practice target. His fourth shot struck the afterdeck, a few yards abaft the superstructure.

"Three shots rapid fire!" he called, and a moment later the ship's stack collapsed.

The freighter was still fighting, but her marksmanship was poor. Her best shots struck a hundred yards or more from the U-boat. For the submarine crew it was a party. In the control room, off-watch firemen stood at the periscopes for a view of the duel. Those who were on watch were relieved for a few moments so they could see the battle too. Among the spectators were men who had been on five or six missions without ever having seen an enemy ship. Now they saw one, and they were delighted. At every shot they howled like Indians.

Engel was in fine form; neither the cheering from the side lines nor the freighter's two guns could rattle him. He had nothing but his eyes and his glasses, not even a range finder, but his shots hit the mark. It's hard enough to shoot accurately when your own ship keeps changing course, and now the freighter was zigzagging too. But he scored hit after hit.

"Engel," said the captain, "I just want you to watch the revolting way those fellows are shooting."

"Aye aye, sir."

"If I ever catch you shooting like that, I'll break you to seaman second class."

... ...

Table Tree

By Miriam Clark Potter

So we brought home the
little tree
And trimmed it bright
with tiny things,
Round rosy lights, a
topmost star,
Wee tinsel balls and silver
strings.

And laughed amusedly to
ourselves;
Our trees were once so
grownup tall,
As now our absent children
are;
And just the tree is young,
and small.

... ...

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. And now finish him off."

"Aye aye, sir."

With the twelfth hit Engel knocked out the freighter's stern gun. That was the end of the battle. Dense clouds of smoke went up from the freighter; she was driving her engines in an attempt to escape. Engel chalked up seven more hits; the last one got the boiler. The ship put out lifeboats, while a great mushroom of smoke formed over her. The submarine approached cautiously.

She was a vessel of 16,000 tons. Lüttke hailed her lifeboats—there were four of them—and ordered them to come alongside the sub. In one sat the American captain, rather elderly and visibly unnerved. Lüttke spoke to him in English, showing him his position on the chart and indicating the course to Trinidad. The submariners gave the men in the lifeboats a few cans of butter and sausage and bread, and a little fresh water. Then the U-boat moved 1000 yards off and sank the freighter with a torpedo from the aftertube.

At the end of November the submarine pulled into the underground pen at La Pallice. Some of the crew were taken to the brig to serve sentences Lüttke had imposed at sea. The rest had thirty days' freedom—ten days' leave in France, ten days in Germany, ten days' work on the submarine. Midshipmen Teichmann and Stollenberg lodged in the Prien Compound on the outskirts of La Rochelle. The captain, the engineer, the first lieutenant and the married seamen had the first turn at leave in Germany. The vessel was taken into dry dock and the working party went on watch.

The midshipmen and the chief quartermaster took turns as chief of the watch. It was a nasty job. The chief of the watch had to spend twenty-four hours on end in a boat that was half torn apart, but which had lost none of its sickening smell. The hammering never ceased. Day and night the air was filled with the clatter of the riveters, the hissing of blow-torches, the buzzing of pneumatic drills. You had to bellow to make yourself understood.

When the midshipmen were off watch, they ate lunch in Schepke House, and that they liked. The food was excellent, and they enjoyed the company of the submarine officers—all regular navy types, lean, wiry and weather-beaten. In the newspapers, in the movies and over the radio, they were praised and cheered, but these men were indifferent to flattery.

They did not talk about the war; whatever they may have thought, they never spoke of Stalingrad or the massive bombings of German cities by the R.A.F. But when liquor loosened their tongues, they spoke about the war at sea—their war—in witty and rather cynical terms. Now, in early December, 1942, the enemy ships were no longer sitting ducks. Of every ten U-boats that put out to sea, two or three were failing to return. They took the losses quietly, without fuss, just as they took the victories. They were the elite of the German Navy, and they bore themselves as such.

In mid-December the first leave group came back from Germany; the captain and the engineer stayed away for Christmas. Teichmann and Stollenberg decided to spend all their leave in France. They went to Biarritz once, and twice to Royan, where they passed Christmas. They drank a good deal. After Christmas they spent three days in Paris; they went to the opera, where they heard Rheingold, and passed their night in amorous company.

In mid-January the submarine put out again. The crew was the same, except for Engel, the first lieutenant, who had been transferred to another U-boat as exec. Müller, his replacement, was a reserve officer and father of several children; it was his first combat mission.

The night before take-off there was a big drinking party in the mess. The next day the men packed all their private belongings into trunks, with the required last will and testament on top. The trunks were sealed and left in charge of the flotilla administrative officer. Then the crew rode a bus to the submarine pen, stowed their gear in the boat and fell in on deck. The flotilla commander appeared with a large retinue, including newsreel men—"Smile now!"—and Red Cross nurses who passed out flowers—"All the best of luck"—and liaison officers from the army and the air force, and gentlemen from the civil administration—"Fine boys, the lot of them!"—and shipyard executives whispering, "There's an old wreck that won't take many more depth charges." The flotilla commander delivered a mercifully brief speech and shook hands with every man in the crew.

At this point the air-raid alarm was sounded. That was something you could count on whenever a U-boat put to sea. The French intelligence agents kept tabs on the movements of the submarines; they got their information through the brothels, where the volume of business reflected the arrival or departure of a U-boat.

The exec blew his whistle, the lines were cast off and the engines went into action. As they moved across the basin the men on deck were called to attention in answer to the salutes of an Italian submarine. Then the U-boat passed the breakwater and ran out in the wake of a patrol boat.

The mission began well. Five days from shore they sighted a 6000-ton freighter in the dusk, alone, but running at gratifyingly low speed. Two hours after the first sighting a torpedo struck the freighter amidships. She sank almost immediately.

The sub spent the following weeks prowling the North Atlantic, but nothing turned up. ComSub had picked the North Atlantic as Lüttke's field of operations, so there they remained, waiting and freezing. For weeks the sea swept at storm strength over the bridge watch. At midnight and at 0400, when the relieved watch went down into the control room, their faces were frozen masks covered with ice crystals. Their beards froze fast to the collars of their leather gear; the leather itself had congealed into armor. The men could scarcely move. It was half an hour before the feeling came back into their hands. Their boots were damp on the inside and frozen on the outside. Even their underwear was wet; they would wring it out and hang it in the comparative warmth of the electric-motor room. If they left it anywhere else it would be frozen stiff when they had to put it on again.

Just once the sun peered out for a while. Teichmann, who was on watch, sent a message to the captain. Lüttke came up and stayed until the sun was gone.

A moment after he went below, the first lieutenant suddenly called, "Alarm!"

Teichmann and the two after lookouts dropped down the tower hatch. Müller, the first lieutenant, shouted, "Flood!" even before the control room had reported ready. Müller tried to hold on to the hatch cover as he was climbing down, but the cover, no longer secured, fell shut. Müller roared with pain. His fingers were mashed between frame and cover. He could not get them out; consequently the cover would not shut tight. The sub was bow-heavy and diving steeply.

Stollenberg had seen it all. "Open the hatch!" he shouted.

Now the sea poured over the hatch. Water drove through the crack between cover and frame. Müller shoved his shoulder against the hatch cover and opened it enough to release his fingers. And then his rings—a wedding ring and a heavy seal ring—got stuck in the catch.

Stollenberg heard the hatch cover fall into place, and that was the main thing. But water still poured in, because Müller could not free his left hand to turn the hatch wheel. The water gushed through the conning tower and splashed on the deck of the control room. The men in the control room lost their heads; they thought Müller still had his fingers in the hatch, and they didn't want to drown on account of a couple of fingers. It was dark in the tower; they couldn't see that the cover was closed and that Müller was merely hanging from the catch, too bewildered to work loose. One of the control-room men pushed Müller's feet off the ladder, clutched them and pulled with all his might. Others did the same; there was a sound of cracking and tearing, and Müller fell into the control room.

Stollenberg climbed up the ladder and tightened the hatch. When he came down again he stepped on Müller, who lay on the floor. Between the middle finger and little finger of his left hand, there was a long triangular gap.

"I never want to see that damn fool again," said the captain. Müller didn't hear him; he had lost consciousness. "And the same goes for that washerwoman in pants, Herr Timmler."

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The war correspondent had fainted and lay huddled in a corner of the control room. They picked him up and carried him to his bunk.

The sub had gone down to forty fathoms before the engineer could stop her. The negative tanks had been blown out too late because the men on duty had been busy pulling Müller down.

"Kindly bring us back to periscope depth," said Lüttke. "What did you take us down for anyway?"

"On account of a plane, sir," said Teichmann.

"Must have been a sea gull," said the captain.

They carried Müller to his bunk. He screamed a few times and lost consciousness again. The radioman-doctor gave him a tetanus shot and fainted at the sight of blood. The motor machinist's mate had to come and bandage Müller's hand. When he had finished, he was chewed out by Lüttke for leaving his station without permission.

After a look-around through the periscope, the captain ordered Winkler to surface. The plane came back. It did not attack the submarine, but turned away and disappeared below the horizon. Within an hour this happened four times. The second time the plane came quite close. It was a carrier plane—a sure sign that a convoy was nearby. Thus began one of the last battles with convoys before the Götterdämmerung of the German submarine fleet.

When Teichmann went on watch at 1600, the wind had died down. Slowly the night rolled out of the east, and the northern lights flared across the heavens like glittering spears. The radiomen cursed; the northern lights made for bad reception. At 1900 they decoded a garbled message from a U-boat reporting a convoy. At 2030 a radio message came in from ComSub: Eight U-boats, including Lüttke's, were directed to make for the Allied convoy at high speed. Lüttke came up on the bridge, set a new course and ordered both engines on full.

At 2310 black shadows appeared on the horizon and Lüttke reported their presence to ComSub. The shadows were making directly for the U-boat. The captain ordered a slight change in course.

Shortly before midnight a radio message from ComSub ordered Lüttke to keep contact and direct other U-boats to the convoy. The homing device was rigged and signals were sent to give the other subs a bearing.

At 0100 the bridge watch sighted a U-boat on the port quarter. At the same time the radio room announced that two other subs had contact with the convoy.

At 0120 a message came in from ComSub: "Attack."

"Torpedo battle stations," said Lüttke, and the order was passed on over the loud-speaker system.

The sub ran ahead of the convoy at full speed; the captain planned to fire on a bearing of forty-five degrees. Two British destroyers were circling around at the head of the convoy, but they did not detect the sub. One of them, sending up a great wave of phosphorescent foam, came to within 500 yards.

"Destroyer bearing zero, sir," said Wittgenberg.

"That bearing is five," Lüttke corrected.

"Bearing five; range six zero zero, sir," said the exec. "Do we dive, sir?"

"Hell, no. Those fellows are sound asleep."

And so it seemed. The destroyer turned off again and ran back to the convoy.

Two big tankers were observed on the outside of the starboard column. This was unusual; as a rule, tankers were kept in the middle of the convoy for protection. But then Lüttke discovered an aircraft carrier where the tankers should have been. There was no chance at getting at the carrier.

"We're going to get the tankers and the two ships behind them," Lüttke said.

"Aye aye, sir."

"Aim for the forward edge of the bridge. Amidships, too, if you feel like it."

Silently, the torpedoes left the tubes.

"Tubes One to Four fired electrically."

"Make ready Tube Five," ordered the exec.

The sub turned off at right angles to the convoy. In a moment the first explosion was heard. A column of water arose from the first tanker. There was a second explosion, and then at regular intervals the last two torpedoes hit the ships farther astern.

The first tanker exploded, flinging up burning oil like a volcano. The second tanker began to burn and fell apart like cardboard, spreading flaming oil over the sea.

And then the fireworks began. The ships shot red flares into the air and their sirens wailed. The destroyers replied with green flares and more wailing of sirens, and explored the sea with their searchlights. Now there were three destroyers on hand, signaling one another.

A few minutes later four more detonations were heard from the left column of the convoy. The other U-boats had attacked. Then "bam" at the head of the convoy. Then again to starboard. One of the destroyers dropped a series of depth charges. The right-hand column of ships scattered.

Burning oil spread and pursued the fleeing ships, sending tongues of flame up their sides, higher and higher, until the vessels were ablaze. Ships rammed each other in their frantic efforts to escape.

The six men on the bridge of the sub looked on. They could see men in the water, living torches, and now and then they could hear screams.

Teichmann took off one glove and set his hand on the bridge coaming, but the iron was too cold; he was afraid that his skin would stick to it. Suddenly he was filled with an inarticulate fury, a rage against something—nothing—unlike any emotion he had felt in more than four years of war.

"It's horrible," he heard Stollenberg whisper.

A mincing voice intruded on his thoughts, "Looks as if you've given them a cooking, eh?"

Teichmann turned and saw a head in the tower hatch—Timmler, the war correspondent. "Terrific sight, eh?"

From time to time a scream could still be heard, strangely protracted.

"No misplaced sympathy, gentlemen," Timmler said. "Don't forget that those pirates starved our women and children in the last war."

"Beat it," said the captain, and Timmler lowered himself out of sight.

Now there was nothing more to be heard, nothing human was left. There were only the elements raging against each other—fire and water.

The sub dived. The forward torpedo tubes were reloaded. Then the U-boat surfaced again and ran along behind the convoy. They passed through clouds of greasy smoke. Suddenly they saw the destroyer. The smoke had concealed it. It came racing toward the sub.

"Dive! Emergency!" cried the captain.

The helmsman threw on the alarm bell. Down below in the control room, Timmler burst into tears.

TO BE CONTINUED

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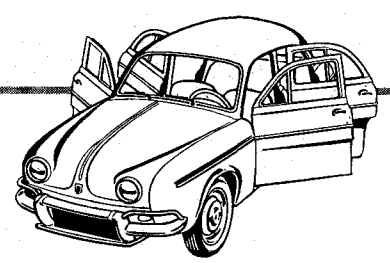

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Fabulous Brew (Continued from Page 29)

Here, what's this?" She picked up the vial from my desk. Memory returned in a thundering flood.

"Steptoe!" I cried. "Where's Steptoe? Find him for me! Tell him to report here immediately! Now, confound it! I'll change to a fresh shirt later."

"Drinking with the natives," Miss Rudisill sniffed as she reached for the telephone. "Fine thing for a Harvard Ph.D., I must say."

I stared at the vial. Then I poured a glass of water and added a few of the colorless crystals. With trembling hands, I applied a lighted match to the surface of the liquid. There was a soft "Pouf" as it caught. A clear blue flame danced over it!

It was incredible. It was some sort of trick, an illusion. Yet—yet —— Was it possible, I asked myself, that I had found the fuel for the Mark V Aeolus? Was this indeed powdered alcohol, and if so, where had my simple rustic procured it?

"Your Mr. Steptoe seems to have quit," Miss Rudisill announced smugly, slamming the receiver of her telephone into its cradle. "Personnel says he turned in his keys last night and said he was going home. Just quit and left. . . . What on earth are you burning there?"

"Miss Rudisill," I told her, my voice quivering with irritation at her intolerable righteousness, "I will give you precisely two minutes to ascertain from Personnel where I can find Hoady Steptoe. And tell Doctor Pennypacker to begin major analysis of the contents of this vial at once. Now move, woman!"

"Well! Well, I must say!"

Barely four hours later, leaving behind me an incredulous but wildly enthusiastic Dr. Hobart G. Pennypacker, I was driving my car up an unspeakable species of trail, apparently broken by a cow with the blind staggers and a taste for crawling over rocks. I was, according to my odometer, roughly sixty miles north of Widow Woman Gap, approaching a place called Steptoe Cove. As my car boasts no altimeter, it is impossible to say how high I was, but it was very high indeed.

I had just negotiated an especially tricky corner, when I became aware of a most penetrating aroma. At almost the same instant an extremely large man, garbed as for the Battle of Chickamauga, rose up from behind a boulder just ahead and stood facing me. Cradled in his arms was a superbly maintained shotgun. His expression was formidable. Naturally, I stopped at once.

"How do you do," I called pleasantly. "I am Dr. Thomas Outerbridge Randleman, and I am looking for Mr. Hoady Steptoe. I was advised that he lived in this neighborhood. Can you direct me to his residence, please?"

Startlingly, from close alongside, there came a boisterous guffaw, and I turned to discern the twin of the rawboned giant with the shotgun. The twin carried a light but serviceable cavalry carbine of antique design.

"Hit's all right, Rafe!" the carbine-bearing twin bellowed. "Ain't a Government man be caught dead with a name like that! Must be Hoady's boss, and alive and kicking! Old Hoady'll sure be pleased! . . . Now you just keep right on ahead, Doc. You'll find old Hoady up to his uncle's place. Tell him Rafe and Phud Hawskins said howdy. He'll be mighty glad to know you ain't dead, Doc."

A trifle nervous after this odd encounter, I plunged forward and presently emerged into a small clearing, in the middle of which stood a ramshackle but comfortable-looking house of unpainted boards. From the shadows beneath the broad porch roof came the plaintive twanging of a steel guitar accompanying a melancholy voice. "*There is a fountain filled with blood!*" the voice sang morosely.

"Hoady! Hoady Steptoe!" I called. "It's I, Doctor Randleman!" The singing and guitar twanging stopped at once. "I've got to talk to you!"

I advanced cautiously on foot.

There was a wild, spine-chilling, blood-curdling scream. And then: "Gret day in the morning, it's the Doc! . . . Lordy, am I glad to see you, Doc! Come right on up here and make yourself welcome, seh!"

It was Hoady Steptoe, beyond a doubt.

"I was sure you was dead," he said, when I had joined him on the porch. "Oh, by the way, this here's Susan Lou Blackfell, from the other side of the mountain." At this juncture, I observed a small, dark-haired young woman seated in a porch swing behind Steptoe. She acknowledged the introduction with a pert nod. "We was planning to be married if I could just of held on to my job down to Widow Woman, but after I done what I done, I figured you wouldn't want ever to lay eyes on me again. I figured you probably wouldn't live through the night."

"Nonsense," I declared heartily, and then, in a few brief sentences, I explained my mission and concluded with an offer to purchase every crystal of the powder he had. Later, I told him, we could discuss purchase of the rights to the process, if he held them, but first more of the powder, for complete analysis, was vital. His reply almost dashed my hopes.

"I can't do it, Doc. Very last promise I made my poor old Uncle Hester before he died was that I'd never do no more mash boiling so long's I live, and I mean to keep my bounden oath. Also, I've swore to Susan Lou I'd never make or sell another drop of corn squeezing, elsewise our engagement's broke forever and all."

"That's right," Miss Blackfell said briskly, rising to stand beside her intended, eyes flashing. "I mean for Hoady to be the first Steptoe to make an honest living since the War. You've no call to be asking him to break the law."

At this point, I regret to say, I lost my temper. I pointed out that the nation's very security depended upon the development of a satisfactory solid rocket fuel, and that I would tolerate no more nonsense. "It's chemically impossible to dehydrate alcohol," I shouted at the two of them, "but somehow you people up here in these hills seem to have done it. Succeeded where the greatest minds of the American chemical industry have failed. You have no right to deny your country the use of this process, whatever the devil it is. I demand, in the name of the United States, and the Galactic Propulsion Corporation, that you help!"

Somewhat to my astonishment, for I am not known as a convincing speaker, I managed to convince these two simple mountain folk that I meant business.

"You really mean Hoady won't be doing wrong?" Miss Blackfell asked, a trifle awed.

"Young woman," I told her, "not only will he be doing his country a great service but if this process can be adapted to mass production, he will be rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

"Law," said Miss Blackfell thoughtfully. Her eyes, which were pleasantly green, were most attractive, I observed.

With Hoady leading, we marched into a hollow behind the house and were presently standing beside an exceedingly curious device which momentarily baffled my trained scientist's eye, since it appeared to incorporate the more intricate features of a steam traction engine, a small but well-equipped copper foundry and a bankrupt barrel factory. The whole was sheltered beneath an eerily sagging roof supported by posts at the corners.

"There she is," Steptoe said, not without pride. "My Uncle Hester's still, generally reckoned the finest and most complete in Western North Carolina and East Tennessee."

"Steptoe," I said, barely managing to keep the anxiety from my voice, "do you think you could get this thing to work for you?" A ghastly thought struck me: "And did much of your—ah—powder ever get out of these hills?"

"It'll work all right," Hoady said flatly. "And no, none of it ever got out of right here in Steptoe Cove, on account of how my Uncle Hester died not two weeks after he made the first batch.

"You see," he went on, warming to his subject, "Uncle Hester didn't know nothing in this world except how to make white mule; learned it from his daddy, who'd learned it from his daddy. And Uncle Hester was learning me. He raised me when my own folks died, and I was supposed to carry on the Steptoe name. But it worried him no end about how dangerous it was, running the stuff down out of the mountains. It's a right good hundred miles of bad road from here to Winston, and every mile patrolled by the A.B.C."

"A.B.C.?" I asked.

"Alcohol Board of Control. Mostly it was good, clean fun. Sometimes us mountain boys would run away from a patrol car; sometimes they'd win, and then it was six months on a road gang. I was lucky, though. Never got caught. You take sometimes them old A.B.C. boys would get too close—why, all you done was slam into a dirt road and dust 'em off. If you let 'em get their right front fender up by your left rear, they'd like as not give you a nudge and send you into the ditch. But it was hardly anybody ever got hurt real bad, and between runs—why, we and the old A.B.C. boys, we'd sit around and trade jokes and take on like the best of friends. And never no shooting, except only rarely. Jud Foster's the only one you couldn't trust."

"Now you just stop that, Hoady Steptoe," Miss Blackfell said, and I sensed a certain tension in the air. "At least Jud Foster earns an honest, upright living with the A.B.C., and my mamma and daddy think the world an' all of him."

"Still wouldn't trust him no farther than —— Well, never mind. And he comes from right up here in these hills too. Anyhow, like I say, all this kind of worried Uncle Hester. How much better it would be, he used to say, if you didn't have to load a car up with all them jars full of white mule, until, even with truck shock absorbers, the rear springs was riding flat on the axle. So then, a few years back—why, they come out with this instant coffee.

"Well, sir, that started my Uncle Hester to thinking. If they could make instant coffee, why couldn't he make instant mule? So he studied some, and fiddled here and fiddled there, and one night he got it worked out. I was right here when the first batch come through." Hoady sighed. "Two weeks later, Uncle Hester was dead. Went to a revival and worked hisself up on hymns so it gave him a seizure. But he got hisself saved, and that's when he made me promise to quit making mule."

I gazed, fascinated, at the still, attempting to ascertain what part of it actually converted the alcohol from liquid to solid, and then my eye was caught by a large round ——

(NOTE: *Department of Defense security regulations governing publication of transcripts of testimony by witnesses before subcommittees of the United States Senate prohibit reproduction of this portion of Doctor Randleman's statement. Authorized persons may read the deleted portion upon application to the Subcommittee Counsel, J. C. Heffelheimer, Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C.*)

"And this," Steptoe said, breaking in upon my reverie, "is the last of that first batch. You're more than welcome to it, Doc." He grinned shyly. "Be like old times to get Uncle Hester's still boiling again, it really will."

I will not weary you with the details of the frenzy of work which attended my return to Widow Woman Gap, except to say that the giant installation hummed like a beehive, and the wives of my key

"Had you worried, didn't I?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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biochemists, waiting in their spanking-new split-levels and ranchers in Galactic Village, did not see their husbands for nearly a week.

Gentlemen, the results of our initial analysis are still highly classified, but I betray no secrets when I say they were sensational. I shall never forget the faces of my associates when our giant electronic computer produced the first findings; it was like the great days at Oak Ridge and Los Alamos.

Then the irony of the situation struck me: Here we were, surrounded by ten miles of electrified steel fence fifteen feet high, patrolled day and night by heavily armed guards authorized to shoot on sight. And sixty miles to the north, guarded only by the Hawskins brothers, Rafe and Phud, and that dreadful mountain trail, Hoady Steptoe mixed his mash and tended the slow fires beneath his uncle's miraculous still.

"We could drop a regiment of paratroopers in there before dawn tomorrow morning," General Balkley, our senior Department of Defense liaison officer, said tensely, when I disclosed whence had come our astonishing new fuel.

"Twenty-four-hour air cover's the answer," our Air Force representative put in brusquely.

"First things first, gentlemen," I reminded them. "The next order of business is to inspect that still and find out exactly what makes it tick. We'll probably have to bring it back here in order to build a pilot model. Meanwhile, I'll have our New York people begin a survey of the corn market, although we may find that rye will do just as well."

"Or a fine, dark, heavy-bodied rum," our Navy Department contact officer murmured dreamily. "Man!"

"Excuse me, sir." It was Tucker, my plant general manager and one of Galactic's coming young men. "We've just decoded the reply to your message to Washington concerning the new—er—product development. Galactic's done it again, sir. The Pentagon's all shook up. They're sending a delegation out by air tonight; big stuff, sir; lots of brass."

Even as he spoke, we heard the drone of an airplane's engines high overhead, and from my office windows we saw the lights go on down the length of the landing strip maintained for just such occasions. Normally, it is the fairway of the seventeenth hole of the Galactic Community Club's golf course.

It was, naturally, beyond my ken, but at almost that same instant a terrible threat was developing; a threat which may still ruin our high hopes, unless the gentlemen of this committee can take some corrective action.

At the vine-covered mountain home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira P. Blackfell, Jud Foster was calling to pay his respects to Miss Susan Lou Blackfell, and Mrs. Bessie Blackfell had just complimented Jud on his promotion to the county supervisorship.

I am not at liberty to divulge the names of all who comprised the delegation which arrived at Widow Woman Gap that night, but I can assure you that they constituted a veritable Who's Who of the world of intercontinental ballistic missilery. In a trice, every room in the Galactic Community Club guest house was filled and two lieutenant generals shared the sofas in the television lounge.

"I don't care if this young fellow, Steptoe, never finished second grade," declared T. Maximilian Pontefract, chairman of the board and president of Galactic Propulsion, "I want him on our team, Randleman." He yawned deeply. "And now, where do I sleep? Been a long day."

I could only agree. But I would not have slept a wink had I known what transpired in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ira P. Blackfell.

Next morning I addressed our distinguished little company of visitors and my key staff people in the heavily guarded confines of Test Building No. 25, briefly outlining the nature of findings concerning Hoady Steptoe's instant mule. At the conclusion of my remarks I led the group outside to our major test stand, where a small rocket motor had been fueled with what remained of the colorless crystals after our analysis—less than half of a quart jar.

"Fire it up!" I called to my chief testing officer.

There was a blinding flash, a tremendous roar of unleashed power, and the gauges on the various test boards trembled briskly. As suddenly as it had begun, the glare and noise ceased, and I saw that my chief testing officer wore a bemused expression. I then perceived the reason for his astonishment. Such was the tremendous heat generated by instant mule that the rocket motor had simply melted. I could not have wished for a more convincing demonstration, and the awed murmurs that arose from all sides amply confirmed my satisfaction.

"And now, gentlemen," I announced over the public-address system set up in the demonstration area, "our transportation is waiting. Box lunches have been prepared. We will move in convoy from here to Steptoe Cove, where you will have an opportunity to examine the process by which our new fuel is produced."

It was a splendid morning for the drive and we made excellent time. I was mildly surprised when Rafe and Phud Hawskins failed to put in an appearance, but the penetrating aroma I had noted before was even stronger now, and I assumed that the brothers were busy with their own distillates.

Hoady greeted us from the porch of his cabin, and I was pleased to observe that he bore himself with great modesty as I performed the introductions and explained the purpose of our mass descent.

"Got her running smooth as silk, Doc," he told me proudly. "Run a nice batch through last night; nearly a hundred gallon, give or take a quart or two. Makes up to about a half gallon of instant, but once I get the hang again, it should come down to about a pint."

"Great Scott!" breathed a fleet admiral who must remain nameless. "Absolutely fantastic!"

Once more, Hoady led the way out to the perilously sagging shed which housed his Uncle Hester's still. The sight of the still itself excited much comment, and nearly forty of us were soon crowded around the curious mechanism as it hissed and bubbled in distilling its remarkable product.

"Incredible," said a lieutenant general who must necessarily be anonymous. "The use of the centrifuge is revolutionary."

"Uncle Hester made it out of the flywheel from a Stearns-Knight," Hoady explained earnestly. "We tried one from a Franklin, but it didn't work."

"I find the use of Fenstermacher's recondensing principle amusing, inexplicable and wholly effective," muttered a senior Ordnance Corps civilian consultant. "Although I can't place that blow-by return tube."

"Come off a locomotive on the East Tennessee and Atlantic," Hoady told him. "They was scrapping it, and Uncle Hester figured it might come in handy. It did too."

Suddenly the morning silence was shattered by what sounded like musketry from somewhere down the mountain. Our little group looked at one another, not without apprehension, for all of us had heard of these mountain feuds. There was another burst of rifle fire, and then we heard a tremendous crashing in the bushes beyond the Steptoe clearing. Then, like two maddened bulls, the Hawskins brothers came charging out of the woods, wild of eye and short of wind.

"Take to the hills and save yoreselfs!" Rafe—or possibly Phud—bellowed as he passed swiftly across our field of vision.

"Hit's the Government men! They snuk up on us and they're headed this way!" Phud—or possibly Rafe—howled in his turn, shaking the ground in his thundering progress.

"Surely, there can be no cause for alarm," I spoke up, but got no further, for my next words were shut out by a series of high-pitched screams, similar to the one Hoady had uttered on the occasion of my first visit. There now emerged at a full gallop from the woods a ragged line of men, all bearing rifles.

"Jud Foster!" Hoady cried. "Couldn't be another soul but Jud Foster! Better run for it, Doc! He's mean as a sick cat!"

From the corner of my eye I observed a lieutenant general and a rear admiral, with the admirable presence of mind which brought them their high rank, take one look at the madly yelling line of advancing men and then head for the woods behind the still.

"I don't know about you, Randleman," T. Maximilian Pontefract said, "or how you got us into this mess, but as for me, I'm getting out of here." With which, he suited his actions to his words.

"Halt!" came a great shout from a tall, beefy young man who seemed to be leading the charge. "Halt, in the name of the sovereign state of North Carolina! This here's a raid and every mortal soul's under arrest!"

To say that I was aghast would be to phrase it mildly, but events now moved too swiftly for my full comprehension. Our distinguished visitors broke and ran like frightened geese; the insane yelling reached a new pitch of volume, and the beefy young man was still shouting legal terminology. I confess that terror overcame common sense, and I, myself, Dr. Thomas Outerbridge Randleman, bolted, fear lending agility where years of sedentary work had sapped my musculature.

Alas, it was a hopeless proposition. Jud Foster had planned well, employing a perspicacity which, in other circumstances, would have earned him an approving nod from the military officers present. Steptoe Cove was completely surrounded by the minions of the Alcohol Board of Control. We were all in the bag.

"Come along quietlike, bud," one tall, lantern-jawed representative of the law bade me, fondling his rifle in a wistful fashion. "You boys oughtn't to go in for boilin' mash ef you can't run no faster than what you done." His laugh was thoroughly unpleasant.

A decent sense of discretion forbids any detailed description of the scenes which immediately followed. Suffice it to say that neither high rank nor great learning can confer dignity when their possessors have been galloping through the underbrush so typical of the mountains of North Carolina, and it was as seedy and disgruntled a lot of dignitaries as you are ever likely to see which gathered under the watchful eye of the un-

The Perfect Squelch

The Dean of Women was a stickler for detail. When she noted that the college fire department had overlooked its monthly inspection of the chemical extinguishers in Old Main, she wrote a stinging memo to the fire chief. Next day, seeing that the extinguishers still failed to bear the tags of a fresh inspection, she telephoned the chief.

"Those extinguishers still haven't been tagged for December," she snapped. "Do you realize that your department's neglect may endanger that entire dormitory?"

Brushing aside the chief's explanation that his inspector simply omitted the tags this once in making his monthly rounds, the dean demanded: "What would your men do if they suddenly found Old Main in flames?"

"Well, ma'am," the chief replied, "they certainly wouldn't try to beat out the flames with little paper tags."

C. M. Morris

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speakable Jud Foster. Only Hoady Steptoe appeared calm and unconcerned.

"Biggest darn syndicate operation ever did see," Foster chuckled smugly. "Hoady boy, you're really due for a long one, man. Old judge'll send you up forever and two days."

"Now look here, you ignorant oaf!" T. Maximilian Pontefract burst out. "I'll have you know that ——"

"Junior, just shut this here little old boy's mouth," said Foster, and a rangy, ugly youth prodded Pontefract meaningfully with the muzzle of his rifle.

"What you imitatin,' bub?" Foster then proceeded to inquire of Fleet Admiral ——, who was in full uniform, as were all of the military officers there present. "You look as pretty as the governor's chauffeur; you do for a fact."

"For Pete's sakes, Jud," Hoady exclaimed, "why don't you shut up for a minute and let me explain?"

"You do your explainin' to the judge, Hoady boy. Now let's take a look at this still you runnin'." With which, Foster swaggered insufferably toward the shed, pausing just long enough to light a cigar. I saw the expression of alarm which crossed Hoady Steptoe's face as Jud Foster flicked his match casually in the direction of the still.

"Look out!" Hoady's tremendous shout practically threw me to the ground by its sheer volume, to which I attribute my being alive.

I am told that windows in the town of Wilkesboro, nearly thirty miles to the north, were shattered by the force of the explosion which ensued. I remember clearly watching with a calm, almost detached eye as the still's steam boiler came sailing serenely, but at great speed, several feet over my head to plow through Hoady's cabin with an earsplitting roar of shattering lumber. But what really struck me as odd was the fact that Jud Foster, following close behind the boiler, but at a slightly greater height, was still in possession of his cigar. His expression I can only describe as ludicrous.

Afterwards there was a kind of awed silence. Over us floated a great mushroom-shaped cloud, of the sort which has become so familiar in recent years.

Then I heard a feminine cry, "Hoady! Oh, Hoady, darling, it's all my fault! Oh, Hoady, I'm so sorry! Are you all right?"

Raising my head, I perceived Miss Susan Lou Blackfell dashing across the clearing toward where Steptoe lay.

"I followed them!" Miss Blackfell was sobbing wildly. "I tried to get Jud Foster to listen to reason, but he was so full of himself he just wouldn't! Oh, Hoady, I was so proud of what you're doing for your country, I just couldn't help myself when he came around last night, bragging on his promotion to county supervisor until I thought my mother would die of pleasure. I know I shouldn't have said a word, but I just had to tell ——"

"Susan Lou," Hoady said gently, and there followed a scene both touching and beautiful as these two young persons tenderly embraced.

Fantastically, no one had been injured, although Jud Foster seemed a bit vague about his identity for some minutes. Once he had regained full possession of his senses, I was able to convince him of the nature of our party, and that we were not, in fact, engaged in a major bootlegging operation.

On one point, however, Foster was adamant. While we were free to go, Hoady Steptoe was under arrest and would be charged with the illegal manufacture of alcoholic beverage, under Section 97, Article 1936, of the Criminal Code of the State of North Carolina. Foster's essentially mean nature showed itself when he turned fiercely on Miss Susan Lou Blackfell and asked her pointedly how she was going to like being married to a convicted moonshiner.

"You just shush, Jud Foster!" the young woman told him with true feminine spirit. "I'd sooner be married to Hoady Steptoe than you, even if you were governor of the state. You just wait until Doctor Randleman tells what you've been up to around here!"

"You've just set the national security of this country back twenty years!" snarled the fleet admiral, who was still feeling peevish, at the unfortunate Foster. "I am personally going to check your draft status, young man! Personally!"

"The full legal resources of Galactic Propulsion are at your disposal, Steptoe," T. Maximilian Pontefract added. "As they are at the disposal of any of our key officers. You're going to like it at Galactic, boy."

Well, gentlemen, that concludes the statement I have traveled here to Washington to present to your committee. Unless we can secure the release of Hoady Steptoe from the Dancey County jail, where he is awaiting trial, further development of the Mark V Aeolus Intercontinental Ballistic Missile is at a halt. Without him we shall be without instant mule, and without instant mule we shall lag behind the Russians. I leave it in your hands, gentlemen. . . .

What was that, senator? . . .

Why, yes, certainly. As it happens, I have a small quantity right here in this vial. Brought it along with the thought that you gentlemen might wish to examine it closely. . . . Yes, sir. Just add water and stir, that's all. THE END

"I'm tempted to get a postage meter!"

There's nothing like the annual Christmas card mailing stampede to convince a man (a) that getting out the mail is a slow, tedious, messy job, and (b) that the girls in his office are right in needling him for a postage meter!

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Are You a Letter-Writing Lummox?

(Continued from Page 17)

When a business concern hires a young man with a nice new A.B. degree, it assumes that he can write good business letters because he has been to college. Yet all the boy knows about a business letter, probably, is what he learned in high school.

"But," Morris says, "he's never been taught to make a letter accomplish what letters are supposed to accomplish—that is: to make people do, know, think or feel something. He doesn't want his secretary to think he is inexperienced, so he gets a lot of carbons of letters written by older executives, and studies them. Thus he learns a lot of the old business-letter clichés: 'In connection with this matter . . .' 'As per your request . . .' 'First let me state . . .' and 'Yours of the 12th inst. received and contents noted . . .'

"Pretty soon he becomes expert at arranging these venerable expressions into various combinations. And then, because his letters sound pompous, he thinks he is a composer of classy business communiqués."

A common trouble with business letters, in Morris' view, is that the writer is wrapped up in a world of his own. "This is especially true of letter writers who have been a long time with one company," says Morris.

Writers of business letters are probably at their worst when composing collection letters. Morris' favorite horrible example states simply: "If you do not pay your account by the end of this week, you are doomed."

A more usual type, however, opens like this one from a department store: "Has it ever occurred to you that credit is a special privilege based on reputation for promptness in meeting obligations? Any unusual delay . . . may properly be termed an abuse of this privilege, and may result in . . ."

The Morris treatment of the same subject is typified in this guide letter he prepared for Lord & Taylor: "Dear Mrs. T ——:

"Remember those signs in hotel rooms . . .

"'Have You Forgotten Anything?'

"We are wondering if you have overlooked sending us your check for $14.09 to bring your account up to date.

"Of course, if you have already mailed it, please pardon us for sending you this reminder. Otherwise, won't you put it in the mail today?"

"People want to be treated like human beings," Morris says, "but too often something bad happens when businessmen try to put a communication on paper. Some of them address their fellow beings with no understanding whatever, and in an unknown tongue to boot."

Richard Morris can discuss such things with great understanding because, he says, he was for many years on the receiving end of more "ill-tempered diatribes from bill collectors than the ordinary man has the misfortune to encounter in a lifetime. I was one of those guys with a million ideas—a rolling stone in the rock-ribbed world of commerce."

Morris had a boyhood interest in letters because his father, a Chicago nurseryman, had once hired an engineer to produce his idea of a mechanical envelope stamper and sealer to replace the old hand-and-tongue method. He later sold this device, an improved version of which is still manufactured. Then he purchased the rights to a Multipost, a hand-operated stamper, and persuaded the Government to make its first rolls of stamps to fit into it. Previously stamps had been printed in sheets only.

Richard's first job was selling Multiposts in Detroit. The depression of the early 1920's hit about the time he arrived there, and his father sold his interest in the machine. Dick, inspired by the booming automobile industry, set out to become a great figure in business.

"What I became," he recalls, "was a sort of business Jack-of-all-trades. I sold real estate, securities, and office furniture. I organized personnel training courses, and taught sales promotion. I chipped out a living however I could, as long as it involved a new, promising idea. Lots of days I didn't know where supper was coming from. But in all this I learned a lot about the response of people to the ideas and thoughts of others. The thing that impressed me most was that business firms were making enemies through the letters they sent out, instead of recognizing that letters were probably their greatest potential tool for good public relations."

In 1937, Morris slipped on some ice in Philadelphia and broke his left leg. To escape boredom during his four months in a fracture frame, he wrote a book entitled How to Land a Job and Keep It.

... ...

Tempers Fugit

When people are angry
I like them to say so,
For the people who do,
I've discovered, don't stay so.

Richard Armour

... ...

"I had never gotten ahead in business, but I was an expert on the subject from the reverse side," he explains.

One chapter was headed, How to Write Job-Getting Letters. An executive of the Sun Oil Company, who knew Morris, was impressed by that section when he called on the invalid. The oil man said he received job applications every day from college graduates who could not express themselves on paper. He brought Morris piles of examples. Using these as data, Morris expanded his chapter on letters into a fifty-page monograph.

A Philadelphia shop printed this for him as a pamphlet, and as soon as he was out of the hospital Morris began peddling it to local bookstores. Harper and Brothers later published the monograph as a book, after Morris had moved to New York. He was intent on becoming a letter-writing consultant, but it was a whole year before he got a client.

"Every executive I interviewed would admit that business letters were terrible generally," Morris recalls. "But it was always other companies that sent out the stinkers, not his."

During this period Morris' wife got a job in a bookshop at $17.50 a week. He became a $35-a-week night clerk in a Times Square-area hotel, where he answered the telephone, sold rooms and kept books, until his weak leg gave out and he had to quit.

About this time, Morris landed his first substantial letter-writing job. His client, a pioneer in selling monogrammed bedspreads, had advertised widely with the result that orders had swamped his small linen shop. He had lost many orders in the confusion, and fallen far behind on deliveries.

Pretty soon he was being pursued by irate customers, postal authorities, chambers of commerce and managements of the magazines that had taken his advertisements.

It was Morris' job to pacify everyone with letters, which he turned out on this general theme: "I don't blame you for being mad, but we have been overwhelmed. We did not expect any such response as we have had, but if you will bear with us for a while, we will get you your merchandise. . . ."

A number of customers were so impressed by this frank letter that they increased the size of their orders.

At this point, the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, which Morris had been courting for a year, decided to use his services. Mutual's new assistant to the president, Clifford B. Reeves, was a former advertising executive who understood the value of good public relations. He sent Morris carbons of about 9000 company letters he had been saving for analysis.

After weeks of reading, Morris concluded that 80 per cent of these letters dealt with 150 recurring situations. He wrote guide letters to cover each situation, and assembled them in a manual. The writer merely looked up his problem, copied the guide letter—with variations to fit the circumstances—and mailed the result.

This system halved writing time, and produced simple, informal letters that people could understand.

Morris also set up within Mutual a question-answering department to reply immediately and in plain English to all inquiries from policyholders. Nowadays, Mutual boasts that it answers 98 per cent of all its mail within three business days. Complaint letters from policyholders have decreased from over 300 a month to fewer than ten a month.

Another Morris innovation was the use of clubby little expressions of good will in insurance letters, such as this one to policyholders who were drawing illness benefits: "We sincerely hope the benefits you are deriving from your checks will give you peace of mind that will speed your recovery." To date, over 3000 policyholders have written the company to express appreciation of these sentiments.

Mutual Life has estimated that Morris' program now saves the company some $85,000 a year in letter-writing costs. Although the company has 24 per cent more insurance in force now than when its letter improvement program began, it is sending out 10,000 fewer letters a year, because its letters are now more easily understood.

According to Morris, about 15 per cent of all business letters are sent as follow-ups to explain letters that recipients could not understand. A very large company may mail 500,000 letters a month. As the average business letter costs around two dollars to produce, according to Morris' estimates, such a company will probably spend $1,800,000 a year on repeat letters of explanation that should never have been needed.

The loss can be even greater in the case of collection letters so poorly conceived that a whole series is required to do what one letter should have done. Morris' favorite example is the case of a publishing house that sent twenty-two duns to collect $5.25 for a set of books from a professor who had said all along that he did not owe anything.

The company never did collect the $5.25, although it spent forty-four dollars on letters trying. And the professor was so incensed that he wrote all the college teachers he knew, advising them never to buy any books from that publisher.

Such incidents provide Morris with strong sales-talk ammunition—ammunition that he doesn't often need, since 80 per cent of his new clients come to him by recommendation from old clients. Within six months after Mutual Life had signed, he also had as clients Canada Life Assurance Company, of Toronto; Dun & Bradstreet, and Home Life Insurance Company, of New York. Walter Hoving, a director of Home Life, liked what he saw of Morris' work for that company and hired him to do the same for Lord & Taylor, of which Hoving was president. Similarly, the late Louis Pink, a director of Mutual Life, was head of the New York Blue Cross-Blue Shield organization. As a result, Morris was employed to write letters for Blue Cross organizations in New York, Boston, Chicago and Indianapolis. And so it went, one client leading to another.

R. H. Morris Associates reads and edits carbons of thousands of clients' letters each week, pointing out weaknesses and suggesting improvements. This work is done in a rambling New England house near the Boston Post Road, at Westport. Morris lives in one end of the house with his second wife, Sue, who serves as office manager. The company offices occupy the other end.

The average client subscribes to Morris' services for two or three years, then continues to use his methods with specialists trained in letter writing by Morris. Some clients remain on year after year, among them Mutual Life. Currently, Morris has eighteen firms subscribing to his service on a yearly basis. Among them they pay his company about $100,000 a year.

Besides editing carbons and preparing manuals of guide letters, R. H. Morris Associates holds constant training sessions. Every letter writer employed by every client is expected to attend eight of these a year. The meetings employ discussions, slide films, lectures and even poetry to disparage business letters that smack of the celluloid-collar era, to wit:

"We beg to advise you, and wish
to state
That your letter arrived of recent
date;
We have it before us, its contents
noted,
Herewith enclosed are the prices
we quoted.
Attached please find, as per your
request,
The samples you wanted, and we
would suggest
Regarding the matter and due to
the fact
That up to this moment your
order we've lacked,
We hope you will not delay it
unduly
And we beg to remain Yours
Very Truly."

Now and then some overenthusiastic disciple who is beyond the reach of Morris' restraining hand will carry the informal approach too far, and compose something like the collection letter that one company adopted for a short time:

"Dear Sir:
"How Do You Do?
"Some pay when due,
"Some pay when over-due
"Some never do.
"How Do You Do?"

When Morris saw this one he said, "A thing like this is worse than the old ones: 'As per your request . . .' 'We are in receipt of . . .' and 'According to our records . . .'"

THE END

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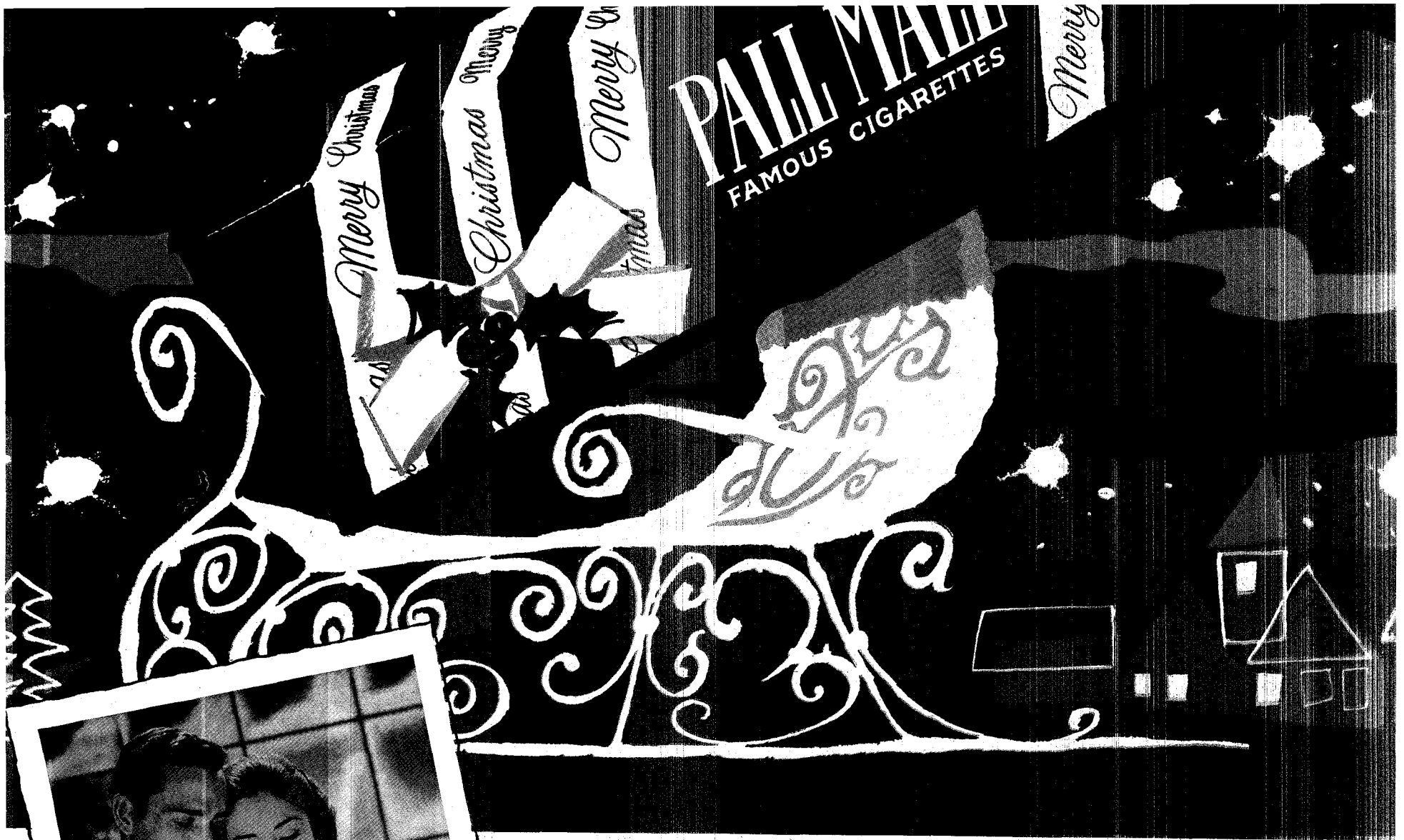

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Summer Encounter (Continued from Page 23)

When she made the turn in the road, she saw the campfires. As she came closer she saw shadow shapes and heard the cry of the fiddles. Moving as quietly as if she were shod in velvet shoes, she slipped into the bushes and crept forward. At the edge of light she stopped.

The gypsies were camped by the stream which was fed by Red Cliff Falls. The scene filled her with a confusion of color and sound. Besides the fiddles, there were two guitars and a tambourine. Gypsies, a dozen or so, whirled around in a joined kind of dance. The watchers made a drumming tempo by clapping their hands. Both men and women wore bright colors. But there was so much yellow that all the other colors seemed to flow into it.

Lola Gin noticed the dancers falling back, giving way to one girl who seemed to be walking straight out of the music. There was something so wild and intense about the gypsy, something so exciting about the way she tinkled her bracelets in perfect rhythm with the guitars, that Lola Gin gasped aloud.

The flicker of light on the cedars made them seem strange and weird. Now it seemed the dancer was coming out of the massed weight of them, down a tunnel of sound. Her brown feet took five or six little pecking steps. She paused, lifted her slim arms. Now she seemed to be coming out of the earth.

The music cried and pleaded. A shiver ran through the dancer's tense body. Then she whirled, became a wheel of yellow lightning. Her long black hair streamed out. Around and around she went, faster and faster. Then, when it seemed she would twist herself into a small cyclone and be carried away by her own spinning, she let the speed run out of her. She crossed her arms on her breast and cried out.

Suddenly a tall, swarthy man stood and began to sing. His voice, deep and pure, was filled with emotion, "*Nakelo con undibel—nakelo con undibel* ——"

The dancer, as if she were struck to penitence, fell to the ground, her bright skirts about her, her black hair thrown forward. The singer's voice seemed to bless and lift her up. Restored, she walked away in a slow, magnificent grace.

The hypnotic rhythm of the clapping hands changed tempo. The fiddles grew soft, the guitar thumped vastly far off. Lola Gin closed her eyes. Sound washed through her. When the song ended, she cried out, "What did it say—what did the song say?"

She broke loose from the bushes, where she had been hiding so quietly that not even the dogs knew she was there, and strode into the circle of light. The gypsy dogs made up for their lack of vigilance. No one tried to hush their barking. No one answered her surprised outburst. They merely looked, while something like a sign passed through them. Their sharp, dark eyes asked plainly where she came from and what she was doing there.

"I," she said—"I have come to have my fortune told." She swung the meal sack to the ground.

"Holly jolly! It only a chit of a girl," a man who had a big Roman nose and bright, birdlike eyes said.

"You come alone?" This from a woman who wore a red scarf on her head, rings in her ears, and looked a hundred years old.

"I've brought genuine wild-rose jam and candied pears to pay," said Lola Gin, and there was a plaintive appeal about her thin straight shoulders as she gestured toward the meal sack.

"It is a matter for astonishment that she comes with no silver," someone behind her said.

"Screech owls out there, staring with their big eyes, night hawks swooping down, and this little girl coming through the darkness."

"And with no silver." Yet the woman who said this flashed a bold white smile and came over and emptied the contents of the sack. "For this she wants a fortune." The quick brown hand lifted the rose jam, held it so the firelight burned through it and cast a red glow on her face.

Lola Gin drew a deep breath of wood smoke and horse scent. "Please," she said, "I gotta know what's comin'! I'm done fifteen, and if nothing good is ever going to happen ——" The rest of it died in her throat, for the woman who must be the fortuneteller was crooking a finger at her.

As they entered the fortunetelling tent the music started up again. The shadow pictures on the tent wall began to dance. Lola Gin sat down across from the gypsy. There was a bubble of glass. As the gypsy looked into it, it seemed to spread out and grow, until it became a shell around Lola Gin's future.

"I see a tall dark boy riding on a bay mare. He is coming down a long road. He waves. He calls a name, a girl's name. It is ——" She brushed her long brown hand across her eyes.

"Is it Lola Gin, or Ginevra? My name is really Lola Ginevra?"

The gypsy looked into Lola Gin's face. "He calls the name 'Ginevra.' He calls in love, as if to his bride. I see a girl running. It is yourself. She is laughing and happy." The fortuneteller had an away-and-beyond look in her eyes.

"There is a legend about a Ginevra; she locked herself in a chest and never escaped. Lola Gin, never lock yourself away from life." It was more advice than a fortune, and Lola Gin was disappointed. Yet she had said there would be a tall dark boy.

The gypsy face had forgotten her. Something foreign had entered the tent. The woman was speaking in her own tongue.

"I don't know what you're sayin'," Lola Gin said.

A boy—a tall dark boy—appeared miraculously. She hadn't seen him come, but there he stood. His clothes included a pair of jeans cut off at the knees, and a worn, orange-colored shirt, which cast a glow in the lamplight and reflected on the brown, smooth skin of his face. The flame color made his dark eyes seem all the darker. In his hands he held a tiger kitten. One long finger moved back and forth in the kitten's soft fur. He didn't say anything, but stared at her as if he were extremely interested in her face.

The fortuneteller had come back to English, but the boy so disconcerted Lola Gin that she barely heard.

Footsteps approached. Lola Gin didn't know why fear should suddenly leap into her throat; yet all at once she felt as if they might all come crowding into the little tent and she would never be able to escape. All the bad tales she'd ever heard of gypsies came back. She stood up. A word came to her, breaking into a command in her mind, *Run, Lola Gin; run.*

She was past the boy, past the man coming into the tent, running to the side of the camp, breaking into the bushes. Then she was in the woods. Someone running lightly as a deer was coming after her. She ran so fast that her speed seemed to swing the great boughs of the trees downward. Once her face crashed into leaves. She thought she'd crumple right there, but the footsteps were still coming. She gathered new breath and ran on.

Coming out of the woods onto the road, the bottom of her foot rolled along a stone and she fell. She heard the footsteps, but she was much too out of breath to rise. She quickly covered her face with her hands, as if she expected the air to be filled with swift, hard fists. When nothing happened, she dropped her hands and looked up to see the boy who had come into the tent standing over her. He wasn't even breathless.

"I'm Roco," he said. "Are you afraid, that you go away so fast?"

Her breath was coming harshly, her heart loud. She attempted to conceal this by sitting upright and brushing her skirt. Then she got up and sat down on a cumbersome rock beside the road.

"Of course I'm not afraid," she addressed the kitten. Finally her eyes lifted. It was a starry, windless night, and the boy, Roco, stood there in a tall silhouette without a riffle breaking the stillness. There was a scent of timothy and of the growing corn across the road.

"If you come to the edge of the woods tomorrow afternoon, I will be there," he said, and with a flick of his wrist he dropped the kitten into her lap. Yet as soon as he started away, the kitten jumped from her lap and ran after him.

Lola Gin went on sitting there, staring after the boy and the cat. He was walking down the center of the road. Stars rode on his swinging shoulders, and the bushes on either side of the road seemed to draw back and make room. Way down, something thrilled.

Aloud, she said, "'Course I won't go to the edge of the woods to meet no ol' gypsy boy." Then, as she got up and started home, she grinned wickedly. "Wouldn't papa just die—plain die—if I did."

She had forgotten her fear.

It was next afternoon. Lola Gin stood in the blooming dogwood bushes, hidden and watchful. If the gypsy boy came, he'd probably come across the grassy opening to the edge of the trees, and she would see him first.

Her heart fluttered slightly and her breath was quickened, yet she was calm enough to notice how clear the light was and how motionless the leaves hung in the heat. The sound of Red Cliff Falls whispered faintly.

I'll know when I see him, she thought. If he looked too strong or frightening in the daylight, she'd stay hidden.

But she didn't see him come, after all. She had been staring at the open green spot so hard that sight had a glimmering vacancy. Then she must have blinked her eyes; the balloon broke and he stood there, caught at the center—slim, dark, staring straight at the bushes where she was hiding. She made a little involuntary sound. Disentangling herself from the bushes, she moved into the open toward him.

He wore the same clothes and held the same kitten in his hands. He said nothing, nor did she. When they were within a couple of yards of each other, they stopped. Both stared. The whole of the afternoon's stillness seemed to well out of his face.

The first to show activity was the kitten. A faint tremor passed through its little body and it leaped soundlessly to the ground. The boy waited until it had bounded off into the tall grass; then he raised his brown fingers to his lips and gave an earsplitting whistle.

Lola Gin found her voice. "That's a funny way to call a cat. And he's not comin'."

The dark, deerlike eyes shifted. "He's not made to come every time I whistle. I don't try to make him do things."

"You knew he wouldn't stay with me," she said.

He didn't contradict her, but tipped his head at a listening angle and said, "Listen at it."

"It ain't nothin' but the falls," she told him.

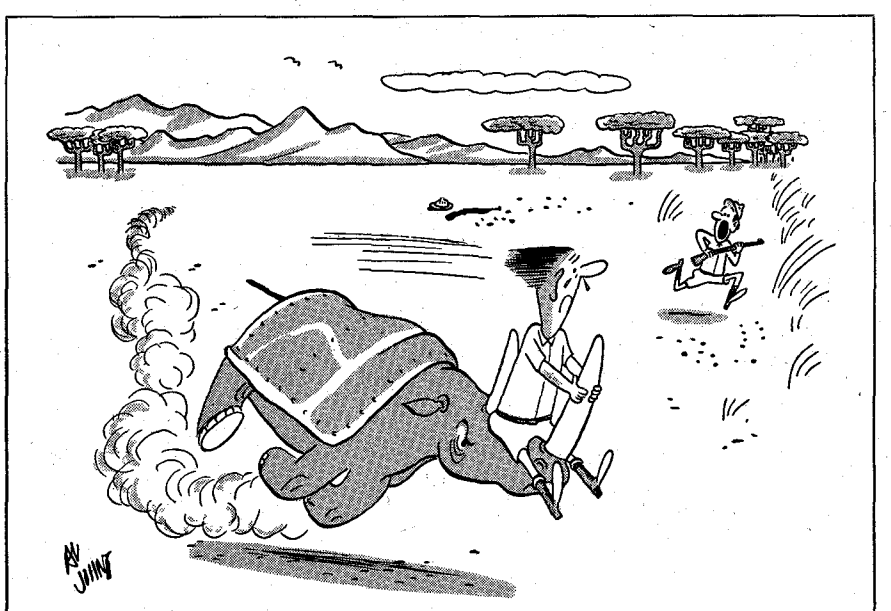
Afterward, she could never remember whether they started off together or he led and she followed, but suddenly they were tearing through milkweed and woodbine. At some time or other, he was ahead. Once it came to her that she should be laughing, for here they were, bounding off as if God Himself had called, when all they had actually heard was the falls she had been used to all her life—used to, but forbidden to go near.

In a bower of shadow where trees bushed heavily, he stopped so suddenly that she almost fell over him. She didn't remember him picking up the kitten, but there it was, sticking its head out of his orange shirt.

"I almost lost him," he said. He took a safety pin and pinned the kitten in securely and started on again.

Lola Gin was glad to take time to catch her breath. When she caught it, she asked if the kitten didn't tickle. He said no, and they started on.

Soon they could see the white mist weaving like smoke through the trees.



"Steer him around this way, Thorndyke."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The spray was green and cool. The gypsy boy turned his face toward her once, and she could see it was flushed and excited.

When they came up to the falls a few minutes later, she glanced at his face. There was a look on his lean, dark features as if some deep part of his nature were filled with primitive worship.

In spite of the pin, the kitten wiggled out of his shirt and jumped to the ground. Roco said something in his own tongue, his eyes on the falls. The water fell a sheer hundred feet to beat into a froth on the stones below. The sound was like a great wind, and the smell of oxygenated water filled the air.

"It comes down Rock Mountain and over the cliffs!" Lola Gin shouted. "The rocks are very dangerous!"

His hand reached back and closed on hers. There was strength in his fingers. Before she could pull away or wonder why he had laid hold of her, she felt herself being yanked forward. Her feet slid on the wet grass—slid and caught, slipped again.

"What are you trying to do?" she cried, but her voice was lost.

The boom of the falls was all about them. Slippery rocks were under their feet. They were balanced precariously before the lashing rage of water. Fear had her hard in its grip. His hand tightened. They were going to make another leap. He cried out something. They leaped straight into the waterfall. The impact was like a stone avalanche. Then they were out of it and in a cave of green-lighted wind, only the wind was spray. They were in the protection of a cupped-out bank. They were two people in a world of their own. The downpour made a solid wall. The rocky recess behind them curved about to meet it.

Stripped of the outside world, they stared at each other, their faces eerily green. She saw his thin long mouth move, but no words came. Soundlessly they began to laugh. Then suddenly, spontaneously, laughter wiped out of them. Big-eyed, they observed each other's faces. It was a moment of beauty and strangeness.

Finally, he held his hand out. The brown-cupped palm filled with water. He lifted it toward her mouth and she drank. Her lips were electrically aware of the fine-grained palm.

When she had finished, he thrust his mouth upward and drank from the falls. Laughing soundlessly, he shook his head. His fingers took a firm hold on her wrist. They lowered their heads. Water struck their young bodies. Laughing, they came onto the bank into warm sun and safety. Their clothes clung to them. They wrung them out with their hands. Lola Gin threw her dripping hair back. She was very happy.

When they were away from the mist and had come to dry grass, they stretched out on the earth companionably to rest.

"How did you know it was there?" she said of the cave.

He tapped his chest. "A gypsy knows." Lola Gin pulled a handful of grass and held it to her nose. It smelled of sun.

"Roco, why did you come into the tent when I was having my fortune told?"

"The old one, she calls me. The old one says, 'Here is one who is lonely. Come and talk with her, Roco.'"

There was a small movement over her heart. "Then my fortune isn't true? She said, 'a tall dark boy' and sent for you."

"She sent for me, it is true. Someday someone will come for you; that, too, is true." He thrust a hand up and covered the sun.

"We had better go," she said.

They moved through the woods in silence. His hands held the kitten. It bounced out and back.

"That song the man sang, how does it start in English?" Lola Gin broke the silence.

"'I talk with God'—that is how it is with the beginning."

"Oh. It is like church."

"We know your Christ," he said proudly. "It is said my people were asked to forge four nails for the cross. Three only were given."

What could she say to that? "Do—do you stop off somewhere and go to school when school starts?"

"What has school for a gypsy?" His hand gestured, open palmed.

"Papa would not like to hear you say that. He does not trust people who do not go to school and church. Me, I do not care."

"You then are separated from your father?" he asked in sadness.

"Separated? No, I just mean he doesn't like gypsies. He thinks you steal and are wicked."

Roco was suddenly arrogant. "We wish to eat when we are hungry! We take to eat. Is that wicked? Do not even the horses lean their heads over the fence for corn?" He beat his chest with his fist. "We live, we dance, we sing; we are happy! And you know nothing but work!"

Lola Gin saw he was angry.

They walked in silence until they came out of the woods onto the road.

"Mamma said you are horse traders," Lola Gin said, clouding up dust with her toe.

"Yesterday much was lost in horse trading," he said. "My father was sick. My mother would not have taken his place if she had not thought she could trick the trader. But one of the horses dropped dead. Much was lost."

Lola Gin didn't know what to make of that. And it reminded her that she had better not let her father see her walking down the road with a gypsy. They had come to where the cornfield came out to meet the road.

"This is a short cut," she said, and climbed the fence, leaving him to follow or not, as he would.

She moved down the corn row. The corn lifted tall and green. He was behind her. She could feel him. All at once she began to feel queer. They were almost as closed in as they had been back of the waterfall, and the world here was green also. Only it wasn't cool. It was hot and the smell was of earth and growth. It made her weak somehow. She almost wanted to sink down on the earth, but she was oddly afraid. Why, she didn't know.

Finally she turned. He stopped. He was very close—so close that a kind of mist came over her eyes and his dark face swam a little. The warmth and strangeness threatened to cover her.

"Roco, you better go back. Papa would be mad if he found you here. Papa said I should never go into a cornfield with a boy. You better go back."

He didn't answer. His eyes grew wider and darker.

"How old are you, Roco?" Now why did she ask that?

She could see him groping. Finally he shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" In the stillness, which seemed all-enveloping, she heard him grab his breath. "Someone comes."

A full minute later, she heard it—heavy-shod feet moving in the soft dirt.

"Papa!"

"I go." With a rustle of the corn, Roco was gone.

She sank down where she was and lay in a small heap. Her father passed so

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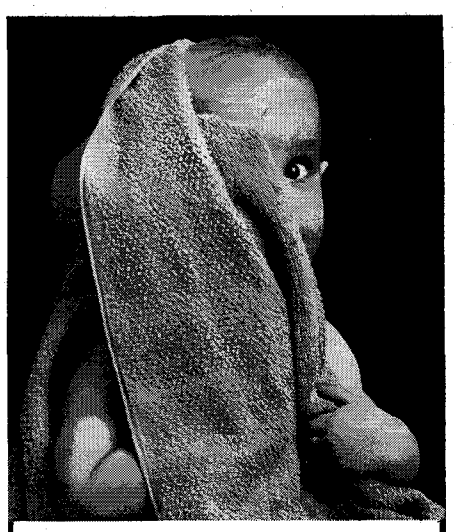

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near she could see the blunt toes of his boots. When the sound of his passing had died, she sat up, the corn about her.

"Roco," she called softly, but there was only the faint rustle of the corn leaves. She wanted to weep. What had happened to her as she moved down the corn row?

Slowly she got up and started home.

"Mamma," she said that evening. "Mamma, what do you know about Red Cliff Falls?"

"Law, honey, what's there to know? It's just a big ol' bunch of water."

"Good night, mamma," said Lola Gin. "Good night, papa."

"I'd tan you good, I catch you near them falls," said her father. "Them falls is dangerous." His eyebrows bunched. "An' keep away from the Romanies."

"Yes, papa," said Lola Gin, and kept going toward her room.

Inside her door, she stood in the dark, feeling the sweet summer night flooding in her window. Very slowly, she went forward and threw herself across her bed. Eyes closed, she still felt the clear, quiet square of window hanging there above her. Way down in her there was a sense of movement. Heavy-shod feet moving down a corn row, and her mother walking up and down in the kitchen; her mother, the only kindred soul in a lonely land, walking up and down in the kitchen, not knowing about the wonder of the waterfall. "You know nothing but work," Roco had said. She turned on her back and put a pillow over her face.

When Lola Gin woke up in the night, she heard nothing at first. But the light was on; it sliced under her door. Then she heard the mumble of voices, gruff and rumbling, the way men's voices were when they were disturbed.

They're going fox huntin', she thought. Sometimes the neighboring men came over, and they and her father went fox hunting at night. Only she didn't hear any hounds except their own, and someone was ordering them to go off and lie down.

Jumping out of the bed, she ran to the window. She knew all four men who stood there with her father. They each had a gun, and the lantern light gave the group a big-shadowed look, which was unnatural.

"Shoot over their heads," her father was saying, "lest they start gettin' mean with them daggers."

"No Romany better draw a dagger on me!" That was Sam Detzer.

"Stealing everything in sight." That was Bob Reed.

"Daw, I wish you wouldn't do this." It was her mother's voice, sleepily argumentative.

"You hush up, Martha; we'll handle this."

The meaning came full. They were going to run off the gypsies. Instinctively her glance slid to the east, where the door to the smokehouse hung partially open. She knew what that meant. The gypsies had helped themselves to their smoked hams.

"No!" she cried. "Roco, no!" And she knew she was going against her father and his friends.

She had fallen asleep without undressing, and now she was glad. Behind the screen of the black-haw tree, she slipped out of the window and crept off into the deep sprawls of shadow. A summer storm was working up. In the overhead sky, masses of clouds tumbled. When she felt free enough to straighten, she looked back at the lighted shapes of the men. They were still talking.

As she ran down the dark road, there were whole minutes when she thought she was asleep and dreaming. Then the earth would come solid again under her bare feet.

The camp seemed never to come. Then suddenly she saw the dying glow of the campfires. The sleeping gypsies were lying on blankets which were on piles of dry leaves. The dogs had been barking for some time before she became aware of them.

A man turned, growled at the dogs. When their barking didn't diminish, he sat up. Lola Gin saw the shape of his shoulders and wondered if it could be Roco's father. She didn't have time to find out. With a trembling all through her, she hurried forward.

"Roco! Roco! Wake up! The men are comin' to shoot guns and drive you out!"

The sleeping figures were all rousing up now, some with blankets about them, all with their clothes on. Their faces leaned out like hawks, talking in their own tongue.

"Roco!"

A woman cried something which sounded like "*carcel.*"

Roco, his hair tangled with his sleeping, came up to her. The eternal kitten was in his hands, as if he slept with it.

"Roco," she cried piteously, "they're comin' with guns!"

His voice lifted above the confusion of the rising sleepers. "You have brought the warning, but I have no spirit to run." He stood haughtily tall, pushing the kitten into her hands. "Take him and go—go quickly." He shoved her gently. "Go."

"Good-by, Roco." Enveloped by voices and dog barkings, she slipped away. But before she reached the road, she turned and looked back and saw the gypsies moving about like a hive of bees. In spite of Roco's proud words, they would be out of there before her father arrived. She knew as surely as if Roco had told her, that this sudden departure was no new thing with the gypsies.

By the time she came even with the cornfield the lanterned men were tramping up the road. They came on with the unhurried, steady purpose of men who are in the right. Fearful of being seen, she turned into the cornfield. Hidden in the tall, dark growth, she moved quietly down a corn row, holding the kitten to her tenderly.

The gypsies would get away. They would move on and on. Her friend, Roco, would be lost to her forever. She felt the emptiness of tomorrow's road coming at her. As surely and certain as the weather was working up a summer rain, the road would go on being lonesome.

Not until she was home and secretly back in her bed, did she remember the "tall dark boy riding on a bay mare." And she was so moved by the sad-sweet picture of herself sitting and looking up the road, forever waiting for her love—who would, of course, wear Roco's face—that she wept herself gently into sleep. Nor did she later hear her father come onto the porch, with the still-loaded gun in his hands.

Yet when her father was in bed and himself asleep, and the storm broke, whipping hard black drops of water through her open window, she cried out and turned in her sleep. And reaching for a hand that wasn't there, she touched the snuggling kitten and came fully awake.

"It's true then," she whispered huskily, drawing the kitten close. "Roco is gone." And she lay that way a long time, listening to the summer rain, feeling sad and, in spite of herself, safe—as safe as if her life were in a warm little box. THE END

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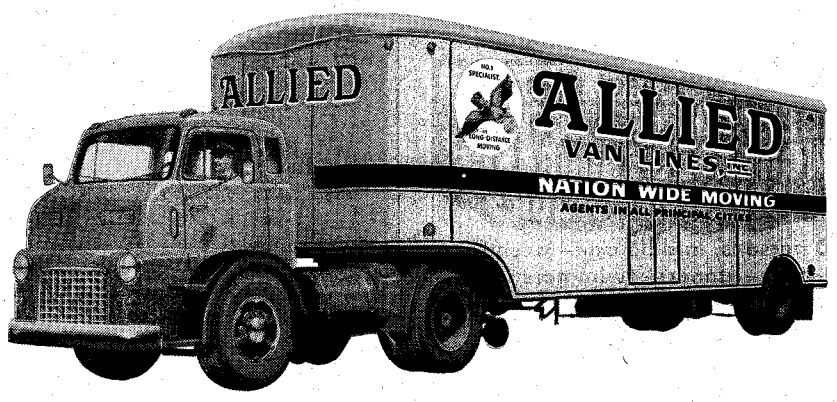

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When My Husband Died . . .

(Continued from Page 31)

really known him. This trick of unconscious sophistry was my defense against the totality of my loss. I never really knew him, therefore he never really existed, therefore I had not lost anything. Or was it some deeper realization that one person never knows another, that from the moment of birth until the time of death one is inescapably alone? In any case, I would go on in much the same way. Nothing had changed, since I could not lose what I had never had.

This self-delusion stems, I think, from the need for self-preservation. Given time, the truth becomes bearable, and the new environment in which the widow finds herself will bring its own rewards. But the rewards which come from living alone become apparent only when there is total acceptance of the change, and only when the past lives again, adding its warmth to the present.

All of this I was to learn by experience, and by what now seems to me to have been nearly insane error. The displacement had been swift and final; my adjustment to the new environment was slow, uneasy and often seemed doomed to failure.

The woman suddenly left alone finds herself in a new world. I had never realized before what it means to live within the shelter of a marriage. Never a clinging vine, I had not known that the mere presence of a husband had shielded me from much unpleasant experience.

For example, the simple fact of having a telephone listing in my own name gave rise to troublesome incidents. I received some unpleasant and mysterious calls from strange men who, I now understand, make a practice of going through the telephone directory and calling those numbers listed under women's names.

I made many new friends, most of them right here in my antique shop, and a few were sometimes difficult to deal with. Once, about three in the morning, I was awakened by the telephone. A man, who with his wife had been my guest, was calling to ask if he and his "friend" could come over for a drink. Obviously he had already had quite enough. I told him he could not come over and I hung up. Soon the doorbell rang. I ignored it, and after a while it stopped. But I was too disturbed to sleep for the rest of the night.

I soon became aware, as I had not before, of a world of women who have survived their husbands and whose children have left home. An antique shop seems to have a special lure for these women, and while they had always come into the shop, I now began to regard them with new interest. With dismay, I saw that in many cases the vitality had gone out of them. I saw, in other cases, deep resentment against children who would not or could not bring a measure of comfort to the bereaved mother. Yet there wasn't much the children could do. What the widow suffers is the loss of her husband, and children cannot substitute here.

In my own case, what I missed most was the sharing of the daily pleasures of living. A beautiful fall day is more beautiful when it is shared with another. A fine meal is a fine meal only if it is shared. Indeed, a man and his wife are so involved with each other that the accomplishments, the joys, the satisfactions of the one find a deep response in the other. It is in this way, in a mutuality of interests, that the two become one, and separation deals the survivor a blow that withers the spirit.

Now, nearly four years after Hugh's death, I realize that I was more fortunate than most women who become widows. There was, at least, a place for me to go each morning. The small antique business which began as a hobby paid remarkable dividends after Hugh's death. It became the focus of my social life, the place where I found new friends and many new interests.

I was fortunate in other ways. Hugh had been the sort of person who did not like to handle money, plan budgets, bother about investments or balance checkbooks, and soon after we were married I found myself taking care of these things. I was trained, then, to deal with financial details. As my own financial picture grew clear, I found myself with enough income for my own security, but not enough for the extravagances, the top layer to be spent for fun and play. But I was able to earn enough for these extras, and as time went on I found that a person living alone needs much less money than a married couple. There are no heavy insurance premiums to pay. There is no point in trying to live up to the Joneses. For the first time in my life, I could live as I pleased; no one cared. And while this indifference creates its own despair at the beginning, it can in time become one of the rewards in the new phase of life upon which a widow is embarked.

Unwilling at first to accept the change in my life, I decided to go on living in the large country house where Hugh and I had dwelt for more than twenty years. Later I would find that what had been the necessary base of our family life would have only the most limited use for me. During the first years after Hugh's death, when I was trying so desperately to put the past away, I remained in this house where every stick and stone called up poignant memories.

I remember clearly one terrible evening when, in a frenzied effort to rid myself of the agony of memory, I destroyed every bit of paper which bore Hugh's handwriting. Letters, war journals—everything went into the fire. This house where we had lived, and which was now only a shell from which all life had departed, was to be my mausoleum for three weary years, but the letters, the journals and other living memories were destroyed in one swift and insane moment.

How I wish someone had been there to stay my hand! How I wish that I could read his letters again, and everything else he had written.

After three years I bought a much smaller house in West Chester. I told myself that I was buying it for investment only, that I would rent it, and perhaps someday when I was really old I might move into it. But not now. The old house in the country was one of the straws which I clutched in my extremity of pain and confusion. Even worse, I tried to hold my son.

It had been my hope, after Hugh's death, that Ralph would leave New York, take over the house and find a job in nearby Philadelphia. It had been my hope that even when he married we would continue in the same relationship with each other, a deeply friendly one, where our interests dovetailed and never conflicted.

But a subtle change occurred when I found myself alone. It was not that I did anything or even that I said anything. It was, rather, a new state of mind, a complete about-face. I found myself watching the mails for a letter from him; hoping, when my phone rang, that he was calling me. I went to New York to see him on the slightest excuse, and I began to feel that he should come home for visits more often than he did.

We had been a family that didn't bother much about birthdays or holidays, and as for Christmas, the entire year was Christmas as far as we were concerned. If we found something we thought Ralph might like, we bought it for him. If Ralph found a book he thought we might enjoy, he sent it to us, not waiting for any special occasion. We expected nothing from him. We desired his well-being and his happiness, but we felt that he must seek these things himself, without assistance from us.

And now, suddenly, if he neglected to remember me when a birthday came or forgot Mother's Day, I was hurt. When he telephoned to tell me he was going to be married, I had a sinking feeling of loss nearly comparable to what I had felt when his father died.

Later, when I visited my son in New York, when I saw him being as attentive to Betty as his father had been to me, I felt aggrieved. Often now our interests would conflict; the easy camaraderie of former days was lost. It needn't have been. This was simply a part of the new territory I had to traverse, and I should have scouted my way with care and intelligence. I knew all this at the time, but my emotions were stronger than my reason. When I ceased to expect my son to substitute for the husband I had lost, the problem resolved itself. My association with Ralph and his family touches my present mode of life only peripherally; even so, there is a rich core of family closeness and solidarity.

The task which I had set myself—to go on alone as though nothing had happened—retarded any progress toward a new life. Time, of course, softens the pain of bereavement. One manages, somehow, to go on. But I had seen the death-in-life which comes to so many women, and I did not want it for myself. I wanted to live with purpose and with vigor. Could not the state of widowhood offer rewards as well as penalties? I thought it could.

New worlds of activity were open to me, and new associations. I could do as I pleased, without seeking consent from anyone. I could travel, or skip dinner if I didn't feel like eating, or stay up all night and work without disturbing anyone. These privileges, at last, I began to enjoy.

I am not going to say that a widow will ever find a substitute for what she has had. It is in seeking such a substitute that she makes her greatest error. She tries to find it in children who no longer need her, and in a closer relationship with her friends. She may even try to find it in another marriage, but a new marriage is not a substitute for the old one. It is a new experience and must be approached as a new experience, not as a substitute for something else.

Her quest must be for new form and variety in life. Each day must be cherished, since there will be fewer of them at fifty than there were at twenty. Each hour must be made to yield its potentiality for joy, for service, for gaiety and fun. There are many warm and heartfelt kindnesses she can extend to others, and she will be surprised how much pleasure this will give her. As she gets away from herself, she will find kindling within her spirit a new tolerance and kindliness, and a leavening humor.

Hers can be the ears of the world. People want to talk—oh, how terribly they need to talk! I have sat in my shop listening, day after day, at first with half an ear, and later fully and attentively. One need not give advice; it is necessary only to listen. I have observed that just talking, the sheer pouring out of deep troubles and inner chaos, brings a measure of peace to many people; sometimes they find solutions even as they talk. I have been awakened by my telephone at two and three in the morning by someone who could not sleep, someone who had to talk.

And here is your enchanting paradox. Alone, I belong to no one. Alone, I belong to everyone.

To the average wife and mother, the business of living is a serious matter; no time for fun. All thought and action have to be pointed toward the family's needs. If she is foolish about money, the family has to pay for her foolishness. Responsibility weighs heavily upon her consciousness. Recently I made the kind of mistake which would have caused me anxiety if others had shared its consequences.

The little West Chester house which I bought was intended, as I have said, for investment only. I spent some money to make the house tidy and adequate for tenants, but I hardly added to its charm. And then, quite suddenly, after the work had been done and paid for, I decided to get out of my country house and move into this smaller one.

Floors which had been newly painted were now scraped and sanded, and since the fresh paint gummed up the sanding machine, the sandpaper had to be changed every few minutes. Expensive! The walls, painted white and showing every imperfection beneath, every crooked door and window, must now have another color to mask the imperfections. Closets built for the use of tenants had to be torn down. Bathrooms had to be redone. Kitchen changes must be made. Nearly everything that had been done had to be redone; my original expenditure was wasted.

I didn't care. No one else would suffer now for my mistakes. And with this realization, a lifelong weight of responsibility fell away, leaving a lightness of spirit which was refreshing. So here it was—Reward No. 1 in my new living.

There were many other rewards. I liked being alone when I didn't feel well. I could get up and roam the house all night if I wanted to, without disturbing or worrying anyone. I could do nearly anything I wanted to do—short of getting in trouble with the police—without anyone being interested or concerned.

Once, in the month of January, I decided suddenly to go abroad, and within a week I was on a steamer bound for England. When I got there it was cold and wet, and I decided that January was not the time to see London. I stayed only two weeks. What did it matter? There was no one to be disconcerted by my whim.

I began to feel a little bubble of excitement. Here I was, no longer a component of a social unit—the family—but a pilgrim upon the face of the earth, whether in my own little house, at the shop where so many people visit, in a wet and cold London, or wherever I might want to go. Here was a new joy, for I now had the eyes and the ears and the mind to savor it.

I do not mean to say that it is better to be alone and free of responsibility than it is to live as part of a family, bearing responsibilities. Living alone can never have the rich personal rewards which come to the wife and mother. But the widow must now live without her family. Life itself is a wonderful gift, and she must not waste it in sorrow. As I began to understand this, the joy of awareness quickened. I got up in the morning wondering what the day would bring, wondering who would come into my shop.

I saw now that society's neglect of the widow can be its greatest gift to her. It imposes no duties upon her. She is responsible to no one. And in its very

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indifference can lie her salvation and her renewal. She has lost what was dearest to her, and having lost it, she loses herself. And, in losing herself, she gains the world.

About a month ago I sat at a conference table in the offices of the Commonwealth Title & Trust Company in West Chester.

Facing me were a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Atkins, who were taking title to my country house. Exactly twenty-five years before, Hugh and I had sat at another such table. We were the purchasers then; the seller was a widow. She had been irritable and short-tempered, and when our attorney asked her necessary questions, she answered sharply, making no effort to conceal the agony of spirit which had brought her to this conference. We were usurpers, taking from her that to which we had no right.

Now, the eyes of the young couple across from me were shining with joy. Mrs. Atkins told me I could never know how much they loved the house. The Atkinses signed, I signed, and the proceedings were completed. Out on the street I was joined by the new owners. Would I, they asked, come down that evening and share a bottle of champagne? I said I would.

I arrived to find lights shining from every window. The Atkinses were at the door, eager and smiling. Around the terrace, the oaks, the beeches, the pines and spruces stood as always, tall against the starry sky.

Mr. Atkins' sister had come up from the South with her child for a visit, and the paneled living room was alive with eager voices and quick laughter. I asked where the children were, and learned that the three little girls—two sisters and their cousin—had gone to the top floor to sleep; the baby son was in the small bedroom on the second floor. The top floor had been Hugh's library; the small bedroom, Ralph's.

Now, as I write, I try to remember at what time during this visit I began to associate myself with this family, to feel, in some way, a link in this chain of life. I think it must have been when I asked about the children, and when I knew that sometime during the evening they had gone to that long-unused room on the top floor with their cousin, whispering as little girls will, secretive and mysterious. Overhead, a baby slept soundly, and downstairs, where for three lonely years I had lived in sorrow and silence, parents now entertained their guests. Once again the beautiful gardens would echo with the laughter of a growing family. Once again the house was loved as we had loved it.

As I left, the Atkinses strolled outside with me. We could hear the long-familiar sound of the little brook. From now on, it would make music in my heart, not as a nostalgic memory, but as a present joy. Now I could think of Hugh, not as one who had gone, but as one who had spent the best years of life with me and who would live as long as I lived.

Back in my little house in West Chester, I sat up for a long time before retiring. This was where I should be. The large family house now had its family, the small town house its single occupant. But I knew that no matter where I might be, it would be all right; the past had joined hands with the present, and the future, thus enriched, would be good.

The Miseries of Elder Benson (Continued from Page 19)

farmers to go on an unwise production spree. He sent chills racing down the backs of USDA's civil servants by talking about "reducing a swollen bureaucracy."

Now, nearly five years later, the zealous Mr. Benson has wrought many changes—but not exactly according to the original script. He definitely hasn't put Santa Claus against the wall. The shower of Federal largess has become, in fact, more of a cloudburst. Secretary Benson has become the biggest, if most reluctant, spender in USDA history. The yearly budget of the massive department has grown from $1.1 billion for 1952 to slightly more than $5 billion for 1957—an increase of 360 per cent. Congress now appropriates more money for agriculture than it does for any of these: Atomic energy, foreign aid, and health, education and welfare. The USDA bureaucracy has not withered on the vine; rather, it has grown from 63,000 full-time employees in 1952 to 78,000 today, plus another 90,000 or so part-timers in farm-program committees.

Secretary Benson, a solid, stubborn man, hasn't changed his fundamental views one micron, although he has learned to bend a little to strong political winds. He still declares: "We cannot legislate farmers into prosperity," and, "Farmers want to produce for markets, not for Government bounty." Yet, with his blessings several new and costly action programs have been added to the incredibly complex pile of Federal paper work that blankets every acre in the land. In a thoughtful gesture toward taxpayers who may puzzle about such things as "parity," "price supports" and "soil bank," certain of Mr. Benson's more literate civil servants have composed a 120-page printed booklet, chastely entitled Price Programs (Information Bulletin No. 135). Although written in commendably streamlined Governmentese, this document is not recommended for light bedside reading. An attempt to follow its guidelines through the wonderland of farm legislation is likely to induce a jangled state of mind, not unlike schizophrenia.

Still, there is a way of finding meaning, if not logic, in this contradictory situation. I found the answer not in Price Programs but in the Brothers Grimm's fairy tales, the one in which a well-meaning witch gives a hungry little girl a magic cooking pot. When commanded, "Cook, little kettle, cook," this vessel miraculously poured out porridge at a furious rate. It could be turned off by incanting, "Stop, little kettle, stop." All would have been well, had not the little girl's nosy mother, knowing only the first part of the formula, attempted to put the kettle to work. Soon she was wondering what to do with a whole houseful of porridge.

If you figure that American agriculture is a sort of magic kettle which a motherly Congress has stimulated to pour out unlimited amounts of "porridge," you have the basic plot of our costly farm drama. Nobody seems to know how to turn it off. Benson is the guy who is supposed, someway, to clean up the mess. Under laws designed to keep farm prices from crashing, he has been required to offer price supports for dozens of items. In recent years the USDA has had as much as $9 billion invested in price-supporting loans and inventories. The storage bill alone has ticked off at the rate of $40,000 an hour, or almost a million dollars a day. (It is only fair to warn you that there are many large figures in this article—but they are *your* tax dollars.)

Mr. Benson hasn't just wrung his hands and spent money. He fought for, and secured from Congress his much-prized formula for flexible supports which lowered the Government price pegs on supported products from the previous 90 per cent of parity—a yardstick for "fair" value—to 75 per cent. He has tried to persuade farmers to shut off the superabundant flow of wheat, cotton, corn, tobacco, peanuts and certain other crops. He has shoveled the stuff into the world market. He's given it away by carloads and shiploads.

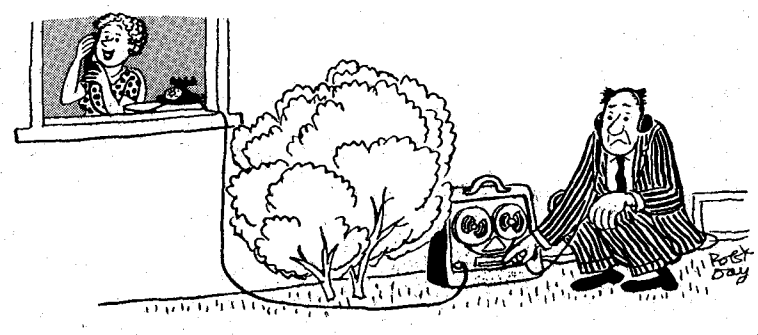
The results thus far would leave a less-inspired Secretary badly shaken. They mainly prove that it costs a whale of a lot to try to put the brakes on our high-powered agriculture. To be exact, the total spent on stabilization efforts in the 26 years, 1932 through 1957, comes to $15 billion. Of this, $7.8 billion has been dished out since 1952. And there is much more to come. The USDA budget for fiscal 1958 is the same size as it was for 1957—$5 billion, including around $3 billion for price-support operations.

Seldom have a sincere man's hopes been so magnificently thwarted. Still, you might expect the tillers of the soil to be grateful to their Secretary for their Government checks, if nothing else. But that overlooks the inherent contrariness of the whole farm situation.

The rank and file of farmers have been notably cool to Benson's stern philosophy, if not his checks. They point out, as one middle-aged corn-belt farmer did to me recently, "Sure, if they'll take off the tariffs and the union wages that make our costs so high, we'll compete with the best of them. But as long as others are protected, we need it too."

A few producers with warmer emotions over their weakening prices expressed their feelings with a shower of eggs aimed at the Secretary when he spoke near Sioux Falls, South Dakota. And seldom a week has passed in Congress without an anti-Benson oration by some farm-belt member, often winding up with an impassioned demand that the Secretary resign "before he drives the family farm into bankruptcy." These are the indignant squawks that accompany a downward slide in farmers' income at the very time the income of the nation has been rocketing upward. By 1957, farmers' annual "realized" net returns had fallen to about $12 billion as compared to $14.2 billion in 1952.

Some farmers, particularly the larger, more efficient ones, feel sympathetic, as did Adolph Burk, a Grundy County, Illinois, corn-hog producer, who told me, "I wouldn't want to be in Benson's shoes. He's doing the best he can, but the programs don't actually control production. They just shift it from one thing to another." We were sitting in Burk's modern kitchen, going over his well-kept production records which showed, among other things, that he had carefully figured out whether he would make more by going along with the Government programs or by staying out. This farmer operates 280



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Suspecting that his wife was too friendly with another man, Oscar tapped his own home telephone and made sure. Confronted with the evidence, his enraged wife had him arrested for violating a law against wire tapping.

"The law gives everyone a right of privacy in telephone conversations," the wife argued, "and not even my husband is entitled to listen in on me."

"I have a legal right to see that no one uses my telephone to hurt me, and that is a more important right than hers," the husband replied.

If you were the judge, would you jail the wire-tapping husband?

• •

The husband went free. The court ruled that "when a telephone subscriber permits another to use his phone, a condition is implied that it will not be used to the detriment of his business, household or marital status and he has a paramount right to tap it to determine if it is being used against his interest."

Based on a 1950 New York decision.

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acres in several tracts. It turned out that his best profit bet was to put one eighty-acre farm in the acreage-control program, and to plant the rest as usual.

As a final indignity, certain of Secretary Benson's opponents—notably the Democratic National Committee—have accused him of neglecting his farm flock in favor of city consumers with their multitude of votes. This allegation won't stand up in court. As any housewife knows, food prices have gone down very little. The amount of groceries bought by a typical city worker in 1956—a statistical bundle called the "All Food Market Basket"—cost $976, or $59 less than the same foods cost in 1952. Meanwhile, where the farmer had been getting $482 for the food in the basket in 1952, his returns fell to $390, or $92 less, in 1956. Rising labor and transportation costs and more "built-in" convenience (as precooking and freezing) helped widen the margin between farmer and consumer.

All this, however, does not explain how a frugal advocate of free enterprise such as Ezra Taft Benson has been shoveling out our tax dollars by the billions—without apparent results. It would be easy to account for if he were a dunderhead or a political hack. He definitely is neither. In brain power and training, Benson easily ranks among the most able men who have occupied his office. He grew up on a farm, is a highly trained economist and farm marketing specialist, and a long-proved co-operative marketing leader. His friends swear that Benson, an Elder and an Apostle in the ruling council of the Mormon Church, is one of the most pious and firm-principled men they have ever known.

Secretary Benson himself—a large, deliberate man who tends to sermonize—takes a calm view of his dilemma. "The transition from war to peace is always extremely difficult for agriculture," he says in his measured way. "If the Government had had the political courage to encourage needed adjustments after World War II, much of the present trouble would have been avoided."

Less inhibited in his reaction is Sen. Clinton P. Anderson, a Democrat who was Secretary of Agriculture at the end of World War II. I recently asked him if he thought the taxpayer was getting his money's worth in the farm programs, and he replied, "Hell, no! The public is really nothing but gypped on the whole transaction." Anderson points out that when he was Secretary he saw clearly that war-expanded production should be shrunk back toward normal as rapidly as possible after the war. He advocated supports more flexible than Benson has achieved, going as low as 60 per cent of parity. He blames the farm bloc in Congress for using one stratagem after another to prolong the high supports far into postwar years, thus planting the economic time bombs that are now exploding.

Add to this what Secretary Benson calls the "technological revolution on the land—one of which no one really has control," and you get the whole picture.

When you get right down to it, the fabulous new productive power of the American farmer is one of the most significant breakthroughs in mankind's hunger-driven history, an achievement that should be a profound blessing instead of an economic curse. A large share of the people in the world still toil in the dust from dawn to dusk, using simple hand tools, hoping to produce enough to feed and clothe themselves, with a little left over for trade. They are never far from famine when Nature frowns with drought, flood, insect invasions or blight. But the science-aided United States farmer has found the long-sought secret of an ever-increasing abundance which releases us from worry about our food supply, even in the face of widespread drought.

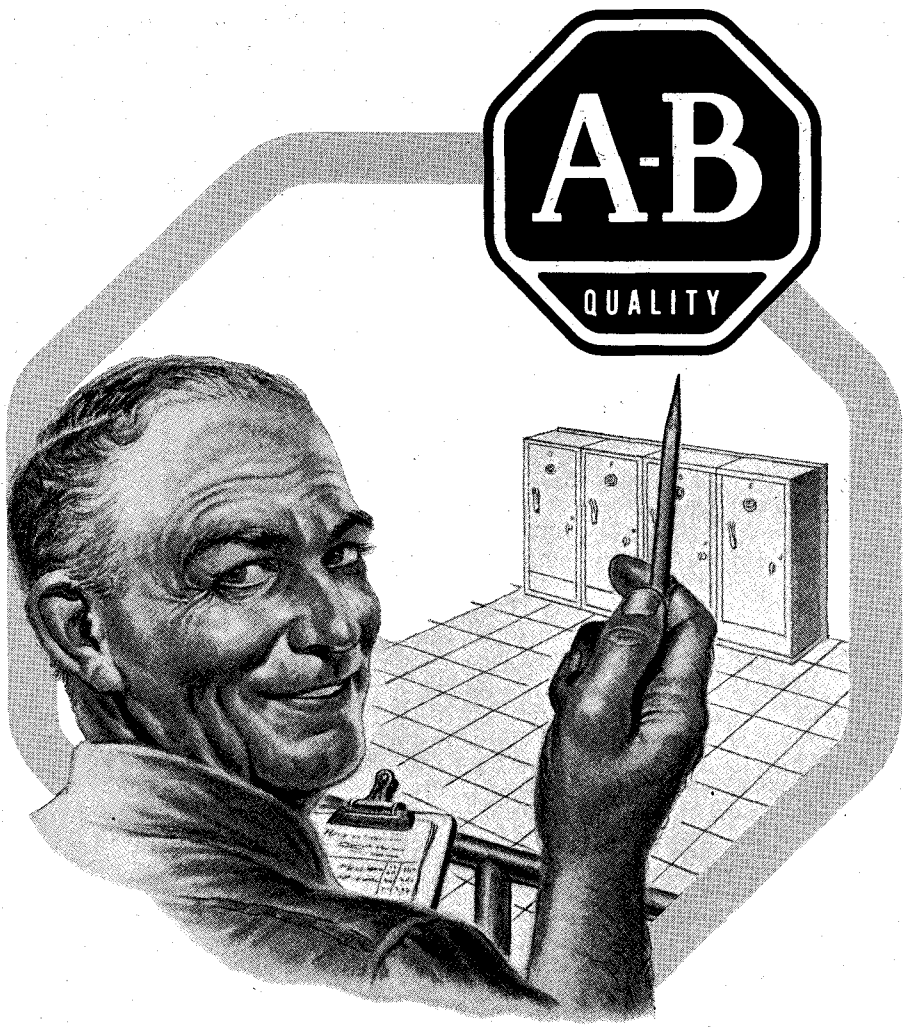
On our up-to-date family farms these days you will find practical applications of research of all kinds, from genetics to atomic energy. Cows that produce eight to ten times their weight in milk per year march through electro-mechanical "parlors" where they are automatically washed, fed and milked. Farm feedlots have become power-operated cafeterias where cattle, sheep and hogs fatten rapidly on rations that are better balanced, nutritionally, than your own meals; their feeds are compounded to supply just the right amount of carbohydrates, proteins, minerals, vitamins and even special antibiotics. New, complex chemicals control weeds and insects. In the fields grow improved varieties of crops which plant breeders have designed especially to suit the farmer's climate, soils and harvesting machines. The once-simple tools of agriculture have been replaced with expensive mechanical marvels. A mechanized grain-livestock producer of today thinks nothing of handling 200 or more acres of land and a line of hogs and beef cattle by himself, where his father was doing well to operate half as much, with the aid of a full-time hired man.

Obviously, it doesn't take as many farmers to feed America these days. Just since 1940, output per man-hour on the farm has doubled. The number of people working in agriculture has been shrinking drastically—almost three million people, many of them young, have left the land in the same period. Once a majority of our population, farmers now make up only 13 per cent of it. Even so, Mr. Benson makes no bones about the fact that there are still too many people trying to make a living from the soil. "It is almost treason to say this," he told me, "but there has been a surplus of labor in agriculture. When the Government guaranteed high fixed prices, the movement of surplus labor from farms to cities slowed down."

Although the farm laws almost defy understanding, the road map by which Secretary Benson hopes to lead his farm flock from the swamp of Government price-fixing to the high ground of untrammeled free enterprise is fairly direct and simple. His first job is to get some elbowroom in which to work. He is attempting to: (1) Dispose of the immense surpluses that have accumulated in Government hands, hoping to open new markets in the process; (2) Take a huge hunk of farmland completely out of production for a long time; and (3) Keep price supports flexible and get rid of the farm law's "sliding scale," which now would automatically boost pegged prices as the surpluses decline.

The subsidies Elder Benson is using to reach his objectives must be especially abrasive to a man whose strict code frowns upon the idea of getting something for nothing—or vice versa. His most urgent chore, that of selling the Government's hoard at a loss or giving it away, has proved extremely difficult and expensive in a buyer's market. He has done it on a colossal scale, just the same. Since July, 1953, his Commodity Credit Corporation—the agency that handles price supports—has moved into consumption around $10.5 billion worth of its products, everything from cotton, wheat, rice and tobacco, to tung nuts and honey. The CCC got back only $7.1 billion, a loss of $3.4 billion. But it did move the stuff out of the warehouses.

This accomplishment took considerable imaginative maneuvering. Mr. Benson couldn't simply run a bargain sale for all comers, as the farm law prohibits sale of surplus products within the United



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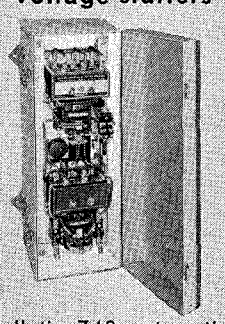
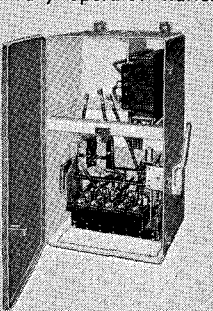


Bulletin 740 automatic, multi-point compression type resistance starter. Provides velvet smooth motor acceleration. Also available as a manually operated starter.



Bulletin 646 manual auto-transformer starter with modern air break contacts. Bulletin 746 is the equivalent automatically operated transformer type starter.

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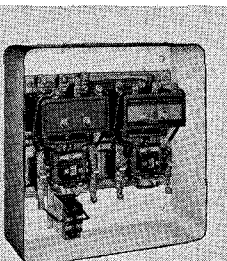

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States unless market prices are somewhat above supports. He couldn't just dump his wares on the world markets; that would bring the world price structure down around his ears and throw a large wrench into international affairs. However, the Secretary and his salesmen could and did search aggressively for ways of working off surplus food, fiber and oils that wouldn't joggle the State Department's elbow too roughly. The CCC went into international swapping on a large scale, trading its deterioration-prone products for hard strategic materials such as antimony, manganese and industrial diamonds. Altogether, more than $1 billion worth of surpluses disappeared by this route.

Early in the game, Secretary Benson launched a large-scale search for potential customers, wherever they might be, sending delegations of businessmen and trade experts to all parts of the world to hunt new or enlarged markets. These trade missionaries brought back word that many countries would like to buy United States farm products, or more of them, but couldn't raise the necessary dollar exchange. As a result the administration-backed Agricultural Trade Development and Assistance Act of 1954, known in USDA parlance as "480" (the number of the law), was passed. This permitted unique departures from traditional trade; the USDA could sell surpluses to foreign countries, over and above their normal takings, for their own "soft" currency. The program was an immediate success and 101 agreements now have been made with thirty-four countries for $3 billion of such sales; $1.4 billion in surpluses already have been shipped out.

The Government can't, of course, put Spanish pesetas, Greek drachma or Japanese yen into the United States Treasury, but these soft currencies are proving useful in the countries of issue to buy defense materials, pay expenses of embassies, build United States bases, finance Fulbright scholarships, and so on. Also, in a sort of bootstrap operation, the funds are being used for market expansion and promotion abroad. One example had Italians goggling at a complete United States supermarket, erected in an ancient Roman square to demonstrate the convenience of modern marketing methods and the bargains we had to offer in surplus foods. Another effort is research and promotion aimed at inducing more of a taste for United States wheat among the rice-eating Japanese.

The largest potential use of soft currency, however, is for foreign economic development. In many cases the United States takes the foreign currency it receives, turns right around and lends this money to the customer for a long term at low interest. Such loans now are building hydroelectric-power plants in Greece, seaports in Brazil, irrigation systems in Japan, and highways in Israel.

When I asked an official of the program if this wasn't just a way of making disguised gifts, he said, "Of course, we don't know how such deals finally will come out in dollars and cents. But there should be a triple benefit. We get rid of price-depressing surpluses. The receiving country gets a shot in the arm from the extra food or raw material it needs. The development loans help these countries to raise their living standards, which should make them better customers in the future."

Also, there are straight giveaways, which have been running around $500 million a year. "Where we aren't able to sell or barter, we feel strongly our responsibility for making constructive use of the abundance with which we have been blessed," Mr. Benson puts it.

Such gifts abroad include food and feed to Austria to help feed Hungarian refugees; wheat and corn to drought-seared Peru; dried milk, cheese and flour to Tunisia to help expand a child-feeding program. At home, surplus foods have been given to public and private charitable institutions and to the school-lunch program.

Still, Secretary Benson emphasizes, more of his hoard—60 per cent—has been sold in the world for hard cash than has been given in sweet charity. This has been accomplished by hard selling. Agricultural attachés stationed abroad, who formerly devoted most of their time to collecting statistics, have been trained as trade bloodhounds to track down and close deals. Quality of United States offerings has been improved by tighter grading. But most important, Benson admits, has been his policy of meeting world-market quotations, taking his losses. A bushel of wheat, taken over by

... ...

It Was So Quiet

By Diana Kearny Powell

It was so quiet there in the
rock-hewn stall
The chanting of angel choirs
was not heard,
And the muffled talk of rough
shepherds was a poor
canticle
To greet the eternal Word.

The hills were so dark, so bleak
and weather-worn,
Only one great desert star that
wintry night
Illuminated the barren hillside
where was born
The eternal Light.

... ...

the CCC for two dollars a bushel might bring only $1.20 in international marts. To move a bale of cotton may mean a loss of forty-five dollars. This sort of trade splashes the books with red ink. Last year alone the CCC's losses came to $1.3 billion. But farm exports boomed to $4.7 billion, the highest point in history.

The surplus pile has been whittled down—a bit. At last count it still stood at $6.9 billion, and another big harvest was pouring in.

Secretary Benson's second goal—getting farmers to close the throttle part way—also is proving fantastically costly. He inherited from the New Deal an acreage-allotment program under which a national pie of acres, supposedly enough to yield what we need, but no more, is carved into pieces for states, counties and farms. Producers who stay within their allotments are eligible for price supports.

The allotment system never has worked smoothly. Farmers have been able to boost yields faster than allotments reduced acres. Also, a kind-hearted Congress consistently has written new escape clauses into the laws. Secretary Benson told me bluntly, "I never have felt that Congress would enact or farmers would accept a farm law that really would control production. It would always get watered down."

In 1955 it became desperately obvious that some new way would have to be found to shrink the farm plant in a hurry before a plethora of porridge gummed up the whole economy. A number of plans had been floating around the farm belt, including a beautifully simple scheme called a "fertility bank" or "soil bank." This would have the benevolent Government lease excess acres and put them off-limits for production. Secretary Benson was not enthusiastic about the idea, at first, but as the pressure of surpluses mounted and the powerful American Farm Bureau Federation endorsed the plan, he reluctantly agreed to a trial. President Eisenhower recommended soil-bank legislation to Congress in January, 1956. After vetoing one proffered bill which also would have restored high price supports, he signed a revised act in May.

With the Government's uncanny skill, the land-leasing operation was converted into something resembling higher calculus. The soil bank reached the farmers with elaborate formulas, regulations and, it turned out, some built-in loopholes. One phase of the program offers year-to-year leases to put land now devoted to basic crops into an idle "acreage reserve." Payments vary by crop and land productivity to give a farmer a rental fee roughly equal to his net returns from the land had it remained in production. The national average of rentals runs about twenty dollars an acre for wheat, forty-two dollars for corn, fifty-four dollars for upland cotton, and $147 to $345 for tobacco, depending on type. It was hoped this attractive bait might bring a quick cut of perhaps 20 per cent below allotted acres.

For longer range, a "conservation reserve" has been provided. A farmer can sign a contract putting his land out of production for three, five or ten years. These acres must be planted to ungrazed grass or shelter belts, used for ponds or wildlife refuge or trees—not for any commercial crops or livestock. The Government pays a rental of around ten dollars an acre, but in addition ponies up with "practice payments" to help finance soil-conservation work.

The soil bank got off to a slow, scandal-ridden start in 1956. The growing season was well under way, giving the farmer a perfectly legal opportunity to outguess the Government. If his crops were doing poorly he signed up and met the no-production requirement by "incorporating the crop into the soil"—the USDA's delicate way of asking him to plow it under. He then garnered his harvest in the form of a negotiable certificate. In the drought-stricken Southwest, wheat growers signed up in large numbers, saying frankly that the soil bank was "good insurance." Farmers who had bountiful prospects or irrigated land stayed out—and added another shot of fertilizer. A few late-season producers played it both ways: They put their original land in the soil bank, took the money and plowed up new nonallotment land to grow even larger crops. In the corn belt a legal joker gave farmers a bonus for purely technical co-operation. The law established a national minimum "base acreage" for corn of 51,000,000 acres—or 17.8 per cent more than the national allotment. Now comes a profitable bit of arithmetic: If a producer had a corn allotment of 100 acres, it was figured that his "base"—from which cuts should be made—was actually 117.8 acres. Thus, he could put 17.8 acres in the soil bank at forty-two dollars an acre and plant 100 acres—as much as he would have planted, anyway.

Perhaps worst of all, the soil bank failed to slash production. Some young farmers, caught in the cost-price squeeze, put their whole farms in the bank and went to town to hunt jobs. A number of older farmers used the program to cut their operations down to retirement size, while still realizing an income from their land. But the highly productive operators, like the shrewd high-yield Illinois farmer mentioned earlier, weren't greatly interested.

Only 547,000 farmers signed up 12,000,000 acres for the acreage reserve in 1956, for which they were paid a not-inconsiderable $260,000,000. Yields went up. Total output wasn't even dented.

The acreage reserve has grown considerably in 1957, with 915,000 growers putting aside some 21,000,000 acres, for which the USDA has paid rental of $614,000,000. The conservation reserve, meanwhile, has moseyed along, as yet attracting only 82,000 growers and 6,500,000 acres. This part of the program is now costing only $120,000,000 a year, but ultimately the USDA hopes to have 25,000,000 acres stashed away in grass and trees and a rental bill of $250,000,000 a year.

Secretary Benson admits disappointment with the soil bank. "It did not get a fair trial last year," he said. "It is too early to tell exactly how the program will succeed. But I can tell you that if it is not effective, I will recommend that the acreage reserve be terminated before 1959."

Secretary Benson and his men, while not happy about the taxpayers' money they are spending, defend the giant USDA budgets as a necessary evil. "I do not apologize for them," the Secretary says earnestly. "These are emergency programs and they are being used to dispose of surpluses that accumulated, in part, because of unwise Government policy in the past. But they can be justified only on a temporary basis."

His next goal is to get Congress to eliminate the sliding-scale formulas in the farm law which, as they now stand, require that as soon as surpluses decline, the price supports must move up. "If these formulas are not modified, Surplus Number Two will have its foot in the door before we get rid of Surplus Number One," declares Benson.

"In the long run," he said, "I think the Government should provide only broad guides to help direct the farm economy and to protect farmers from catastrophe. Mainly, we need to keep agriculture unfrozen so that people can find the most opportunity by their own efforts, either on the land or in the city."

Can Elder Benson succeed in his crusade? The signs aren't too favorable. Some, like Senator Anderson, who agree with his aims, feel that the Secretary has backed and filled, has been loath to slap down with tough across-the-board production controls. Others believe that Benson is on the wrong track, entirely. Harold D. Cooley (Dem.-N.C.), chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, has said that if price supports are made completely flexible, "I can see nothing short of farm bankruptcy." The memory lingers of the late 1920's and early 1930's when farmers were driven into a frenzy of production in an attempt to keep up with falling prices.

Is there any answer—except continued subsidy?

I asked that of an old hand around the USDA, a brilliant nonpolitical economist and slightly cynical philosopher who has seen many farm programs and Secretaries come and go.

"We Americans are always seeking a happy ending," he replied. "The hard fact is that nobody yet has figured out what to do with our superproductivity. We have to live with it for a while. The farmers can and will easily produce surpluses until our population outgrows our limited supply of land. And that may be when our real troubles begin."

THE END

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My Parachute Failed to Open

(Continued from Page 24)

her slender flimsy arms, and held me and kept me safe from death? Was it the tree? Or was it luck? Or training? Or God? "I wasn't ready," my mind said. "I wasn't ready at all!" Then I lay and prayed.

No, I decided, I just wasn't ready. I felt joyous, exhilarated, as if I had taken an overdose of alcohol. The two incidents a pilot fears most—a fire on take-off and an explosion in the traffic pattern—had failed to get me. In 1952 I had survived the first of these: the jet trainer I was flying caught on fire during take-off. I had just broken ground when fuel began leaking back into the engine hot section through the sucker doors which supply the jet with additional air at low flying speeds. I was about 100 feet above the tall slash pines off the end of the runway at Moody Air Force Base, Georgia. My air speed was about 130 miles per hour. The fire-warning lights illuminated. I slammed the nose forward and skimmed the pine treetops, desperately trying to build up air speed. At 170 miles per hour the sucker doors would close and shut off the leakage of fuel.

Just at the instant that my fire-warning light illuminated, my wingman, Tom Gayle had said in his Louisiana drawl, "You are siphoning fuel out the fuselage tank, Blue Lead. I'm going to slide out a little here. There ain't no use both of us blowing up."

I smiled now as I thought about it, just as I had smiled about it every time it came to mind in the past. His quick comment had given me a basis for a decision. Too low and slow for a bailout, maybe something else would work! One hundred and seventy indicated air speed. The fire-warning light went out. A lot of luck, or a lot of something.

Now I had beat the second bad one. My aircraft had blown up in the traffic pattern at 400–500 feet, my chute had failed to open, and I was still alive.

When will the fire trucks and the ambulance get here? I thought. Where is air rescue with their choppers? How did I get into this? My mind answered, "You got into this because it is what you want. You don't want anything else. It is flying, and flying is your life."

I am assigned the duty of flying with each tactical pilot in our organization at least twice a year. As standardization officer, I try to measure the knowledge and the tactical efficiency of our fighter-bomber pilots. I report my findings to the wing commander, the squadron commanders, and the director of operations. It is in this way that we keep our finger on the pulse of the combat effectiveness of our organization, the 20th Fighter Bomber Wing.

On June 10, 1957, the day before my accident, I decided that I would go to the 79th Squadron of our wing, at Woodbridge R.A.F. Station, north and east of London and fly off two standardization flights that were due. It was a cold, miserable day, with clouds scudding along about 400 feet above the ground; and rain had been falling off and on since early morning. But it was Whitmonday, a popular English holiday, and the local populace was out in force. In the little town of Finchingfield, near the Wethersfield R.A.F. Station where I was based, cars and people choked the road above the scenic village pond.

I drove my car out to the hardstand where the 55th Fighter Bomber Squadron parked their birds. I was taking an F-84F, number 724, belonging to Lt. Jim Hiteshew. It was named the Atom Bum, and crewed by A/1c James T. Clem. The rain was coming down fairly hard when I drove up, but Clem sloshed out and joined me under the plane's wing as I got my gear together. I zipped on my anti-G suit, slipped my Mae West over my head and shoulders, and checked out my parachute. We made the walk-around inspection of the aircraft. The Bum checked out fine.

The tower gave me take-off instructions to the west and I prepared the aircraft for an instrument climb. At 27,000 feet I broke out into clear bright sunshine. I made a port turn, and steered back across Wethersfield to my destination, an hour's flying time away.

The Woodbridge controller gave me permission for an instrument letdown, with a radar ground-controlled approach. It was a piece of cake. About a mile out, I picked up the active runway, lined up with it and touched down easily. The Bum had flown like a homesick angel. I made my post-flight and it checked out equally well. Signing off an O.K. flight, I closed out my clearance.

The next morning I had 1st Lt. Ron Luhks brief me for a navigation proficiency flight. He briefed on normal and emergency procedures. We talked the flight through from take-off to landing, and I was satisfied that he knew what he was to do. I would fly as his wingman and my job was to check his signals, procedures, navigation and flying technique, and to help him look around and avoid in-flight collisions. We expected to be back at Woodbridge in about an hour.

NEXT WEEK

WE TOOK THE NAUTILUS UNDER THE ICE

The Atomic Sub's Historic Arctic Voyage

By Commander William R. Anderson, U.S.N.

I CALL ON EDIE ADAMS AND ERNIE KOVACS

by Pete Martin

TV's Ingenious Comic and His Actress Wife

NIXON'S MY BOSS

By the Vice President's Private Secretary

BASKETBALL'S TOUGHEST WAR HORSE

Dolph Schayes of the Syracuse Nationals

IN COLOR:

OUR CANDID SCRAPBOOK

Unusual Family Album

A Complete Novelette by Prentiss Combs

THE MAN ON THE BEACH

The Atom Bum checked out normally on the walk-around inspection. My watch read 0915 as Ron climbed off the ladder and into his own F-84F. The crew chief steadied my ladder as I crawled into the Bum's cockpit. I hooked up my anti-G suit, hooked up the life raft and readjusted the leg straps of my chute. I pulled the seat up to the top, then backed it off one notch. I didn't have to do this, since the seat position was still set from the day before; it's just something I always do.

I fitted the shoulder harness into the automatic seat belt and connected the automatic parachute-release cord to the belt. The function of these devices is to release the pilot from the ejection seat, then actuate the parachute, any time that the pilot fires the seat out of the aircraft. In theory, all that is required to effect a successful bailout is to raise the seat-ejection handle. It is a good system, practically foolproof.

As I was snapping the oxygen hose onto the shoulder-harness strap, the crew chief commented on how complicated flying off a mission was getting to be. I grinned. I couldn't have agreed more.

I rotated my finger in a circle and the crew chief signaled that I had clearance to start the engine. I pushed the starter switch to the up position. The starter air bottle fired with a roar, and the engine immediately spun to 25 per cent of rated power. Oil pressure O.K., tailpipe temperature normal, fuel flow in the green. The start was good. I pulled the safety pins which prevented the seat from being fired on the ground.

As my radio started warming up, I could hear Lieutenant Luhks calling for taxi instructions. In a moment he was taxiing past my position, and I gave him the O.K. signal with my thumb and forefinger making an O. I dropped the flaps for take-off, pushed the power up and taxied out behind him. We set the brakes on the runway, and on the signal for full power I pushed the throttle all the way forward. My bird accelerated with a roar, and the gauges all indicated in the green. I looked at my leader and watched his bird quiver and belch vented oil out the bottom of the fuselage. Only the brakes were between us and flying. I signaled ready and his hand fell forward. In seconds we had the nosewheels off the runway as our birds tried to break ground, looking, I knew, like awkward bluebills paddling on take-off. I saw Ron's gear start to retract and I cycled mine up, then raised the flaps. We banked out to the right, leveled and set course.

The flight went like clockwork. It was an unusually bright, clear day for England, with exceptional visibility. Very little wind was moving the smoke in the villages. A few thin cirrus clouds appeared in the atmosphere as scattered horsetails off an artist's brush. We were on a heading of 282 degrees and flying 200 feet above the ground. The ground rushed behind us at the rate of one mile every ten seconds. I stacked up, so as to be above and behind Luhks. This way I could see other aircraft, radio towers or other obstructions before they would be visible to him. To the north I saw the spire of the cathedral at Cambridge University. It pinwheeled behind my wing and faded out of sight behind.

Our turning point burst upon us, and we started a right turn to the north. I checked my gauges after the rollout on course. We were paralleling the double train tracks that lead to Sheffield. I heard Luhks' voice on the radio. "Standard two. Leader here, what is your position?" I replied, "I'm high up sun, your five o'clock." "Roger, I have you," Luhks answered.

The contour of the land began to change as we proceeded north, becoming

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hilly and scarred. A few mines became visible. Smoke from the factories at Sheffield began to sully the clearness of the sky.

As we turned southeast from Sheffield, I called Luhks and asked him for a radio check. He replied, "Stan two, I am reading you garbled, but if you are asking where we are, the airfield at eleven o'clock is Swinderby." I replied, "Roger."

I could see the town of Bury St. Edmunds coming up at eleven o'clock. We were exactly on our time. We had been flying for fifty-eight minutes, and up ahead about two o'clock I could see our departure field, looking like a big flat scar on the multicolored green of the English countryside. As we passed Bury, I rechecked my clock. Three minutes left to fly. It had been a good flight, I thought.

At that instant the illumination of a red light in my cockpit caught my eye. I called Luhks and told him that I had a minor red light on, and he acknowledged and advised that I could take the lead. This way he could do my looking around for me while I concentrated on my trouble. I slid into the lead and gave the standard hand signal indicating a radio channel change that would put us back into radio contact with the Woodbridge tower. I requested landing instructions, but was unable to make radio contact. I tried the secondary channel, but still could not raise anyone in the ground station. I realized later that my radio had been burned out, but at the time I didn't even know that I had a fire.

I started a slow climbing turn to get into the flame-out pattern, a spiraling descent from which a landing can be executed any time after the engine fails. I had little reason then to suspect engine failure, but it is a good precautionary procedure. I kept my flame-out pattern high—about 2500 feet—and close, so if my engine quit, I'd still have it made. But as I rolled out of my turn to final approach, I caught sight of a large transport craft approaching the runway on which I intended to land. I called the tower and asked them to send the transport around, but I was still not communicating.

We continued our landing pattern. I was closing fairly rapidly on the transport because of the large difference in our landing speeds. The transport touched down and lumbered slowly along on the runway. When it became apparent that I could not land without taking the chance of overrunning the big aircraft, I broke off my flame-out approach at about 1400 feet, cleaned the gear, brought my flaps up and entered the normal landing circle. This type of approach is known as a 360-degree overhead approach. I had completed the first 180 degrees of the landing circle, and had extended gear and flaps again, when a loud explosion close behind me jarred the aircraft. I was right over base housing, about three-quarters of a mile south of touchdown point on the 270-degree runway. I quickly checked the hydraulic-pressure gauges. No sweat, both were holding steady! No problem of having the controls freeze from lack of hydraulic pressure. I continued my left-hand turn, losing altitude, and eased the power back to idle.

Then, with one more 90-degree turn still to make to line up with the runway, I heard a severe rumble from the jet compressor and the whole airplane began to shake under me. Suddenly there was another, louder rumble and the engine started throwing compressor blades, making a racket like shrapnel bouncing off metal plate. Heavy, biting, fuel fog started pouring into the cockpit until I could not see the consoles at my elbows—or the runway or horizon out of my canopy.

I was about 500 feet above the ground, and at this point the controls began to stiffen. Apparently some lines had been cut in the explosions. My position was such that if I could just get the aircraft rolled level, and if I could keep my present northwest heading, I would be clear of the field and the housing in a few seconds. Perhaps I could even get enough altitude to bail out. I knew by now that I was on fire, of course, and I wanted to get out of the bird before it blew. The engine groaned as I shoved the throttle forward. I was down to about 400 feet now, and I had to get more altitude, but the Bum felt as though it were only mushing, neither climbing nor sinking. Not enough power to climb. I could hear some noise in the radio, and detected the phrase, "On fire." The engine was getting sicker, and the stall was becoming more pronounced.

I ripped the canopy-jettison handle up and the canopy fired off. The sudden rush of air whipped into the cockpit and my eyes were immediately aggravated by the additional irritant of dirt off the cockpit floor. I was heading northwest as desired, but was now in a slight turn to the right. It looked as if I might have lost a little more altitude. I dragged my heels back into the seat-jettison stirrups, just as the aircraft quit flying and began to buck, on the edge of a dive.

I jerked the seat-jettison trigger up, heard the seat fire and felt the terrific acceleration of being ejected. The wind blast was tremendous for a moment. Then, as the seat rolled upside down, the automatic belt release dropped me out, and I discovered that I was looking up the tailpipe of the Bum. It was about forty yards away, rolling on its back. Just at that moment, a huge yellow ball of fire belched out of the tailpipe, and some parts started to come off the aft section of the aircraft.

Out of the seat. Count! Count! I kept saying to myself. One thousand one, one thousand two! No chute! Where was the opening shock of the chute? I reached for the D ring as I realized that the parachute's automatic feature must have failed. The D ring was out of its flap, and was banging about in the area of my hip. After an eternity that may have lasted half a second or so, I caught hold of it and jerked my arm out all the way. *How high am I? 300 feet? I'd better get my feet down.* I put my head down on my chest and got my feet inclined toward the ground. Where was the chute? Where in the hell was the chute? I looked up the riser cords. Nothing was happening. No blossom! No big orange-and-white bloom; just a lot of flapping nylon. I looked at the ground, then back at the streaming chute. Using the old R.A.F. expression, I thought out loud, "I've bought the farm. What a lousy way to go!"

Out of the corners of my eyes, I saw the pines of the forest I was falling into. I looked up at the chute again. Still flapping! A wild thought, *Maybe I can grab hold of a pine tree and break my fall.* At the instant that I glanced back toward the ground, I smashed heavily into the upper branches of a thirty-foot pine tree. I buffeted down, feeling curiously detached from the bruising and unrelated to the crackling of tree limbs as I careened off the pine's stem.

I lay on the ground in a dream world, with my mind racing to convince me that I had made it. I had accepted death, believed in it, and I had escaped it. And, I felt proudly, I had accepted it without fear or terror.

Mercy, but I hurt! There was blood on my jacket sleeve. I wiped the right side of my head. My ear felt sticky and was bleeding. Could I sit up, I wondered. I grabbed the chute risers and dragged myself upright. Would the fire get me? That would really be ironical. The fire was behind me. I turned to look. The Bum was not visible, but a tower of black smoke was pouring up through the trees. I was about ninety yards from where the orange-and-red fire was ravaging the derelict. And I saw that there was a firebreak about fifteen yards wide which separated me from the section of forest where the Bum was interred. How many breaks could I get in one day?

I unzipped my anti-G-suit leg zipper. The left ankle had a crazy bend to it—broken, I guessed. How long before the rescue will come? I pulled back my flying gauntlet to check my watch. Gone! I looked around the spot I had fallen. It wasn't there. I still don't know where or how it could have come off.

The noise of a heavy truck began to penetrate the forest. I could see a huge red fire engine. Roaring down the firebreak, it was trying to get to the aircraft. The first concern of the fire crew is the pilot and they will go to any extreme to pull a pilot out of a crashed plane. I sat a dozen feet off to the side of the firebreak, but as the engine roared past, everyone aboard was alert to the fire and no one saw me or my chute tangled in the tree. The firemen looked like something out of Mars, with their big asbestos suits and enormous plate-glass-fronted helmets and huge mittens. I watched them start to bring the fire under control.

An old blue field ambulance came rocking and jolting down the firebreak. I pulled myself erect on the risers. I waved and whistled frantically. I didn't want to get missed at this stage of the game. The ambulance ground to a halt and medics carrying a stretcher headed my way on a dead run. The doctor, lugging his black emergency bag, was running a close second. When he came close enough to be recognized, I was thrown into a state of complete confusion. He looked just like one of my best friends, our squadron doctor, Dr. Richard Hansen. But it couldn't be, because he was back at Wethersfield, and I knew that I was at Woodbridge. *Something has happened to my mind,* I thought. *It must be shock! What can be making me think like this?*

The doctor was not faring much better. He looked at me and inquired unbelievingly, "Judge?"—that's my nickname, thanks to a law degree. "Is that you, Judge? George Day, is that you?" His cigar dropped out of his mouth. "What are you doing over here?" he asked. Then, "Where does it hurt? Arch your back up a little."

He began issuing instructions, and in minutes he had expertly splinted my ankle and transferred me to a stretcher. My back had been padded just right in case of some injury. Within thirty minutes of the bailout, I was in the X-ray room of the Bentwaters Royal Air Force Station.

While he examined X rays of my ankle and back, Doc explained to me that on this particular day he had been called upon to substitute for the regular flight surgeon at Woodbridge. He said he had expected to find a pilot from one of the local squadrons at the accident. It was as great a shock to him to find me lying there as it was for me to see him.

Just then it occurred to Doc that his cigar was missing. "Good night," he exclaimed, "let's not burn the forest down." He and all the medics got busy and hunted the area over. In a few minutes, they found Doc's cigar and holder. It had simply died out.

A few minutes later, my wing commander, Col. Ray Toliver, arrived from Woodbridge R.A.F. Station to congratulate me on my near miss and wish me luck in my recovery. Right behind him entered my wife, Doris, who had been driven from Wethersfield to Woodbridge in the commander's staff car. She was smiling, cool and completely unshaken. She had been telephoned direct and the whole incident had been explained very smoothly to her. She said that she was really happy the aircraft had not clobbered any built-up area, or caused any more damage than it had. And naturally she felt relieved that I was not banged up any worse.

Why I wasn't hurt worse—how I survived the bailout at all—is something I can't really explain. I'm back flying fighter-bombers again now, but by all the odds I shouldn't even be alive.

Fliers have an old and bad joke about parachutes: "If it doesn't open, take it back." But there are not many members of the Take It Back Club. A number of people have insisted to me that my chute must have opened. It is logical to think so. Yet I watched it stream till I hit the tree. It had no air in it then. I'm convinced that that pine tree saved my life. I hit into its springy top and could feel it give under me. That broke my fall pretty well, and the tangling of my shroud lines around it did the rest. That, and the deep cushion of pine needles on the ground—and the G suit, which probably saved me a broken back.

But even these things don't tell the whole story. If God hadn't taken over the instant I fired the seat, I wouldn't be writing this. Perhaps Col. Mike McCarthy, our director of operations, summed it up best of all when he said, only half kidding, "I knew you had been living good, but I didn't know you'd been living that good."

THE END

"I know a small, out-of-the-way place where we could get a delicious dinner—it's called 'mother's.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Light refreshment

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West of the Law (Continued from Page 38)

a raising of heads, and Janis went to the door to welcome the arrivals. "Come in! *Entrez!*" he called hospitably, and stood aside to allow this latest guest to enter. The newcomer presented a somewhat dandified version of the frontiersman, with fringed coat and leggings and wide-awake hat.

"*Messieurs*," Janis said, glancing with narrowed eyes to see how General Dodge would receive the arrival, "I present M'sieu Maury, who makes trade with the Crows."

"Mr. Maury is known to me," General Dodge replied inclemently. He was a direct man. . . . "It is reported, Maury, that you are selling large numbers of guns to the Indians."

"The report," Maury said with an ironic smile, "is correct."

"Those guns," Dodge said grimly, "are being used to kill white men."

Maury lifted lithe shoulders. "If, general, they are put to misuse, it is no fault of mine. I am on firm ground, sir. The matter was presented to Secretary of the Interior Browning and he gave his approval. His official pronouncement in writing, sir, is that the army is wrong in seeking to interrupt legitimate trade and commerce with our red brothers." He showed handsome white teeth in a provocative smile.

Bednigo arose from his seat and turned to Dodge. "General?" he asked.

"Sit down, Claypool," the general ordered.

"Do not," Maury said sleekly, "restrain Mr. Claypool on my account."

Bednigo flopped into his chair and was embarrassed by the general's peremptory manner. He hung his head and wriggled and flushed, and Maury eyed him sardonically.

"We must," Dodge said coldly, "tolerate your activities, but even the Secretary of the Interior cannot compel me to eat with you."

Maury did not flush. He showed no resentment at the insult, but bowed with exaggerated mannerism to Janis. "I seem, *monsieur*, to be *persona non grata* to your guests. I withdraw. We shall talk business tomorrow."

The Frenchman's black, beadlike eyes were resentful. "My regrets, *m'sieu*," he said softly. "We shall meet in the morning."

Maury walked to the door, tall, straight, graceful, his aplomb in no way marred by his reception. As he opened the door, he turned and his eyes sought Bednigo Claypool, fixing the quarrel upon him. He sneered. "In the meantime, Mr. Claypool," he said, "if you would enjoy my company, I shall be available."

Again Bednigo pushed back his chair, but the general spoke sharply. "Keep your seat, sir," he commanded. "Janis," the general said, "you have long been my friend and trusted guide. It surprises me that you fraternize with such a man."

"General," the Frenchman replied, "I live among the Indians. They are my friends. I am married to one of them. I am white man. I am Frenchman. But I see the wrongs of the Indians increase. Treaties make themselves, only to be broken. There is not honor. In spite of my blood, in spite of my race, I who see these evils and know ——" He lifted shoulders in a characteristic shrug. "If I must make the choice, then, *mon general*, I moost choose the red man."

"I know," said Dodge. "I know. But these things must not concern me. I make these agreements. Others break them." His voice was grim. "But, Janis, in spite of hell or high water, in spite of Indians or wrongs or treaties or renegade white men selling guns, I shall build my railroad. *J'y suis, j'y reste!*"

In the morning, the expedition with its cavalry escort invaded a country little known to white men and headed for the divide between the Platte and Powder rivers. Smoke signals warned of the lurking presence of hostile Indians, who set fire to the waving grass of the prairies, driving huge herds of antelope in panic. To the northwest reared the mighty Big Horn Mountains, in whose fastnesses confederated Crows, Sioux and Arapahoes were uniting in force to halt the westward march of the railroad men. The builders were advancing into a country more precious to the aborigines than any other.

"Claypool," said the general as they rode the dramatic, beautiful terrain, "the Indians have an indisputable, inherent right to the Big Horn country. I am reluctant to encroach upon it. It will mean war. If only I could find a pass to the southward, I could avoid hostilities, I hope. I would then build to the south." His fine, sensitive face was troubled. "Men say I am ruthless toward the red men. That is not so. My heart bleeds for them." He looked off across the undulating plains to the lofty hills. "Before many years," he said, "we shall witness the mightiest migration the world has ever seen. Hordes of human beings will sweep westward, and there will be no halting of their march. Farms, villages, cities will come to life; huge agglomerations of population will mass themselves, and billions of dollars of wealth will be created." He spread his hands. "Can a few savages or their rights prevail against a convulsion of nature? Either, as with other conquered people of history, they must be assimilated or they will vanish."

"But meantime, sir," Bednigo said grimly, "they are a nuisance."

"Which," Dodge said practically, "must be abated."

They reached and camped beside Lodge Pole Creek. In the morning, the general, taking Bednigo with him, and a dozen cavalrymen for escort, left the main party and attempted Cheyenne Pass, which led westward to the crests of the Black Hills. And there, from their place upon the heights, was spread before them in the morning mists the frowning, seemingly impassable wall of the Rockies.

For days, signal fires had followed them, but they had not seen a single Indian. Now, upon topping an eminence, Leon Pallady, their guide, pointed down the steep slope to eastward.

"Injuns!" he said.

The party halted. Below them, clearly visible, were mounted Indians advancing without thought of concealment.

"Three hundred of 'em," Bednigo said.

"At least that many," Pallady agreed. "They've cut between us and the train."

"Hobble the horses on the west of the ridge," snapped the commander. "Find a suitable spot to defend."

The attackers, brandishing weapons, screeching discordantly, lunged up the slope in a disordered mass.

"They've all got guns," Bednigo said.

"Thanks," said Dodge, "to Secretary Browning and renegade whites like your friend Maury."

The band of savages divided. About a fifth of them turned off to the right in a flanking movement. Pallady took aim and fired, and a horseman screeched and plunged to the ground. A scattering volley of answering shots fell short.

"We outrange them," the general said with satisfaction.

The Crows sought cover, advancing stealthily to vantage points where their fire became menacing. Bullets ricocheted off rocks and kicked up the soil or even plopped into the huge fire the general had ordered kindled as a signal to their cavalry escort, which was toiling along at the foot of the mountains.

It was a brief siege. The escorting cavalry had seen and correctly read the fire, and were galloping up the slope to the rescue. The Indians, firing defiant shots, leaped to their ponies and scurried away. Dodge, suddenly alert and interested, stood on a rock to follow their downward flight. His face mirrored elation.

"Gentlemen," he said, and there was a lilt to his voice, "I think they have shown it to us!"

"Shown what, general?" asked Bednigo.

"Fetch surveying instruments," directed the general. "The Indians scampered down that slope to the creek bed. What, Bednigo, would you estimate that grade to be?"

Bednigo shaded his eyes and peered downward. "At a guess, sir, I'd hazard less than ninety feet to the mile."

The party, troopers and all, rode down the slope, and, to their delighted eyes, it led not to some steep drop-off into a canyon, but into an easy, gradual descent to the plain.

"This," Dodge said urgently, "must be verified before I sleep."

Before darkness descended upon them surveying instruments told them their estimates had been correct. For the first time since exploratory surveys had been made in search of a practical path for the railroad, a pass had been found with a grade up which loaded freights could climb. Here at last, almost by accident, they had discovered a way whose steepest climb was less than ninety feet to the mile.

"Here," General Dodge said solemnly, "the Union Pacific shall cross the mountains to the West."

Bednigo was not so happy as his commander. "But, sir, what about the commissioners? What about Thomas C. Durant?"

Dodge's chin jutted out. "In spite of Durant, or commissioners, or the devil and Daniel Webster," he said stubbornly, "here we shall lay our tracks."

This decision, never deviated from, marked the definite severance of friendly relations between Dodge and Durant, the dynamic, flamboyant, publicity-hungry executive head of the railroad.

Next day the party headed eastward for Fort Kearney, where Bednigo remained while the general took his private car back to Omaha headquarters. As they parted at the steps of the car, Bednigo asked a question.

"General," he said, "when those Injuns came golliwoggling up the hill at us, did you notice anything sort of startling?"

"No, Claypool. What do you mean?"

"There were three white men, sir. Naked and all like Injuns. But not painted up. I could tell by the way they rode. Yes, sir, I put my glasses on them and they were plenty white. One of them was so white his name was Wesley Maury."

"Would you take your oath to that, Bednigo?"

"Don't seem as though," Bednigo answered.

The Perfect Squelch

Procrastination caused most of Emily's troubles. She never did today what she could shrug off on tomorrow, yet she always managed to be loudly indignant when time caught up to her. So the week before Christmas inevitably found her in a frenzy.

Meeting a friend during a last-minute shopping trip, Emily immediately launched into a long lament. None of her Christmas cards were bought. She had no presents ready. She hadn't done a bit of decorating. The stores were all crowded; the best merchandise had been sold off; she hadn't even thought about a Christmas tree, and she simply didn't know what in the world she would do.

Her friend listened patiently until Emily paused for breath. Then, with pretended concern, she asked, "Why, you poor thing, didn't you know it was coming?"

Mrs. James T. Peirce

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"But you recognized him?"

"Sure as shootin'."

"Then," Dodge asked, "why not accuse him under oath?"

Bednigo looked innocent and diffident. He shuffled his feet, not at all a determined, dangerous man declaring a vendetta to the death.

"On account of, general," he said, "I'm kind of saving him up. I got other plans for him. I could have shot him then and there, I calc'late. But when that man gets it, I want him to see and know where it comes from."

Grenville Dodge frowned at his young friend. He wondered which was the real Claypool. Was it this awkward, doltish hobbledehoy; was it the polished gentleman welcomed by Mrs. Dodge in her drawing room and at her dinner table; was it the shrewd, astute schemer and politician? He would feel better if he could make up his mind either to trust Bednigo completely or to distrust him utterly.

Bednigo perceived something of what was passing through his superior's mind, and grinned provocatively. "When you come to a conclusion about me, general, I hope it isn't too late."

The general was not sure if he was amused or irritated. "Someday," he said, "I may get tired of guessing and send you packing."

"Don't do that, sir. Durant would grab me up. And I don't want to work for Durant. . . . Good-by, sir, and a pleasant trip."

Bednigo walked from the tracks into the life of the town of Fort Kearney, which, almost overnight, sprang into being at the end of track. It straggled along the right of way, no building more than a story high, and a goodly portion of the places of business only flimsy canvas. There were some with wooden awnings spanning the sidewalks. The center of activities was the Big Tent, which was bar, dance hall, saloon and gambling house. There were shops, Mrs. Beebe's eating place temporarily in a roomy tent, and saloons, saloons and saloons, each of which was a gambling house. During daylight hours Fort Kearney was moribund, but with the arrival of evening and the crowding into town of laborers from the right of way, all semblance of quiet and order vanished. Raucous music blared; characteristically dressed and painted women plied their trade openly and without shame.

Bednigo, as he strolled, was not shocked. On the other hand, he had some sense of the drama of it—not its glamour, for of glamour there was none, but of the crude, uncivil, stark melodrama. There was, he mused, some sort of law of nature which conceived and gave birth to boom towns like Kearney. Frontiers could not be tamed and harnessed without the blind courage and physical prowess of the rougher sort of men. Railroads could not be constructed across wildernesses by dainty, cultured, law-abiding people. More boisterous qualities must be brought to that service, and such crude, serviceable heroes brought with them crude and boisterous appetites. Where uncontrolled appetites exist there always will be those who pander to them and prey upon their possessors. Bednigo reflected sardonically that epic accomplishments seem to require bagnios and gambling hells and rotgut whisky as sorry midwives at their birth.

But he did not then understand, nor could he have guessed, that Fort Kearney was but a training school for crime and lawlessness. Kearney was, indeed, to deserve a reputation of its own for untrammeled wickedness, but neither it nor Platte was to achieve so gaudy a reputation as the third of the moving towns, Julesburg. By the time the rails reached Julesburg apt students in the rougher criminal arts had truly learned their trades in Kearney and Platte. In Julesburg the railroad reached a point so remote from law and organized government that its opportunities were unique. There gamblers, ruffians, sharpers, murderers, the lowest of women had so improved their techniques by experience that Julesburg became a very model of squalid lawlessness—a combination of Sodom and Gomorrah not to be equaled by the Dodge City and Tombstone of a later day.

Bednigo pulled out his huge silver watch and opened its case. It told him that the hour was a quarter before six and too early for supper. So he ambled along to the Big Tent and went inside. It was not bulging with men whose wages burned holes in their pockets, but it soon would be—and with the land pirates who were there to accommodate them.

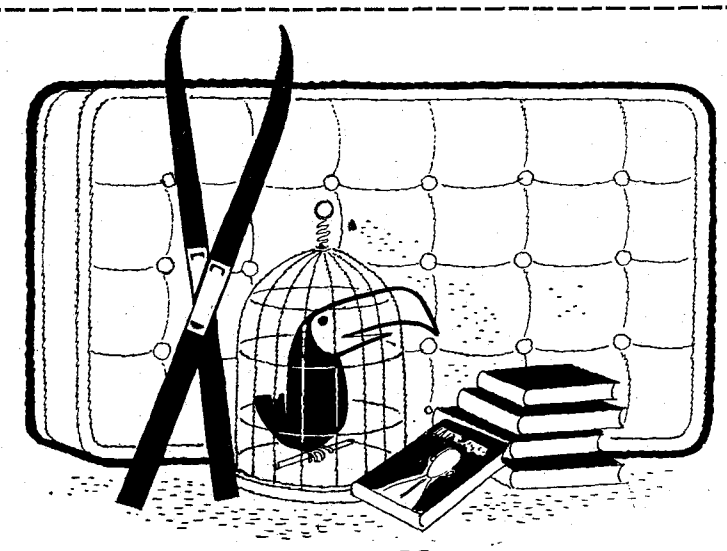
He found a place at the long bar and ordered a drink. He lounged there, elbows on the counter, watching and listening. Behind the bar, a wooden partition crossed the tent. Beyond it were sleeping accommodations for bartenders, waiters, attendants at the gambling tables and, what Bednigo did not know, an office.

This office was the executive headquarters of the little group who controlled with iron hand the vice of the town. It was in this room that orders were given to the little army of border ruffians and thugs who saw to it that there was no free competition, and that even the most squalid of the town's women paid her contribution in return for permission to sell her wares.

That there was some organization, Bednigo knew, but of its efficiency he was not aware. He was too busy with the laying of rails to care or to investigate. How the situation was to affect him personally he had no inkling as yet, nor that a day was not remote when he would come into head-on collison with the system and be forced into a battle to the death. He did not yet even comprehend how the night life of Fort Kearney and Platte and Julesburg hampered and slowed the work of building, and by open defiance was one day to bring this work almost to a halt.

A door at the right of the bar opened far enough to permit a man inside the partition to peer into the public room. He stood there motionless, studying the scene, and then he stepped fully into view. It was a minor shock to Bednigo, for the man was Wesley Maury, whom he had seen last in the mountains, naked as an Indian, joining in the attack upon the surveying party of white men.

Their eyes met. Maury smiled, opened the door wide, and strode with agile, springy step to the bar. Bednigo appraised him as he advanced. Maury was taller than he, but slenderer. His legs were long, his waist small, his shoulders wide and erect. His face was handsome and intelligent and reckless. He was a man to be successful with women and ruthless in his dealings with them. Bednigo's estimate was that Maury would weigh a hundred and eighty pounds. He, himself, weighed five pounds more than that, but looked heavier because of the bulk of his shoulders. Maury would be quick, with lightning reflexes. Bednigo nodded to himself. Maury was a quick man. But Bednigo also was a quick man. Here the advantage lay with Claypool, for he did not underestimate the suddenness of his enemy, while Maury could not know the quick, powerful response that resided in Bednigo's muscles.



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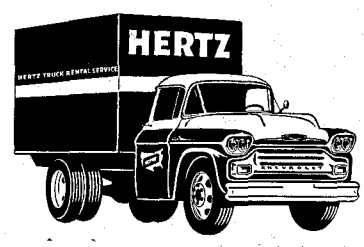

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With genial effrontery, Maury stopped across the bar from Bednigo, who did not stir.

"May one hope," Maury said, "that you had a successful expedition?" He might have been a casual acquaintance making small talk.

"Eminently successful, Mr. Maury," Bednigo replied. He chose to speak in a cultured voice and in the tongue of an educated gentleman. "Ethnologically very rewarding."

"That," Maury said with specious admiration, "is a choice word. I'm not sure I could define it."

"In a rough-and-ready way," Bednigo responded, "it is the science of racial characteristics. Scientifically, sir, one expects a red man always to be red, and a Negro always to be black, and a Chinese always to have slant eyes."

"Why, yes. So one does."

"It is," Bednigo went on, "the aberrations, the deviations from type that are interesting. For instance, if you encounter a member of an Indian band who is white instead of red. Who has"—he glanced at Maury's face—"gray eyes instead of black, and waving yellow hair instead of wiry black hair—that interests the scientist."

Maury smiled with increased geniality now. "So you saw me with my friends?" he asked with no visible embarrassment. "I had sold them a consignment of guns—a legitimate business matter to which your general objects—and, at their request, I accompanied them to make sure they gave satisfaction."

Bednigo nodded. "It must have been a disappointment when we outranged them," he said. "By the way," he added, as a sort of unimportant second thought, "you were a sitting duck. I could have bagged you with one shot."

"Should I be grateful?"

"Quite the contrary," Bednigo said.

Maury understood. "Never put off until tomorrow ——" he said. "Now, if I had been in your place ——"

"It wouldn't have sufficed," Bednigo explained.

Maury straightened his shoulders. "Well," he said, "glad you're in town. I like to keep you under my eye. Have another drink?"

"Thank you, no," Bednigo said politely.

He watched Maury disappear through the door in the partition. Then he made his way to the street and to Mrs. Beebe's restaurant. There was a vacant table to which she showed him.

He grinned up at her boyishly and waved an admiring hand about the room. "This," he said, "beats anything this side of New York."

"For a start," Mrs. Beebe said, "it ain't so squalid. We hain't really got to whizzin' yit."

"Hepsie bearing up?" he asked. "Managing to fend off the boys?"

"The like of it you wouldn't believe—and all in a couple of weeks! She's got these here plug-uglies and Paddies eatin' out of her hand. Like in Omaha, it got noised around that she was to be respected, but ye got to do suthin' to warrant such a reputation, seems as though. I mean ye got to live up to it."

"So," asked Bednigo, "what did she contrive?"

"Wa-al, on work like this there's allus a sprinklin' of men droppin' rails onto their toes or gittin' bumped by engines or otherwise maimed and damaged. So what does this Hepsie up and hornswoggle? She goes to Dan Casement and finagles him out of a big tent and some army cots, and she turns it into a hospital. In what spare time she's got, she nurses them cases, and she's got a parcel of other women to help her. Yessir, and some of them women hain't white as the driven snow."

"I swan to man!" Bednigo exclaimed.

"The funny thing," said Mrs. Beebe, wrinkling her brows, "is that she means it. Yup. It hain't jest for show. And on top of this tendin' the sick, suppose some laddybuck gits cleaned out in a gamblin' den. Wa-al, like as not, Hepsie stakes him till payday." Mrs. Beebe was puzzled. "Drat it! I don't understand her. A more graspin' woman after money I never did see. But she's bought things for that hospital tent of her'n out of her own money, and any feller with a hard-luck yarn can tap our till. Anyhow, Bednigo, if ary man, drunk or sober, was to lay an impolite hand onto her, he'd git lynched to the nearest telegraph pole quick 's ye kin say Jack Robinson."

Bednigo digested all this. It nonplused him.

"She's a clever one," he said, "cleverer 'n what one would suspect."

A clamor outside in the street caused him to turn his head. A mob was gathering in front of the restaurant, almost blocking the street. It was not an angry or a threatening mob, but rather a decorous and sheepish throng. There emerged a leader who stood on the step and gave stern orders.

"Now, ye hooligans," he said in a rich brogue, "don't deaf us wid your clamor. Ye will enter two by two, and the divil fly away wid the spalpeen that does a damage wid' his clumsy brogans. Foller me and mind your manners."

He turned and opened the door. The mob of roughly dressed men followed sedately and ringed the room, their backs against the wall. There they stood, exquisitely uncomfortable and silent.

"God save us, Malachy, what's goin' on?" asked Mrs. Beebe.

"Ma'am," asked Malachy ceremoniously, "is Miss Hepsie on the premises?"

"And what do ye want of her?"

"We're a committee," Malachy said, "and it's business wid her we've got."

Mrs. Beebe raised a shrill voice. "Hepsie," she screamed, "there's a delegation to see ye! Drop what you're adoin' and hyper in here!"

Hepsie, slender, seeming almost emaciated, severe, hair pulled back so tightly that it drew her eyebrows to an angle, came out of the kitchen and stood wide-eyed, wiping her hands on her shapeless apron. Malachy stepped forward, and two men came in from the street bearing a huge cardboard box.

"Miss Hepsie, ma'am," Malachy began, and then bogged down in embarrassment, staring over his shoulder in an appeal for help.

"Git on wit' it," a harsh voice commanded. "Ye got your speech all learnt. Say it 'n' git it over."

"Miss Hepsie, ma'am," Malachy began again. "For you what we got is esteem, ma'am, and we're obleeged to ye, and fur you we got a friendly feelin'. So, Miss Hepsie, ma'am, it goes aginst our grain to see others flauntin' fine dresses 'n' millinery whilst you go about lookin' like what the cat dragged in. So we had a meetin' and decided we want ye should be as stylish as any dance-hall floozie in the town. We aim to be proud of how ye look when ye go traipsin' abroad. So we took up a collection, Miss Hepsie, ma'am, and we bought ye this here hat, than which no woman, even a madam, has got one more costly or stylish."

At this, the huge cardboard box was hoisted to a table and eager hands opened it. From its depths, reverent callused hands drew a hat. It was indeed a hat! Its broad brim flopped. There was gold lace upon it and festoons of ribbon and glittering hatpins, but its feature, its crowning glory, was a spreading cluster of white ostrich plumes, the least of which was two feet long. It was such a hat as only the proprietor of the most expensive bagnio could afford to wear.

Bednigo looked at Hepsie's face. He looked to see how she would bear up under this dreadful presentation. For an instant she stood with frozen face, and he thought she had failed in this high moment. But she did not fail. Her face broke into such a sweet smile as Bednigo never had dreamed could light it, and she uttered a little, excited and happy cry. Then she ran forward and stopped before the monstrosity and looked down upon it as if she could not believe her eyes. Then she lifted it as if it were too precious to touch, and put it upon her head. A more incongruous sight never was seen in heaven or on earth. Plumes bobbed and waved about her shoulders, and below this gorgeousness hung that sexless, ill-fitting apron. And there she stood for a moment, proud as a peacock. Then she reached across the table and took Malachy's bearded cheeks between her palms and kissed him resoundingly on the mouth.

"Oh-oh-oh!" she cried. "It's wonderful! It's beautiful! All my life I've dreamed of having a hat like this! Thank you all! No girl ever had friends like you!"

They were satisfied with her rapture and they bellowed their delight. She walked to the back of the dining room, horrible plumes bobbing about her head until she reached the kitchen door. There she paused and turned. "I'm going to cry," she said softly, and disappeared through the door.

Malachy, now that his frightening duty had been done so handsomely, preened himself. "Ma'am," he demanded vainglorously of Mrs. Beebe, "was that there done up in style?"

"Malachy," Mrs. Beebe assured him, "you ought to be an alderman."

The mob stomped out of the restaurant and stormed into the saloon next door, where decorum deserted it and dams of self-restraint burst with a roar.

Presently Hepsie came through the door again, with a tray upon which was Bednigo's supper. He smiled up at her. "Well, young woman," he said humorously, "now you've got it, what are you going to do with it?"

She looked down into his face. Her glance was severe, rebuking.

"Why, Mr. Claypool," she said coldly, "I'm going to wear it."

She arranged the dishes before him while he sat thinking. He was thinking that here had been a test—and a difficult one for any human being to face. But this girl had faced it and passed it with honors. He stood up and bowed to her. It was a genuine tribute, and she understood it. Frostiness left her eyes and they became friendly.

"The world," she said, "offers a curious variety of rewards."

"To people," Bednigo said gravely, "who are able to understand them when they come."

She returned to her kitchen; he applied himself to his antelope steak.

Bednigo received a telegram from General Dodge ordering him to come at once to Omaha. Upon his arrival, he went directly to headquarters in the bank building and found his superior in a state of mind.

"Letter from Tom Durant," he snarled as Bednigo entered his office. "He's bringing a swarm of bigwigs out here. A hundred and fifty of them that we'll have to coddle and amuse. Durant's running short of cash. This is a caper to try to raise capital."

Bednigo was practical about the matter. "If they're comin'," he said, "we've got to pamper 'em. When do they get here?"

"They're on their way, bringing their ladies," Dodge said disgustedly. "How do they expect us to entertain a parcel of society women?"

Bednigo did not know. "Why," he asked, "did you send for me?"

"I want you," Dodge said, "to make necessary arrangements."

"I'm a track layer, sir, not a leader of cotillions, "Bednigo protested.

"From now until we're rid of them," the general said, "you're relieved of all other duties." He shook his head and then unbent. "Bednigo," he said, "I don't know what to expect."

"Then, sir, it would be well to wire a friend in New York headquarters for information. How many in the party? How many ladies? What they will expect? Names of important persons?"

"That," said the general, "I have done already. The answer should arrive this morning."

"I take it that the railroad will be paying all expenses of this junket?"

"I suppose so," Dodge answered. "For what it will cost we could build ten miles of track."

A long wire arrived before noon and the news it contained was more appalling than Bednigo had apprehended. There would be a hundred and fifty important persons, many with their wives. There would be financiers such as Sidney Dillon. Abraham Lincoln's son, Robert Todd Lincoln, was of the party. John Sherman, eminent Ohio politician and brother to the general, was included, as were Senator Wade, Joseph Medill, George Pullman and a bevy of Government directors of the railroad.

Dodge's friend who sent the wire was not without sardonic humor. "All made easy for you," the wire said. "A brass band is provided. An eminent caterer will provide food, and there are six cooks to prepare it. Three tonsorial artists to trim beards, a photographer, a sleight-of-hand artist, and a printing press. They bring their own rations. Enjoy yourself."

Bednigo attacked the problem with engineering as well as political mind. "Tents we must have," he said. "You, sir, will have to ask the quartermaster general here in Omaha for the loan of them—a couple of hundred. And men to erect them."

"Mr. and Mrs. George Francis Train, and maid," the general said in a strangled voice. "That blatherskite! The Marquis Chambrun!"

Bednigo was not worrying about individuals, but about logistics and transportation and accommodations.

"They," he said, "will want to see wild country. And Injuns. With your approval, general, I'll set up their camp out the Loup Fork River. They'll be safe there."

"You have a free hand, Claypool," General Dodge said and made a gesture of dismissal.

Bednigo went to the hotel, where he took a room for the duration of his stay in Omaha. Next he visited the quartermaster general's office, where he learned that arrangements had been made for tents and soldiers to erect them. There was little else he could accomplish at the moment, besides assuring that a train would be in readiness to transport the party from Omaha to their camp on the Loup Fork River.

In his box at the desk he found a note written on dainty stationery. He looked first for the signature. It was "Potter Nourse," and he wondered how she was informed so promptly of his arrival in

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town. The note was brief and businesslike, but nevertheless with a personal touch.

"My dear Mr. Claypool," it commenced, "I hope it will be convenient for you to call upon me this evening. It will advantage you to do so. In addition to material affairs, I assure you that you will pleasure me by coming."

He would pleasure her by coming. That was no New York phrasing, but the language of the Deep South. There was a postscript: "I have rented a house in Omaha. The hotel clerk will direct you."

Bednigo found Potter Nourse in a cottage on the slope to the river, small, neat and comfortable. She answered his ring and admitted him to a tiny, square parlor not uncomfortably furnished, and motioned him to a seat on a black-walnut haircloth sofa. Bednigo was perverse—he could not have explained why—but he refused the sofa and occupied a straight-backed chair. Potter raised lovely brows, but made no comment. She swept to a second chair—a rocking chair—and seated herself gracefully, with a little flirt of skirts which displayed ankles of exquisite slenderness.

"I am a direct person, Mr. Claypool," she commenced.

"When," Bednigo interrupted, "you are not being devious."

She smiled at that in a fixed, humorless way and proceeded as if he had not spoken. "First," she said, "we shall finish with business matters."

"And then?" he asked.

"And then," she said demurely, "your call becomes social. . . . Have you considered the proposition I offered at our last meeting?"

"Oh, naturally—naturally," he answered, becoming hesitant and unsure of himself. She eyed him narrowly. He puzzled her. His sudden changes from self-possession to boldness to embarrassment annoyed her because she could not be sure which manner was real.

"You could," she said, "have written your answer."

"Ma'am," he said with a sort of bumpkin slyness, "never write down what you can speak private."

"Well," she said a bit sharply, "you can speak privately now."

He evaded. "How did you know I was in town?" he asked.

"It is a small place," she said, and then, ironically, "and such important news was sure to be bruited."

"Oh, bruited!" he said. "To be sure, bruited." He grinned boyishly. "After that happened, you didn't let grass grow under your feet." This was rather crude. He watched to see its effect. She flushed and bit her lip. He had annoyed her.

"That," she said, recovering herself, "might be a compliment."

"Meanin'," he said in his most New England voice, "that you jest tarnation couldn't endure bein' separated from me any longer."

"Is that impossible?" she asked.

"Wa-al, ma'am," he said, "it's kind of short acquaintance."

"Mr. Claypool," she said sharply, "you're not stupid. Stop playing games with me."

"I'm not used to handsome women," he said. "They flabbergast me."

"Doubtless," she said coldly, "you're more at home with restaurant waitresses."

"Meanin' Hepsie!" he exclaimed. This girl, he realized more firmly than ever, was formidable. No item of information escaped her. "Hepsie," he said, "ain't exactly one to heat a body's blood."

"You're not that blind!" Potter exclaimed. "You're not so unobservant that you fail to see what a lovely body is concealed under that clumsy apron. Or what a striking face if she did not jerk it out of shape with her hair!"

"Aw, shucks," he said sheepishly. "You're making fun."

"Let us return to the subject."

"Let's do that," he agreed.

"What is your answer?" she demanded.

"Well, there are attractive points and unattractive points. I'm considering from all sides. Is there such a hurry?"

"There is a hurry," she told him.

"Why?"

"Because," she said reluctantly, "Mr. Durant is on his way to Omaha and I want to be able to tell him when he arrives."

So she had been informed of this—knew about it as soon as General Dodge.

"Mr. Durant coming here!" he exclaimed. "Oh, that must be wrong! Why would he come way out here?"

"It is true," she assured him.

"Then," Bednigo said, "I don't need to make up my mind tonight. I can discuss it with him face to face."

Her beautiful mouth expressed scorn at his stupidity. "And let everybody—General Dodge—see you talking to him! What good would you be to Durant if it were known you were intimate with him?"

"Why," Bednigo said, as if such an idea never had occurred to him, "that wouldn't be smart, would it?"

"Mr. Claypool," she said with exasperation, "you're not fooling me. General Dodge would not rely upon a man who is such a dolt as you pretend to be."

"Maybe neither of us is bamboozling the other. And it could be, Miss Nourse, that we both have tied up to the wrong parties."

"What do you mean by that?"

"What about the Ames brothers, Oakes and Oliver? Especially Oakes."

She was bewildered. "I never heard the names," she said.

"So," he said, "they don't tell you everything. Well, dear lady, you'd better educate yourself on the subject of the two Ames men from Massachusetts. Who are mighty apt to take over the Union Pacific. Anyhow, the Crédit Mobilier. And oust your friend Durant. You might take a leaf out of my book."

"What leaf?" she asked, pushed well off her stride by the unexpected turn the conversation had taken.

"Get yourself a seat on the fence," he told her, "and wait to see which way the cat will jump."

"What is this?" she demanded. "Are you trying to trick me?"

"Just making a smart suggestion," he told her, "which you would be wise to follow. Postpone this business meeting with me until you can ask some questions." He rose and smiled down at her. "Suppose now we turn from labor to refreshment—come to the social part of the evening you mentioned."

She disregarded that suggestion. "How long are you going to be in Omaha, Bednigo?" Her use of his first name was deliberate. "Bednigo! That is an odd name."

"Yes'm," he said. "My folks believed names have an influence. They wanted me to be an odd fellow, so they gave me an odd name." His face remained grave. "I'm going to be in town some little time, keeping an anxious eye on Mr. Durant and his Canterbury Pilgrims."

Potter sat stiffly erect. She was angry. "You knew Mr. Durant was coming before I told you!"

"Seems as though," he admitted.

"Are you trying to make me look ridiculous?" she demanded.

"No'm, jest endeavoring to be agreeable. People take pleasure in being the first to give news. I didn't aim to spoil your enjoyment."

She was really angry now. "You try to belittle me!" she said passionately. "You laugh at me!"

"Not a bit of it," he protested.

"You are trying to impress me—to alarm me by being enigmatic."

"Naow," he drawled, "there's a great big word! To be sure, I'm endeavoring to impress you. You're a teetotal handsome woman, and I'm a man. I wouldn't be a smart human being if I didn't try to show ye how smart I be and ketch your fancy. Yes'm. Jest like you flirt your skirts and show your ankles to bother me."

"The idea!" she protested.

He smiled broadly. "No sense getting offended, Potter." It was his first use of her given name. "You and me will get further and fare better if we cease 'n' desist from trying to bamboozle each other. I don't calc'late to be able to pull wool over your sharp eyes, and, on the other hand, I don't figger to let you tie a hoodwink onto me."

She was not offended now. Her eyes were calculating and she was conscious of growing admiration, mingled with apprehension, for this contradictory character. She thought she knew men from *A* to *Z*, and how to manage them. Yet Bednigo Claypool was not only impervious but oddly attractive. Burly he was, and not handsome of face, but he was definitely masculine. She was conscious of him physically, and it disturbed and annoyed her.

"You," she said, "are very frank. I think you should enlarge upon this topic—this suggestion. A suggestion is implied, is it not?"

"This may run into a little money."

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"Why, yes'm," he responded. "A couple of them. In a clever, nice kind of a way, you've been temptin' me. T'other one is: we're both the kind that don't strain at a gnat to get what we want. Could be, ma'am, that both of us regard scruples as impediments to progress. We both have ways of tapping reservoirs of information."

She pretended to study his words. "What you are saying," she said after a pause, "is that you and I should pool our talents and our resources. That we should discard loyalties to—shall we say to those who employ us?—and form a little confederation of two."

"Puts it in a nutshell," he told her. "Yup. And neither of us to double-cross the other."

She nodded to that, but he was not through with his suggestion. There was a corollary. "Not," he said, and his broad face was alight with a boyish grin, "until it gits to be profitable to one or the other of us to do a little bilking."

Her anger blazed now. "All of this rigmarole," she said tensely, "has been your idea of being funny! I fail to laugh at it!"

"Look, Potter," he said dolefully, "could you ever bring yourself to trust me a hundred per cent?" He waited. "Be honest now."

"No," she admitted, after a pause.

"Nobody ever seems to," he said lugubriously. "And take me—I couldn't ever put all my eggs in your basket. Unless ——"

"Unless what?" she demanded.

"Unless," he responded, "you were so foolish as to let your heart discombobolate your head and you fell ker-slam in love with me."

"And," she asked harshly, "what difference would that make?"

"A heap sight of difference. I been kind of assaying you, Potter, and I've come to the conclusion that once you threw your bonnet over the woodshed, nothing in the world would matter but just that. You wouldn't give a continental. Yes'm, and you'd follow the man through hell 'n' high water, frizzling heat 'n' numbing cold."

She was leaning toward him, eyes staring and dark with something akin to terror. She was rigid. It was as if she peered into some murky abyss peopled by horrors.

"How dare you?" Her voice was hoarse, almost a croak. "How dare you?"

He seemed to be unaware of her agitation. He replied clumsily, awkwardly. "Oh," he said, "I was just estimating."

"Get out of this house!" she stormed. "Get out of my sight! Never say so horrible a thing to me again!"

"No reason to get all het up, Potter. None whatever."

"Get out!" she ordered. She was on her feet, pointing dramatically to the door.

Bednigo shrugged. "Wa-al," he said, "it's been a nice, cozy evening till the very last of it." He walked out of the parlor into the tiny hall and picked up his hat. "By the way," he said over his shoulder as he opened the door, "I saw a friend of yours back in the hills. Yes'm. He was diked out like a red Injun and doin' his level best to shoot a bullet into me. Thought you might kind of like to have tidings he was safe and sound. Name of Wesley Maury."

She snatched a china vase from the table and hurled it at his head.

He stepped aside. "Now, now," he said as if astonished at her conduct. "That's no way for a girl to act."

Then he closed the door behind himself and stepped out into the starry night. The corners of his mouth were twitching.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Hidden Gem of the Spanish Main

(Continued from Page 33)

were south of the Dutch island of Saba, just a little north of our intended course. I thought we were much farther north. We decided to sail south for a day and then, if we sighted nothing, to head back in the general direction of St. Croix."

At five o'clock that afternoon the ketch raised a small island on the southern horizon. It was identified as Sombrero, which put the Limejuicer on the outermost fringe of the Leeward Islands, far to the north of its proper course.

"With our position established, we continued south," relates Lawaetz, "and at two o'clock the following morning pulled into the little harbor of Marigot, on the island of St. Martin. By this time we were thoroughly uncomfortable—chilled and wet and boathappy—and our supplies were running low. So we landed and walked around the sleeping town to get some exercise and warm up. Marigot is on the French half of a French-Dutch island and I was somewhat concerned about our reception, as the Limejuicer's clearance papers were for Antigua."

Lawaetz needn't have worried. When Elie Fleming, the mayor of Marigot, learned of his unexpected guests later that morning, he came down to the town dock, greeted them in English, extended them the freedom of the island and placed a car and chauffeur at the party's disposal so that they could tour St. Martin.

"I knew something about St. Martin," relates Lawaetz, "because it is just a little more than 100 miles from the American Virgins, where I was born, and have spent most of my life. This, however, was my first visit to the island. We spent two days looking around, and what I saw there changed all my plans. I am now developing 2000 acres on St. Martin for both winter and year-round residents."

What Lawaetz found during his exploration of St. Martin was enough to raise the promotional temperature of even an acknowledged expert in the sales potential of tropical islands. For the thirty-seven square miles of St. Martin seemed to offer about everything anyone could look for on a Caribbean island. There was the equable tropical climate, air-conditioned by the northeast trades; there were high forested hills and hidden green valleys; there were miles of white beaches, a passable road system and a number of small-boat harbors. There was also a small airport. Best of all from Lawaetz's point of view, there were few tourists and no foreign residents.

In addition to its natural endowments—which can be found in varying degrees on most of the twenty-odd major islands of the Antilles chain—St. Martin offers the visitor several attractions which are all its own. One of these charms is what might be called a foreign-atmosphere-without-pain. Lawaetz, an American of Danish descent, discovered this casual internationalism on his first morning when he bought a bottle of Dutch beer in the French town of Marigot, paid for it—fifteen cents—with an American dollar and received his change in shillings and pence which had been brought in from Anguilla, a small British island twelve miles to the north of St. Martin.

St. Martin's internationalism could be very confusing if anyone paid any attention to it. Splitting up an eight-mile-long island between two such diverse cultures as those of the Dutch and the French would have been chaotic if good sense hadn't made it simply piquant and amusing. As it is, the atmosphere of the French portion of the island—slightly more than half the land area—is more informal than the Dutch portion, which is neat and prim and, well, Dutch. Perhaps the fact that the island's cockfights are legal on the French side, while the island's coffins are made in an open-air workshop on the Dutch side, best symbolizes the variations of national character which are displayed side by side on this tiny island stage.

The weekly open-air market to which the natives of St. Martin and neighboring Anguilla bring their produce is held on the French side, and the little shadowed shops of Marigot are redolent from wine casks and hanging cheeses—but the traveler who wants a good meal or a room for the night must drive back to the Dutch part of the island.

Though there are other differences between the two—in place names, in architecture and in official philosophy—the striking feature of the Dutch and French halves of St. Martin lies in their essential commonalty. Much of this is due to the absence of a language problem. Though French is taught in the schools and sometimes spoken on the French side, and Dutch taught and occasionally spoken on the Dutch side—the social, natural language of the entire island is English. This is a boon to the philological tourist, who can venture forth in his worst French or Dutch with the assurance that he can always flounder out of trouble by switching to English. Whether you say "*Goede morgen*" on Philipsburg's Voorstraat or "*Bonjour*" in Marigot's market place, you will probably be answered with a courteous, "Good morning, sir."

St. Martin treats the money problem the same way it does its hyphenated language situation; Dutch pfennigs or cents and guilders, and French francs are freely given and received, and American or British money is always acceptable. This is fine if the visitor can remember his exchange tables long enough to figure out that a beer bottle filled from a cask of Guadeloupe rum can be purchased for twelve cents Dutch, twenty-five francs or six cents American. After the first few swallows of this liquid, which is the ambrosia, the sovereign remedy, the tranquilizer and the energizer of the native population of St. Martin, the exchange rates become a laughing matter.

Money, in any event, is not very important in St. Martin—which operates on a two-bit economy. The Dutch side of the island shows a deficit of $600,000 a year with Curaçao, a rich sister island of the Netherlands Antilles, picking up the tab; and the French side gets an allowance from Guadeloupe. Both Marigot and Philipsburg are free ports, and the island has no excise taxes.

The frontier between Dutch and French territory on St. Martin would make a poor defense line for either nation. The boundary consists of a waist-high wall of loosely piled stones which meanders across the island on what is probably the border. Nobody pays any attention to the international marker—except tourists on the road between Philipsburg and Marigot who pause at a small monument memorializing 300 years of this the friendly division. When Lawaetz was improving his property, a bulldozer operator ripped through a big section of a stone wall while scraping a road up a hillside. Lawaetz later found, to his consternation, that he'd been making free with the Dutch-French border. To date, no one has even mentioned this bit of lese majesty.

St. Martin's one main road, which makes a rough circuit of the island, provides an oddity for visitors. On the eastern side of the island a short stretch of the road runs along the boundary line, which gives the driver a chance to turn around and tell Mr. Tourist that he's in French and Mrs. Tourist that she's in Dutch territory. Fifty yards farther on, the dirt road takes a twist and everybody is back in the same country.

St. Martin's roads have a built-in system of speed control. Cattle, dogs, chickens, goats, burros, children and sauntering grownups form living roadblocks, and since everyone expects to give and receive a greeting, the motorist might just as well relax and enjoy it. Most of the island's interior roads look as though they'd been built by a contractor who changed his mind every morning—there is seldom more than a hundred yards of the same type of road surfacing. Driving from a narrow strip of concrete to blacktop or gravel, to what looks like a dry stream bed, and then abruptly back to ten more yards of concrete—and all in the course of a mile—is an experience guaranteed to jounce the speed out of a hot-rodder. Fortunately, most of St. Martin's roads are bordered by stone rows covered with a fragrant pink honeysuckle called coralita, which makes criticism of their bumps seem ungracious.

Though St. Martin's dual citizenship has an appeal for the casual visitor, it was the island's beaches which won Lawaetz's promotional enthusiasm.

A beach is an area where the ocean meets the land; it is covered with sand—the whiter, the finer, the deeper the better—which gets into food and under bathing suits, reflects the sun, sifts through every crevice, intensifies tropical heat, attracts sand flies and innumerable other aggravating insects, sticks to wet feet, proves indigestible to babies and dogs and, on occasion, mysteriously disappears into the ocean deeps whence it comes—leaving the beach a stony shelf. Beaches are the first to welcome all storms and are doting hosts to dead fish, orange crates, nail-studded jetsam and oil slicks. Beaches are nice places to visit, but they can be uncomfortable places to live on. For some reason, northerners who migrate to the tropics feel compelled to settle themselves on beach-front property.

If that's what tropical immigrants want—and Lawaetz knows it is—St. Martin has it. Most of the Antilles with the exception of Saba, which is a mountain peak surrounded by water, like to boast about their beaches. Some have very nice ones, but few can match the beaches of St. Martin. The surf is mild on the leeward side, vigorous on the windward coast. The sand is so soft that a pretty girl in a bathing suit sinks up to her fetlocks. The water is just plain old, crystal-clear tropical blue.

Though you can "buy" the rights and privileges of the beaches with water-front property on St. Martin, the actual ownership of the water-line strip—100 feet from high water line on the Dutch side and fifty feet on the French—is retained by the government. This ancient and traditional prerogative, known as the "King's Step" because it assured a monarch landing rights on his domain, now serves to protect beach-front property owners from neighbors who might want to spoil the shore line with odd structures such as fishing piers and boardwalks.

One of the attractions of St. Martin which must be ranked with its beaches, its foreignness and its pastoral vistas is its people. The population of the island is approximately 6500, with 4000 living on the French side and 2500 in Dutch territory. Of this total, some 95 per cent are colored.

This homogeneity, abetted by an easy-going colonialism embracing a large measure of autonomy, the relative agricultural richness of the island—frequent sun showers keep St. Martin's fertile valleys green the year round—and the absence of the pressures of mainland tourism, have all combined to make St. Martin's citizens a notably relaxed and friendly people.

This amiable and unsophisticated habit of getting along with each other and the passing stranger is deep-rooted in St. Martin's history. Columbus sighted and named the island during his second voyage, in 1493, but the active colonization of St. Martin dates from 1648, when two independent parties of Dutch and French landed, unknown to each other, on opposite ends of the island. The French had come from nearby St. Kitts, and the Dutch from neighboring St. Eustatius. When the two parties discovered each other several weeks later, they very sensibly decided that, rather than fight for the island, they'd simply divide it.

There is an interesting story about this division of St. Martin. It relates that a Frenchman and a Dutchman stood back to back and then set off and walked in opposite directions around the shore of the island, with the part encompassed by each man belonging to his country. The Frenchman, who walked around the northern half of the island, was supposed to have been the faster walker and thus he acquired more territory for the French; the Dutchman, however, proved to be cannier in that he walked around the southern half, which contained a valuable salt pond.

Actually, this is just a story. Though the exact method of determining the boundary line is uncertain, the French chose the northern half so that they could keep an eye on the English, who held Anguilla, just twelve miles away. The Dutch, in all probability, got the salt pond as their part of the bargain.

St. Martin has the usual story of pirate treasure. It seems that back in the 1920's there was a farmer named Alanda Lake who worked some fields he had on the edge of Plum Bay, on the eastern tip of the island. Alanda, a white man, scratched out a living, but not much more—and then one day he left his farm with the crops standing in the fields, and migrated, with his family, to Anguilla, where he bought a schooner and considerable acreage and lived prosperously ever after. Alanda never talked about his sudden change of fortune, but the curious who later visited his farm found a large hole in the sandy soil of one of the fields bordering the beach. Some versions of the story even have it that there was a gold doubloon or two left in the hole. The spot where Alanda's treasure may or may not have been found is now a part of Lawaetz's carefully mapped out development area.

Sugar, salt and slave labor made St. Martin an island treasure during the first two centuries of its colonial history. By 1848, when the French abolished slavery and doomed the plantation economy on their part of the island, there were sixty-one sugar mills on St. Martin. When the Dutch freed their slaves fifteen years later, St. Martin was left with only its salt trade and a modest island traffic in its cattle, horses and mules. The salt, which was dug by hand from a diked pond lying behind the Dutch town of Philipsburg, continued to be an article of trade until the last war, when mineral salt captured the market. The Great Salt Pond, a mile square, now has five feet of solid salt lying beneath its shallow waters.

The plantation era of St. Martin produced a feudal society in which a few land-holding families dominated the life of the island. One of the most colorful of

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these clans during the early years of the last century was the Van Romondt family, which owned the salt ponds, thousands of acres of sugar cane and most of the pleasant little town of Philipsburg. The first Van Romondt to immigrate from Holland was Dederick Johannes, a giant of a man who, on occasion, entertained his field hands by picking up a horse and carrying it on his back.

The last of the Van Romondts, Dederick Christian, who died in 1948 at the age of seventy-six, was faithful to some of the baronial traditions of his forebears. Following a quarrel with the governor of the Dutch part of the island, Dederick once banished himself to mile-long Flat Island, a piece of Van Romondt land lying just off the northeast tip of St. Martin. Dederick, accompanied by several servants, raised his own flag and endured his self-imposed exile for twenty-eight years before returning to his ancestral home in a fold of the hills just outside Philipsburg.

With the loss of its salt trade, St. Martin lapsed into a period of relative isolation. The lack of accommodations for visitors, the inaccessibility of many of its fine beaches, and the fact that the island was somewhat off the beaten track followed by island-hopping tourists all contributed toward keeping seasonal travelers away from St. Martin's doors. The venturesome few who utilized their stopover privileges on KLM or Air France for a brief visit to St. Martin—and travelers who arrived in their own planes—were charmed by the island's pastoral beauty and its seascapes, with the purple profiles of Saba, Anguilla, St. Eustatius and St. Barthélemy ringing the horizon—but charm soon wears thin when bed and board are lacking.

Several years ago the Dutch decided to do something about getting St. Martin its share of the seasonal flood of tourists and winter residents which was bringing a new era of prosperity to other islands of the Antilles chain. The first substantial result of this program was the construction, in 1955, of an attractive cottage-type hotel with its own beach on Little Bay, near Philipsburg. The Little Bay Hotel offers first-class accommodations at prevailing Caribbean-island prices—sixteen to twenty-five dollars a day. During the past year, two additional guest houses, the Lido and the Pasaggrahan, were built on the curving white beach which serves Philipsburg as its water front.

St. Martin can now provide bed and bath and board for some eighty visitors, and hopes to double its accommodations within the next year or two. Dining out on the island is limited to the hotels, with the menus, featuring local sea foods and home-grown fruits and vegetables, being a cut or two above the general standards of Caribbean island resorts. Two small hospitals, one on the Dutch side and one on the French, provide medical care for a population notable for both its high infant mortality and its longevity—apparently if you survive the first few years on St. Martin you can look forward to a spry old age.

St. Martin is seven hours by air from New York, with a change at San Juan, Puerto Rico, and the constant migration of many of its young people to Stateside jobs in the north has given the islanders a close feeling of kinship with this country. The little fishing village of Simpson Bay, with a home population of several hundred souls, has more than 200 of its sons and daughters working in and around New York—most of them in the hotel trade.

The first official developments in St. Martin's bid for tourists have been somewhat overshadowed by Lawaetz's ambitious project. He has divided his 2000 acres of beachfront property—which hooks around a lagoon four miles long—into 250 homesites, five community beaches for the benefit of property holders who don't have the ocean in their front yard, and four sites for cottage-type hotels. Part-time residents of this Island Gem community—some of which is on French territory and some on the Dutch side of the international boundary—will have their property maintained year-round by a permanent staff. Lawaetz's latest report is that sixty of these homesites have been sold—all to United States citizens.

Though Lawaetz's Island Gem community is the largest development project in St. Martin's immediate future, it is not the only one. Near the northern, French-owned tip of the island two American business executives—John Snyder, Jr., chairman of the board of United States Industries, and Richard Moser, a Wall Street lawyer—have acquired a seventy-acre islet which lies just a few yards offshore. Snyder and Moser, who have visited St. Martin several times in their own plane, fell hard for their hilly little island ringed with beaches, but they haven't decided how they are going to develop it.

On the south side of St. Martin, in Dutch territory, several business executives from Philadelphia and the Midwest are dickering for a 300-acre beachfront plantation which they hope to develop as a residential community. This group has run into a problem which faces prospective purchasers of large tracts on St. Martin—the ownership of the land is so scrambled and divided among so many heirs and assigns that it often takes years to consummate a deal.

Beachfront land on St. Martin—whether it's in a resort development or independently owned—may cost anywhere from $100 to $1000 an acre, and most of the colonists who buy these plots will probably have invested from $15,000 to $25,000 by the time they are ready to move into their tropical home-away-from-home. A few canny island-hoppers have discovered a homesteading plan which makes this outlay sound extravagant.

On the Dutch side of the island these bargain hunters take advantage of the government's willingness to lease publicly owned beachfront property to new residents for sixty years, with an option for renewal. The price for residential sites is about thirty-five dollars a year for an acre of property with 140 feet of beach frontage. The only stipulation is that the lessee must start construction of a home within six months of the signing of the deed and complete the construction within eighteen months.

Jack Monsanto, pilot and part owner of the Virgin Island Playground Airways which services St. Martin from St. Thomas, was one of the first to take advantage of this arrangement. Monsanto and his bride leased a slice of lovely deserted beach a stone's throw from the airport and then bought a precut, five-room bungalow of native hardwood and had it shipped up from Surinam. The cost of the bungalow was $1500, and the erection of the house and the construction of a rain-water cistern beneath it will run another $1500. This gives the Monsantos a sturdy beachhouse for about $3000, plus their annual land rental. If the Monsantos want household help, they can hire a pleasant and reasonably accomplished native girl for $7.50 a month and keep—or for $12.50 a month if the girl lives out.

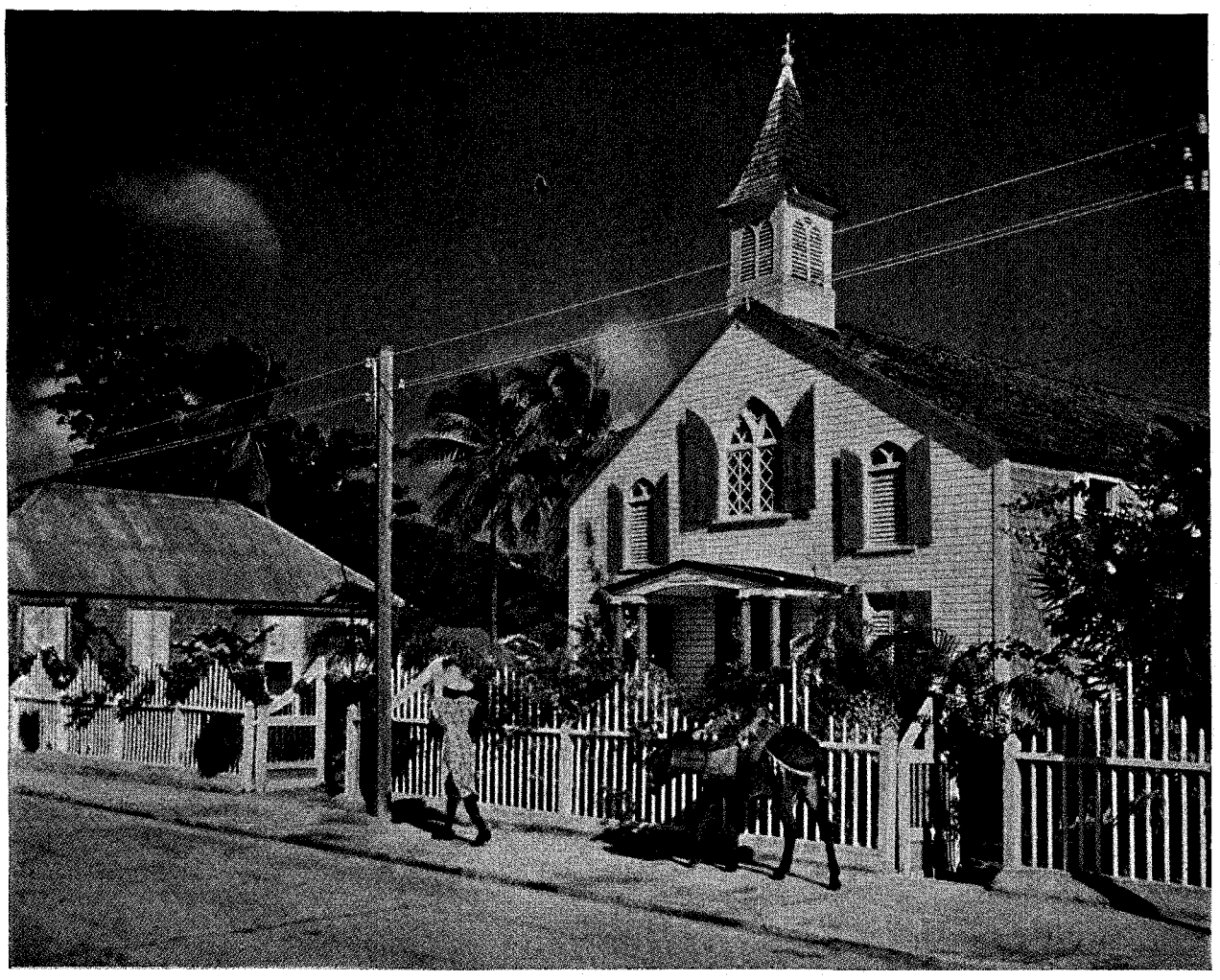
Though the French side of the island offers no bargains in public lands, the government encourages colonists by offering a twenty-year tax moratorium on new home construction, and also offers a bonus of approximately $2700—payable over twenty years—to the home builder.

Island officials are apparently confident that these substantial inducements and Erik Lawaetz's proselytizing will lure a flock of solvent colonists to St. Martin. To make them feel at home, Dutch planners have recently projected an islandful of improvements. A deepwater dock is to be built to one side of Philipsburg's shallow harbor, electrification of the island is to be expanded, new wells and public roads are to be constructed, the air strip is to be lengthened to accommodate four-engine planes, and a new channel will open the island's immense lagoon to the sea and make it one of the finest yacht harbors in the Caribbean. New and more frequent air service from Puerto Rico is also being planned.

What will happen when bucolic St. Martin is invaded by numbers of jet-age tourists with folding money in their hands and by a new group of citizens in shorts and sun-tan lotion is a question. St. Martin is geared to the simple life; the lights go out at ten P.M., phone service between the two ends of the island ceases when the French operator closes shop at five o'clock, and almost everyone on the island knows almost everyone else. St. Martin's diversions are equally simple—the Saturday-morning market, the Saturday-afternoon cockfights for the sporting crowd, and the country dances—locally called "bullfights"—that are held on Saturday nights seem to provide enough excitement for everyone.

Will the newcomers change the placid pattern of life on this friendly island? Will success spoil St. Martin? It's going to be an interesting experiment to watch.

THE END



Philipsburg, on the Dutch half of St. Martin Island, is geared to the simple life. But jet-age tourists are on their way.

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The Christmas Lie (Continued from Page 18)

me to dinner would entail—that it would mean asking my eight brothers and sisters and my parents as well.

"I wish that you could come," Madge said kindly.

Ben began to draw on the reins toward stopping the mare and letting me out at my corner for the quarter-mile walk home alone, through the timber.

The dinner pails were handed me to carry. I clamped a mittened hand about the bail of each, waved them good-by and stood to watch them over the nearest knoll and turned toward home. There was a wind-swept treeless strip before I came to the rise that ran down to the timber edge. I left the heavier of the pails on a stump beside the trail, where it would not be missed by the others when they came along, and whispering a prayerful charm to ward off wolves, went on. To jog, as did the others, jarred my throat. I had found a hurt-saving gait of my own that did not let me lag behind and kept my feet from getting too cold—a gentle prance. My moccasined feet made only the slightest sound on the icy runner path. To myself I recalled the Bunny Christmas-dinner menu, improving on it somewhat by adding my favorites of the preserves and pickles I knew were on the Bunny pantry shelves. I was not a child to eat much, for eating, like talking, was doubtfully worth the discomfort it cost, but I liked to think about food.

When the light from the clearing shone through the latticed slits between pine and spruce, I began to chant aloud. There, where a cry could summon Rats, our dog, nothing could harm me.

As always, my heart lifted when I saw the low log house and the smoke rising from the pipe at the end of the snow-laden roof. I passed under the moose horn and along the snow-walled canyon to the door and went in. My mother looked up from her knitting, smiled and said, "Hang your mittens and oversocks on the line and put on dry moccasins. Don't wake the baby." I waited for her to ask why I had come in alone and whether my throat hurt, but she went on counting stitches with so purposed a calm that I knew she was working on someone's Christmas present.

When I had changed my moccasins I went to look at my sleeping little brother. He lay under a folded blanket on a lower bunk. His hands were curled in dainty fists beside his golden head. His black lashes lay long on his cheeks. I carefully lifted the blanket and crept in beside him, not quite touching him, to spare him my outdoor coldness, and fell asleep.

When I awoke, the others were home, laughing and talking, and mother was getting supper. The baby was with them.

"Wake up, lazybones!" someone called to me when I sat up. My elder sister had set the lamp on the table and its light glowed on her braid-crowned, amber hair and in her hazel eyes. She smiled at me and asked, "Was it fun, riding with the Bunnys?"

I knew that Ben would much have preferred my sister in my place. He blushed sometimes when the children at school teased him about her, but she was too shy and too sturdy and kind ever to have left the younger ones to walk alone. Often she carried the youngest one pick-aback for better than half the way.

"Did you sleep in the cutter too?" a brother teased. "You sleep half the time."

"No, we talked," I said.

"So? What did you talk about?"

He was ribbing me. Always it hurt my throat to talk, and only having a very good story to tell made it worth while. "We talked about Christmas," I said, and then, to my amazement and theirs, "They want me to come for Christmas dinner."

"You?" a brother asked. "Just you?"

I considered his question and a suitable answer while they all looked at me. I found it impossible to own, at once, that I had all but asked myself, and that Madge's invitation was a purely rhetorical one.

I swallowed and said, "They want us all to come."

I waited for someone to say, "Here, now! Of course, they don't! Just what did they say?" and break me down. Was I not a child given to sudden fantasies after long silences?

My mother turned from the breadboard where she was cutting out biscuits with an empty baking-powder can to say happily, "I only wish they had told us, asked us sooner. There will be so much to do, to get you all ready. I'll need to wash and iron, do a lot of baking, and wash your hair." She cut the remaining biscuits with a flourish, set the can down and pressed her floury hands together—almost, she clapped them. She smiled, and looked very pretty and young enough to be one of us rather than the mother of the nine of us. "Last year the Hagens asked us, and now the Bunnys! It will be more like Christmas!" Her dark eyes shone with Kansas joy.

All the year long we had remembered, retold those two wonderful days and nights at the Hagens', and relived the brightness of their Scandinavian Christmas. Having enjoyed that holiday largess, why should an invitation by the Bunnys be cause for doubts and questionings now? They all—and first and most happily my mother—gladly joined me in wishful thinking. Along with my dread of the web I should likely have to weave if I did not quickly find the courage to own I was fabricating, I felt a tender pity for them and especially for my mother—for so many months at a time she did not leave the clearing.

Mother looked to see that Maud, our cat, was not sleeping on drying mittens in the oven, and slid the big pan of biscuits in. She straightened up and looked at me seriously, and I thought, half in dread, half in hope, *Now it occurs to her that I made this up. She will ask, "Is this true?" and I will tell her it isn't, and I must brace myself to weather the family derision, and it will be over at last.*

Instead, she said, "You, child, must have a new dress. You were sick when I made the other girls' dresses and I put your dress lengths away. Which do you want, the red or the brown?"

Mother was smiling at me, trusting, happy, wanting to do something for this slightest, thinnest, least useful of her children. I looked toward the door. If only my father would come in quickly! He would understand, surely, that I'd got myself into a fix, and help me. But the door stayed closed, the latch unmoving. "Well, which?" mother asked, with her not unkind impatience.

"The red," I whispered.

"The red it will be," mother said. "I'll cut it out after supper. . . . Boys, tomorrow you must go out and shoot partridges for some big partridge pies. I'll make light rolls. I am so glad I saved enough of the raspberries for some tarts. Tonight, bring in snow to melt, so that I can wash in the morning. Now go to the barn and tell papa! We'll have supper as soon as the biscuits are done!"

"We'll have our own Christmas here Christmas Eve, won't we?" someone asked mother.

"Yes, of course," mother said, and exchanged glances with my older sister, who was her confidante and, we little ones knew, shared the holiday secrets with her.

When father came in, he said, "So, we're asked out to Christmas dinner!"

"Yes," mother said. "Likely there will be a letter, when you go for the mail tomorrow."

"I doubt it," father said. "Mrs. Bunny is not of epistolary bent. . . . Boys, which shall it be tonight, history or algebra?" Father was giving a high-school course to his older sons, and each night after supper the table was cleared and under the hanging lamp father had made, they worked together or we all listened while he read aloud to us, then questioned the boys.

"I'll need the table to cut out a dress for this girl," mother said. "You'd better read aloud, if you will."

In my place at table, between my two oldest brothers, I bowed my head for the blessing and felt that deep unworthiness that was to grow, with each prayer raised, from that meal onward toward Christmas.

I waited to see which of the books father would choose from the shelf above the window, and was somewhat disappointed when he took down Ivanhoe. The people of Scott's stories were so undaunted and husky—men of deeds and few but honest words, but all so long in the telling!

I fell asleep and was dreamily grateful when my eldest brother lifted me in his arms, carried me to my bunk, that I shared with my two sisters, undressed me and got me into my gown and tucked the covers about me. In bed I strained to listen and heard "'Only a change of raiment, only a change of raiment,' the old man said." The words struck me as terribly sad. Tears came to my eyes, and weeping for beautiful Rebecca's father, in his fear and perfidy, I fell asleep.

I woke to hear Rats barking his particular bark that went with the rifle and shotgun being taken down from their pegs above the door; my brothers were going out to shoot partridges. My younger sister was setting the breakfast table, and already my older sister was taking her turn at the steaming tub of wash water, rubbing clothes on the board to help mother get the washing done and onto the lines that were strung overhead.

Little was expected of me at that time in my growing. I was not strong enough to carry in wood or water. I could not even feed the hens: the rooster chased me. He had chased my younger sister, too, when he was first brought home to shepherd our little flock, but she fought him with a birch switch and vanquished him, and was paid a thin Canadian dime for her courage. After that he prudently looked the other way and let her pass. Once I thought to fool him by wearing her coat, but he found me out, and with head lowered and neck ruffled, he ran at me. I stood, paralyzed with fear, my hands over my face, until brother arms lifted me high and set me on a shoulder, where I buried my face in a sheepskin cap, and from that vantage peeked to see the rooster lifted by a shoepack kick and sent, squawking, over the jack-pine stump.

I was good for nothing but to set the table or mind the babies. A hewer of wood and drawer of water I never became. The youngest of my four older brothers more than a little resented this partiality shown me, and made me suffer for it by teasing me. It was first on his account and my dread of his scorn, or so I told myself, that I nightly repented the day's cowardice and resolved in my prayers to muster the courage, by dawn, to tell my parents that I had lied, that we had not been asked to the Bunnys' for Christmas dinner. But always the smile that twitched the corner of my brother's mouth silenced me before I could begin, and I let the days go by, sorrowful but unconfessing.

When she is pinning up the hem of my dress, I shall tell mamma, I deceived myself. *I shall be standing on the table, looking down on her dark head, and I shall say, "Mamma, I can't bear it any longer. I must tell you ——"* I even got as far as "Mamma, I ——" But she said, "Be still, child," and I was still.

I shall tell her when she is working the buttonholes, I said, and stood near where she sat in the rocking chair, the only piece of furniture besides the sewing machine brought with us from the States, and watched the needle dip, dart, loop and taut the thread and pull away in swift rhythm. *Mamma, oh, mamma,* I said in my mind, willing her to look at me and see my misery and ask, "What is it, child?" but instead of looking at me, she began to sing Thomas Moore's sad song:

> "*I never nursed a dear gazelle*
> *To glad me with its soft black eye,*
> *But when it came to know me well,*
> *And love me, it was sure to die.*"

I dropped down, placed my head in her lap and cried. She smoothed my hair and laughed fondly, and asked, "Want me to

"Now, just one or two routine questions."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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sing it again?" I knew then that I could not tell her.

I began to follow my father about, hoping, without believing now, that I could tell him. Father seldom let an opportunity pass to teach me and try to make up to me the weeks or months of schooling I missed. "Spell 'ill,'" he would say, and when I had complied, "Now, 'bill.'" Then he would leave off spelling to ask me to tell him the different kinds of bills there were, and perhaps to describe the muscles in the neck, back and shoulders of a woodpecker that made possible the power and rapidity of his rat-a-tat-tat on a tree trunk.

I felt some embarrassment that he should waste these digressions on the likes of me. Because the others all knew so much more, and were, some of them, ready to remind me of this fact, I had got a very humble opinion of my own mental prowess, and saw my father's bothering to tell me such things as a measure of his loving kindness and his need to talk with someone, and I was comforted a little. Why I did not tell him, I do not know. It could be that I tried, only to find him too deep in his own thoughts to hear what I was saying. So often mother told him things of importance to her, only to have him look up from his carpentry or his book to ask, "What did you say, my dear?" or, a week later, "Why did you tell me nothing of this?"

The partridges were plucked and the soft breast feathers put in the feather poke to be saved for pillows. The birds were cooked and the meat stripped from the bones, for pies. I helped. And whatever I did, I did sorrowing, fearing.

My sister ironed while mother sewed. It was not enough for mother to make the dress. No, she must embroider it in wools, in a design of her own making. It seemed to me that never had she shown me such special attention and creative kindness.

Our Christmas Eve was dwarfed by the prospect of the morrow's outing. We all knew where the gifts were hidden. Had we not seen our mother making them? We had watched her knitting, seen her whittling the white birchwood with the knife father carefully whetted and sharpened for her. But we had not seen the finished gifts. We knew that she had turned the heel and narrowed the toe of many a stocking, and sandpapered the little carved toys while we were away at school or while we slept, and wrapped each in saved tissue wrappings and tied it with ribbons or lengths of bright yarn.

There was, of course, the package from the States. Our little Aunt Bird, mother's sister, worked in a millinery store, and twice a year she sent a package made up of bits of tulle, lace, rolls of straw braid, feathers and plumes, and satin and velvet ribbons. The winter package we opened on Christmas Eve. Few of these treasures were suitable for personal adornment, but mother used them where she could, and the rest were for us little girls, for our dolls. I remember my mother lifting a nosegay of violets from the package, shaking the flowers into looseness, then pinning them in her hair and singing gaily:

"*Violets, violets, bring me blue violets—*
Some for their fragrance and some for
my hair!"

"Elegant" and "refined" were words frequently on our mother's lips. Though she never openly reproached him for it, we all knew that she deplored our father's taking us from our parsonage home in Kansas to homestead in the Alberta brush country. All unintentionally, she falsified, glorified the life that had been ours in the little Kansas towns where father had taught and preached, and brought us little ones to think of Kansas as another word for heaven—a heaven where we should all be translated, in some not too distant life, to enjoy perpetual plenty and culture.

After the supper dishes were put away, the box of presents was brought out and, beginning with the baby, we opened our gifts. Mine was a doll with china head and hands, and shanks that tapered to high-heeled slippers. Mother apologized for the doll's nakedness and not having found time to dress her, and said, "Bring me the scrap bag and I'll make her a dress right now!" Immediately, her scissors snipped out a pattern from saved brown paper, and the minute yoke, sleeves and skirt length were cut from a large scrap left over from my new dress.

Watching mother dress my doll, I forgot, for moments, my guilt. I played at

... ...

Child Singing

By R. H. Grenville

The child came singing,
something he
Had learned from angels or
from birds;
Unlike our careful prosody
Whose song is corseted in
words,
His music flowed from out
the boy
In unembarrassed naked
joy.

It made no sense and had
no theme,
Was neither perfect nor
profound,
But moved as easy as a
stream,
Leaped like a fountain of
glad sound,
To drench the day with
sparkling motes
Of unself-conscious off-key
notes.

... ...

rolling out dough with the tiny rolling pin mother had carved for me and was briefly happy. I looked up to find father's eyes fixed on me, and hope sprang up when he said to mother, "Do you think this child is well enough to go out in the cold tomorrow?"

Mother motioned me to her, touched my brow, turned my face up to the light and said, "Open your mouth. Let me look at your throat." They exchanged a long parental look. "I think she is better," she said.

"Good," father said. "It would be a shame, after they asked for her especially."

I had only to throw myself on my mother's breast and mercy, and sob, "But they didn't ask me!" I let the moment pass. Mother had worked so hard and so happily. And I had almost come to believe in our having been asked, myself.

"You had as well read while I finish this dress," mother said to father. "The iron will be hot, and I can press it by the time you have finished." Agreeably, pleasantly, she fitted her work to the reading of the Word, her hands, her needles still only for the prayer.

My older sister brought the Bible and father opened it to the second chapter of Luke to read the Christmas story, and again, for moments, I forgot, while I soundlessly whispered the words I knew by heart, along with my father. But when we knelt to pray, guilt lowered on me and I pleaded, "Help me, and forgive, forgive!"

We little girls had had our baths in the afternoon while father and the big boys were outdoors. Then our hair had been done up in rags, to have curls the next morning. Now a tub of snow was brought in and set on the stove for the boys' baths and shampooing. After we were in our beds, we little ones sang Christmas carols, dropping out one by one, as sleep claimed us. Mine was the last voice I heard. I woke once in the night to feel mother's hand on my forehead.

What is this awful weight on my heart? I woke wondering, and remembered and sat up. I had let the day come, and now there was nothing to stop our going to the Bunnys' and bringing them bewilderment and my parents embarrassment. It was only for an instant that I sat up, then I snuggled down under the covers: the room was terribly cold.

My mother came on tiptoe, holding my dressed doll in her hand, to whisper, "Merry Christmas, daughter."

I held the doll's cold, smooth head against my cheek.

"Come to the stove to dress," mother said. "Papa and the boys are out milking. Be very quiet. The longer the little boys sleep, the more I can get done." She leaned to draw the covers closer about my sister's shoulders. "Let her sleep too. She's worked so hard," she said.

When I was setting the breakfast table mother began to sing, very softly, a mournful Christmas song that began:

"*The travelers, weak and sad and worn,*
Approached the crowded town,
So friendless, homeless and forlorn;
The sun was going down."

and ended, in its first verse:

"*No room, no room for Jesus,*
Nowhere to lay his head ——"

I had heard this song numberless times, but never before had its full pathos smitten me. I wiped my sleeve across my eyes. I must have sighed. Mother turned from the stove to ask, "Does your throat hurt?" I set down the stack of oatmeal bowls I was carrying and started toward her, my arms held out. I did not tell her, for at that moment the baby fell out of bed.

Then, suddenly, I was given a dawn-to-dusk reprieve. Father came in carrying two pails of milk on which, in the journey from barn to house, a skim of ice had formed at the edges, and said, while he stood by the stove to melt the ice his breathing had made in his beard, "I'd say it is a good forty-five below, and dropping. We can't take these little children, and especially this one, out in this!" He looked down at me, and mother looked at me, too, as though in my thin throat she saw a barometer.

"No, I suppose not," she said slowly. "Do you think the Bunnys will expect us, now it's this cold?"

"I doubt it," father said. "But in case they should, we'll send a couple of the boys down on their skis, with our regrets."

"And the carrying bag," mother said, "filled with things I've baked, and the gifts for Madge and Ben." She could not keep the tremor from her voice. She turned her head away. "The children! I mind so, for the children!"

"There will be other Christmases," he said gently, and went to her and leaned to kiss the part in her dark hair.

I went to kneel on the window seat, and with a spoon scraped a peephole in the thick and ferny frost pattern and looked out into the saving cold of Christmas.

I was past trying to confess my fault, though my sin was ever before me. I watched the boys leave, skimming over the crust beside the sleigh trail in the deceptively shining morning, and tried not to think of the moment when the Bunnys' dog, mother of our dog, Rats, would run barking to meet them, and one of the older Bunny boys—Ilo, Ivo or Jasper—would come out to greet them, and, when they had leaned their skis against the house wall, they would go in to the warmth of Mrs. Bunny's kitchen and welcome. Standing by the range, they would melt the frost from their eyebrows and nostrils, and warm their hands while the Bunnys asked about us all and heard from them our parents' apologies for not bringing us, and Mrs. Bunny said whatever came into her head to say, on hearing we had planned to come.

Mother said that we should have the nicest Christmas possible at home. She brought from the trunk her long, white, hemstitched linen tablecloth that had been the congregation's parting gift to her, and let my little sister and me help her spread it on the table. She took down from the top shelf of the corner cupboard a hand-painted china bowl and carefully washed and dried it and set it in the center of the table. It would hold the mashed potatoes in a knife-smoothed mountain from whose crater a lava of pale winter butter would overflow. There would be two vegetables, saved against this day, cranberry sauce and light rolls. To make up for her having sent one of the two partridge pies down to the Bunnys', mother had baked a hen, and there would be chicken gravy.

After she had freed our curls from their long, hard cocoons and brushed them about her finger, and had buttoned us into the dresses we were to have worn to the Bunnys' and the long-sleeved pinafores we wore over them, mother retired to the dormitory end of the house and did her hair and changed her dress and came out in her red cashmere princesse and blushed at our cries of admiration and father's poetic approval. The brief train of the dress swished after her, its tiers of satin piping ashine, brightly crimson against the frosted-lined pine of the puncheon floor. It had been her best dress down in the States, the one she wore when she sang the alto part in a church quartet, and we had not seen her in it since the Christmas before.

We had only sat down to dinner when a shadow moved past the frost-darkened window, and Rats set up his angriest growling. Father went to the door, thinking, perhaps, that some homesteader had made his way to us through the cold.

There stood an Indian, the first ever to come to our house. Father quieted Rats and asked the Indian in. The boys helped him with his blanket and shoepacks, and had him warm himself. Mother whispered for us to slide our plates along to make room for him at the table and motioned for the boys to hang his blanket on the line. We waited. Mother set the platter and the other serving dishes on the back of the stove, where they would keep warm.

When at last the Indian was seated between my younger sister and me, we bowed our heads for the blessing. The instant the amen was said and the platter that held the golden baked hen was set before father again, my little sister, wanting to show her friendliness, quickly lifted the platter with its uncarved bird and held it before our guest. Whether it was her intent to have him admire it or to ask him to carve it there was no time to ask. Instead of taking or refusing the

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platter, he grasped the bird in both hands and bent his head over it. He hesitated and lowered it to his plate, and lifted his knife and fork and considered their use. He touched his thumb to the knife blade and silently laid it down again. He took up the bird and with his teeth tore a strip of white meat from the breastbone, and, the chicken still in his hands, chewed ravenously while we all watched, rapt. No one, not even the baby, so much as gasped.

Mother got up from her chair and took the remaining partridge pie from the oven and cut it at the worktable.

She set it before father and said, "Will you serve us now?"

Then our wordless guest, his first hunger assuaged, looked around on us and saw our empty plates and that he had taken and eaten the best of our dinner. A deeper red suffused his near-frozen cheeks, and he looked down at the bird and the inroads he had made on it, and held it out toward father, his eyes asking pardon.

I felt his humiliation as though it were my own. I knew what it was to want, and to act on impulse, and then to see what had been done and want to make amends. He had come, snow-blinded, into our house, stupid with cold and hunger and strangeness, and had been offered food. I, who had sometimes run to hide when a stranger came, and found it difficult to speak up at any time, said with gestures, "We have a partridge pie. The chicken is for you, and the dressing too. We want you to eat it." Then I looked at my father, fearful of having said the wrong thing, and was relieved when he smiled and said to the Indian, "Yes, eat."

Our plates were heaped with food and passed to us, and we, too, began to eat, glancing often at our hungry guest.

Mother cut the pies before she brought them to the table. When the Indian had finished with his piece, which he ate from the palm of his hand, he wiped his hands on his trousers legs and took from his shirt front a short-stemmed pipe, and, with signs, asked father for tobacco. Told that father did not smoke, he pointed to the boys in turn, and made to understand there was no tobacco in the house, he delved for and found his own tobacco pouch and filled his pipe and smoked.

This was too much for my brothers. They got up to put wood into the stove, and, the one bending over the wood box was taken with a fit of pretended coughing and had to be pounded on the back, and that was excuse for us all to laugh. Father kept a straight face, but his eyes twinkled. And I thought that the Indian's eyes were laughing too.

Satisfied with food and tobacco, the Indian got around to telling us why he had come. He had lost his ponies—a black, a bay, a tan, a pinto. This he let us know by laying his hand on first my head, then my younger sister's, then my older sister's, and then on all three in quick succession. Father had not seen his ponies, and tried to make it clear that, should they come our way, the boys would return them to him at the reservation on Pigeon Lake.

When he had gone, with one of the boys holding Rats until he was safely from the clearing, we little girls helped mother clear the table.

The lamp was lighted. Mother took up her knitting and recited for us some Christmas poems learned in her early childhood from her mother's mother. Always I had loved that evening hour when the outdoors was periwinkle blue beyond the patterned frost and a quiet fell on us and we were aware of the crackling of the fire, the tink of sparks in the stovepipe, the sound of whittling knife and the click of knitting needles. How precious and safe a time it had always been—that hour in a winter Eden. And now the sword was at the gate.

As though she read my thought, though not its dread, mother said, "The boys will be coming any time now, and will tell us about the Bunnys' Christmas dinner. And we will have something to tell them, won't we, children?"

"Yes, how we lost our chicken," my brother said, and looked at me and clicked his tongue. "If only the little girls hadn't passed it to him. If only she hadn't said we wanted ——"

Father stopped him. "Come here, little girls," he said to us, and held out his hands and drew us onto his knees and stroked our hair. "We have so few guests I couldn't have blamed you if you had not known at all what to do, how to behave. And here, your mother couldn't have been more gracious and kind." He raised my hand and pressed it to his cheek. "You, especially, treasure," he said to me. "This must all have meant much to you, this day, and you took the disappointment of not going to the Bunnys' like a little woman. How honest and warm a heart you have, to feel that Indian's uncertainty and hunger as you did, and to speak up and tell him to eat our chicken, and make him feel at ease. That's the sort of goodwill toward men to set the angels singing." He stopped, his voice shaken, and looked at mother. She was smiling, nodding agreement.

My father's words made the circle of his arm, always the safest place in my world, untenable. And my mother's loving pride in me and all that she had done for us all toward that day, that was in no way rightly mine, split my world apart. Better was the outer darkness of their disregard, their wrath, than any longer undeserving. I flung myself from my father's embrace and stood alone, halfway between my parents, and with all the others looking on, wondering, I cried aloud, "They didn't ask us! They didn't even ask me! I made it up!"

Astonished and awful silence followed. No one laughed. No one derided or reproached me. I shut my eyes, trying to gather strength for whatever was to be. Then my mother was kneeling on the frosty puncheon floor and taking me to her heart to forgive me and to let me weep.

It was in that blessed moment of relief, release, that Rats set up his barking and ran down the trail to meet the boys, home from the Bunnys'. There was more for me to suffer, but now I could endure it. Almost, I could welcome it.

"Hold her, papa," mother said. "This crying is very bad for her throat." She went to the stove to slide the teakettle forward and to put food into the oven to reheat.

Through my tears, I saw the others' solemn faces. I strove to hush my crying before my brothers came in. Mother waited until they had slid their skis onto the rafters and had hung up their coats and were warming themselves at the stove before she said quietly, "What did Mrs. Bunny say?"

"That you make the best light rolls ever," my brother said, smiling.

"What else did she say?"

"That she was sorry it turned too cold to bring the children out, and that we're all to come the first fit Sunday."

"And she sent candy, cakes and walnuts from the States, for the little ones," our other brother said. "They're in the carrying bag."

At the goodness and kindly quick thinking of Mrs. Bunny I wept anew. Mother said to father, "Hadn't you better put her down and stay with her until she goes to sleep? This has been terrible for her."

Then the brother who liked to tease me came to me and thrust the little sleeping colt mother had carved for him into my hand and said gruffly, "You can hold him awhile!"

Father carried me and laid me down on the bunk and covered me with the folded crazy quilt. He leaned to kiss me, and the loop of his watch chain touched my arm and I heard the good ticking of his watch. Then he lay down beside me and moved my head to his shoulder.

"Will God forgive me?" I whispered between shaken sobs.

"Absolutely," he said.

I quieted, thinking on the goodness of God, Mrs. Bunny and my people. I was so humbly glad of peace on my earth once again, and of being one of the least of those sinners with whom, at Christmastime, God saw fit to be reconciled! The little wooden colt in my hand and my brow pressed to my father's beard, I went to sleep. THE END

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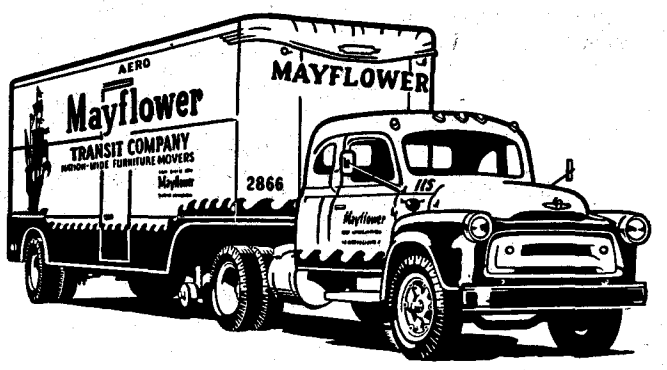

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Game Warden in Manhattan

(Continued from Page 39)

answering phone calls from irate citizens calling attention to a lady who was violating the game laws by walking a deer on leash through Central Park once or twice a day. The lady's pet was an English fallow deer, which looks somewhat like a white-tailed fawn. It was a perfectly legal pet, although a bit eccentric. Eventually, and very diplomatically, Mazza persuaded her to give it to a zoo, where it would have better care than she could give it.

"Looking like every other New Yorker has its advantages at times," Mazza says. "One day I was looking over some beef when I spotted two native white-tailed-deer carcasses. Now there is nothing wrong with selling whitetails if the four quarters and two ears are tagged properly with New York domestic or imported bands, showing they were killed legally to thin out a herd or were raised in captivity. These had no tags and probably came from unscrupulous market hunters in the deer country of New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey. Still, there was no violation in the eyes of the law until they were sold.

"The proprietor of the stall came up to me and said: 'Saw you looking at the deer. Wanta buy?' He wanted sixty cents a pound, which I bargained down to fifty-five cents, the sale was made, and then I had him.

"He was fined $300 and, later on, four hunters who supplied the meat were arrested and fined. The carcasses were turned over to a charitable institution."

This occurred in West Washington Market, a large wholesale meat market which handles a lot of game and which is not to be confused with Washington Market, where meat and game are sold on a retail basis. Both are on Tony's Manhattan beat. Each of New York City's four other boroughs has its own state game protector.

Few persons are aware of the tremendous authority of New York State's conservation officers. They can arrest on sight anyone caught violating the conservation laws. They can enter and search anything from the glove compartment of a car to office buildings without a search warrant, although they must get a search warrant if they want to enter a private home. They are authorized to use such force as is needed in examination and search. All cases are prosecuted before justices of the peace, police justices, county judges, municipal judges or magistrates having criminal jurisdiction, with a rigid schedule of fines or imprisonment, or both. Fines range from ten dollars to $1500, depending on the violation. Imprisonment is limited to a maximum of six months.

Mazza never runs out of work. There are thousands of hotel dining rooms and restaurants, offering more different kinds of cuisine than you ever dreamed existed. Manhattan is the center of the nation's millinery and apparel trade, and recently it has become the world's fur center. Fish and sea food sufficient to supply 15,000,000 average consumers per year pour through fabulous Fulton Fish Market, coming from all over the world. Add to this a polyglot foreign population that couldn't read a game law if it saw one, and the dwellers in the tenements who wouldn't bother reading game laws if given a copy. Many of these people like game, and some even find a songbird a dainty morsel. Then, too, there is a surprising amount of actual wildlife on Manhattan, not including the night-club variety.

"You wouldn't think tall buildings would pose any wildlife problems," Mazza told me, "but they do. Duck hawks like to build their nests on high ledges and swoop out from them to seize pigeons, which they like to eat. If the nest is placed right, they can make a terrible mess of the sidewalk or splash the side of the building. One time I had to swing way outside a window while I cleaned a hawk's nest from a ledge. Someone had to hold my ankles to keep me from falling. And sparrow hawks! They're little, but don't go near their nests when they have a clutch of eggs or young. There are lots of them nesting around the sheds on tenement roofs, and heaven help the woman who tries to hang wash on the roof! She is dive-bombed by hawks from every direction."

There is a lot of illegal trapping done in Manhattan, mostly in the tenement districts. The "trappers" spread a modern substitute for birdlime, using any extremely sticky substance on cardboard or some other surface, and put the baited trap out on a tenement roof. Any bird alighting on it gets its feet, and sometimes its entire body, stuck fast. Songbirds and pigeons thus caught are used for food. Pet parakeets are always escaping from their homes, and if trapped they are removed carefully, cleaned up and sold to a pet dealer. When Mazza gets a lead on this kind of activity, he goes to a high building and simply watches the rooftops, sometimes using field glasses.

The weird choice of pets shown by some persons causes trouble for Tony. One time he captured a red fox which followed him like a dog. It was trailing a leash—obviously someone's pet. Mazza turned it over to the Bronx Zoo, where it was installed in the children's exhibit. Some individuals lavish their affection on pet raccoons or skunks. If these animals escape or turn vicious, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals usually is called in, but the S.P.C.A. has no authority to dispose of any "wild" animal even if it is a pet, without the permission of Mazza or Mazza's superior officer, George Odell, inspector of law enforcement in the New York City division. Both buyer and seller must have permits for a raccoon or deodorized skunk.

"Some people like to bring trouble on themselves," Mazza says. "They lure squirrels up the sides of their apartment buildings with food, and then run screaming to us when the squirrels get caught in the outside part of air-conditioning units or make themselves at home in pipes, sounding like a convention of ghosts. Or people try to feed songbirds, and attract pigeons or hawks that prey on pigeons, or even rats. Pigeons are a nuisance here as in most big cities, and are unprotected except for Antwerp, or homing, pigeons, which come under our jurisdiction."

There was considerable excitement recently when a wild doe appeared at Fort Tryon Park, only about eight blocks from the Audubon Avenue apartment where Tony lives with his wife, Evelyn; his son, Anthony, eleven; and daughter, Doreen, eight. The doe may have walked down from Westchester County, or it could have swum across the Hudson from the New Jersey side. This, remember, took place near the heart of the largest city in the nation. At any rate, it was captured and turned over to a zoo.

Mazza has worked so long among them that he knows what violations to expect among the various racial groups. Yorkville, with its heavy Teutonic accent, loves venison, and some residents don't care whether it is obtained legally or not, so Tony watches this section around deer season. The Chinese prefer to buy their poultry alive, so Tony looks in on their poultry houses in Chinatown from time to time, because pheasants and chukar partridges have a curious habit of getting mixed in with other fowl. The Italians hate a game-law conviction more than any other group, although they do a bit of extracurricular bird trapping on the side.

There is no such thing as a routine day for Mazza. He tries to avoid any schedule, so that his "customers" in the game and plumage businesses won't be expecting his call. As for restaurants, "There are so many that the best I can do is to spot-check them. The better ones, with a reputation to uphold, cause little trouble."

Sometimes he gets tips. Once he was told he would be very much interested in a pair of women's shoes that were on display at a fashion show in one of New York's better hotels. So Tony went to the fashion show. The tops of the shoes were covered with breast feathers from blue jays. Although blue jays are not exactly melodious, they come under the songbird provisions of the plumage law and are protected. Since the shoes were offered for sale in New York City, Tony had to push the case, even though they were made in France, where jays aren't protected. The shop had to pay a fine.

Often Tony wanders around the wholesale millinery center, which is concentrated on 35th, 36th, 37th and 38th streets between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Thousands of hats are on display there, and Tony must seem like the world's most devoted husband as he peers intently at each one. "Illegal feathers stand out like sore thumbs," he says.

About the only feathers that are legal are those from "domestic" fowl, such as chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, guinea fowl, ostriches and peafowl, and a number of pheasants usually grown in captivity, such as the Lady Amherst, silver and golden pheasants. With some minor exceptions, all others are illegal, and the mere presence of such feathers in a shop or warehouse is considered evidence of illegal possession for sale. New York does not want to see a return to the days when the egret, ibis and birds of paradise were nearly exterminated to satisfy the demands of the millinery trade. The few exceptions are certain rare wild-bird feathers which are made available to anglers, who use them in making flies for fishing—but a few feathers will go a long way in fly tying.

Some of the companies which sell to the millinery trade have enormous supplies of feathers. One major supplier has a building about 100 by 100 feet, and all seven floors of it usually are jammed with the makings for a wonderful pillow battle.

Earlier rigid enforcement of the plumage laws makes the job easier for Tony today, because there are few violations. "One thing does get me, though, and television brought it on," he says. "Somebody watching a late movie on TV at night will see a woman decked out in unlawful plumage. So they hop on the phone and call me, often waking me up, demanding that I go right down to the TV studio and arrest everybody. They don't understand when I say the picture probably was made in 1942, and in England at that, and the program might be originating in San Francisco, for all I know."

The big and reputable game dealers cause no trouble intentionally. Although most of the game bought by restaurants is legally killed and properly tagged, an occasional load of illegal wild ducks might be delivered directly to a restaurant by a market hunter, or illegal venison might appear the same way. Almost any kind of wild game can be purchased easily—red and fallow deer from abroad, Scotch grouse, English and European partridges, mallard and black ducks, Canada geese, buffalo, and even far more exotic things—if it has been handled legally.

Black bear is the outstanding exception. It is almost impossible to sell bear meat under existing New York laws, since the state fears that the species faces extinction in the East. Mazza recently had to order two bear carcasses sent back to the North Central state from which they had come under perfectly legal circumstances. They were illegal under New York's restrictions, which, for the most part, limit the sale of even domestically raised bear to those which will be used for scientific, educational or exhibition purposes.

Mazza often visits restaurants on the spur of the moment. One day I joined him on an inspection (*Continued on Page 76*)

"Don't count on him finding our house. He couldn't even remember the names of his reindeer!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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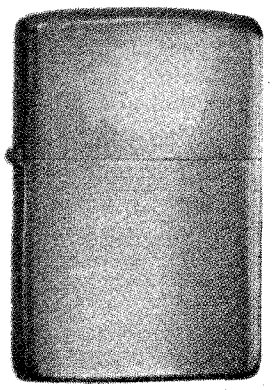
Give the Regular Zippo

(The lighter that made Zippo famous around the world. In brush-finish chrome. Guaranteed to light every time or we fix it free.)



Do you want to spend $4.75?
Give the Zippo DeLuxe

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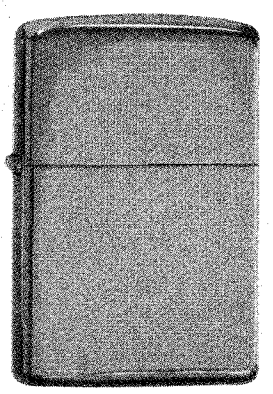
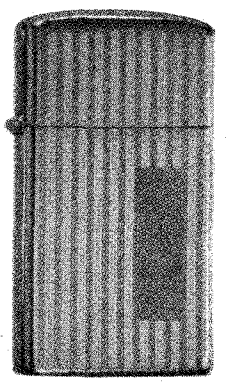


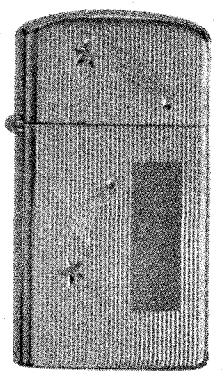
Do you want to spend $6.00?
Give the Zippo Slim-Lighter

(Slim shape for the modern purse or pocket. Polished chrome in ribbon, crisscross or diagonal design. Guaranteed by Zippo.)



Do you want to spend $11.50*?
Give the Silver Zippo

(Elegant, slim shape. Silver-filled—not just plated. Ribbon, floral or diamond design. Guaranteed by Zippo.)



Do you want to spend $20.00*?
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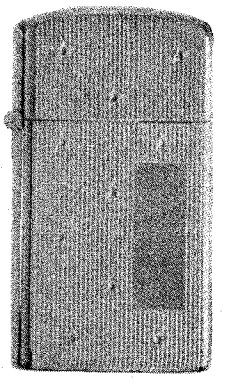

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(*Continued from Page 74*) of the famed 21 Club. We went down a flight of side stairs and let ourselves into the basement. Nobody from 21 accompanied us. As a conservation officer, Mazza is entitled to inspect any part of the premises. We looked into row after row of glass-windowed food lockers which contained game, fish and meat for the tables upstairs. Tony moved along rapidly, because he can tell the difference between game and beef instantly.

"If there's ever any doubt," he informed me, "bend one of the hairs which always stick to the raw meat until they're cleaned off by the cook. If the hair breaks or stays bent, the meat's venison. If it springs back to shape, it's beef or veal."

Occasionally he would stop at a locker and say, "Here's a hot one," meaning only that it held game, not that it was suspect. He entered these lockers to make sure the proper tags were attached to the game or frozen trout. We went up a flight of stairs to the busy kitchen and made a quick tour of it. Everything was O.K. at 21. And, for the benefit of those who have often wondered whether the kitchens of highly touted places live up to the fancy façade which the customer sees, I can give a sort of backstairs report on the 21 Club: it is immaculate.

Mazza rarely has trouble in the fur district because the skins go through so much inspection, grading and handling before they reach the New York market. Violations do occur, however. "I seized forty-five beaver pelts at one place because they were green—that is, recently taken—and the season had not opened yet," he told me. "Watching this store in the fur district because of a tip, I saw a car arrive and deliver the forty-five skins. The proprietor was arrested and fined $500 and, through affidavits and photos of checks, we got enough evidence to arrest and convict seventeen trappers upstate." Tony added that he and the men in the other boroughs operated closely with upstate game-law-enforcement men.

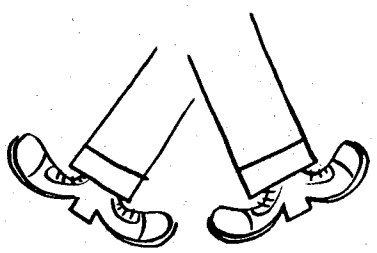
Tony Mazza is the diplomatic sort, preferring to walk softly and carry a big stick. He prosecutes between forty and fifty cases a year, a small number, considering the many investigations he makes. The reputable firms know by now that the state isn't trying to persecute them, and the disreputable outfits are deterred by the grim penalties imposed upon conviction. Tony had run-ins with some of his customers when he first started on Manhattan, especially along the water front around the Fulton Fish Market. "They tried to get tough, but knuckled down when they saw I wasn't impressed and was going ahead regardless of them," he recalled.

The Fulton Fish Market was part of his regular beat until the Bureau of Marine Fisheries was formed. George Thilberg is inspector in charge of this division. Six men are on marine work, most of which consists of preventing dredging of clams and other shellfish from polluted waters and halting the smuggling of undersized lobsters. One man is usually assigned to Fulton Market. Each container of shellfish must be tagged to show when and where it was taken, because shellfish dredged from closed, contaminated waters can cause a serious health problem. The City Health Department enforces its own strict sanitary laws, as well. The Marine Fisheries men also check on the sizes of lobsters, crabs, soft-shelled clams and various fish, such as striped bass, flounders, sea bass and legal fresh-water species.

I spent a long, cold day from before daylight to midafternoon at the market and found it a place of utter confusion until Thilberg, protector Bob Dazzo and Tony Mazza came along to explain some of it. Fires of scrap wood burned in metal drums all along Fulton Street to provide

Hal Block's Inventions

FOR A BETTER TOMORROW



Two-Way Shoes

(for people who don't know whether they're coming or going)

a little warmth in a world of water, fish frozen solid and fish packed in ice. The city of New York owns two large modern buildings and rents stalls in them to dealers. The older buildings across from them on South Street also house stalls or hold businesses connected with the industry.

Trucks from Denville, El Morocco, Longchamps and other eating places parked where they could. Men bundled up in heavy clothing, with white aprons over all, pushed the restaurants' purchases in handcarts from stalls to the parked trucks, all the while screaming a jargon that made no sense to anybody not connected with the fish business. This shouting, the enforcement men told me later, was a secret code devised by each dealer to let buyers know his prices and quantities on hand. It went on even when there wasn't a buyer in sight.

They say you can find a different kind of sea food for every one of the 365 days in the year in Fulton Fish Market, and I don't doubt it. Among the more exotic sea foods I saw were small octopuses, snails from Maine, squid, conchs from Virginia, and sea urchins, or echinoderms, which look about as appetizing as a pincushion. Frozen "brook trout" arrive here by the hundreds of thousands, and each one must carry a New York State tag. These tags cost a cent apiece and are usually bought in advance by dealers, principally in Norway, although Denmark also ships some trout. Most of them are rainbow trout. Only a few brook trout ever show up in a shipment, but it's all served as brook trout in restaurants. There is no special attempt to deceive, because a rainbow is every bit as good as a brook trout.

"Maybe I'm a traitor to the state," Mazza said, "but these frozen Norwegian rainbow trout taste better to me than fresh-caught brook trout taken from our New York streams."

One unlucky shipper lost 500,000 trout recently when a Norwegian shipment didn't carry a single tag. Dazzo and Tony seized all 500,000 and turned them over to charitable institutions.

Things are still a bit rough on the water front. Not long ago Edward (Happy) Hauptman, Queens protector, and Bob Dazzo searched a lobster skiff which had been under observation for some time. They found undersized lobsters. Bob left the boat briefly. When he looked around, he saw that the lobsterman had kicked the evidence—and Happy Hauptman—overboard and was stamping on Hauptman's face to keep him under water. "I ran up in time to help Happy," Dazzo commented, "although he was pretty waterlogged by that time." The lobsterman was arrested for assault and was let off with a fine.

Another time Sergius—better known as Quinn—Polevoy, Richmond game protector assigned to Marine Fisheries work, was given a merry run by a clammer who was dredging in contaminated waters. The clammer knew the area well, and deliberately led Quinn's boat into a dangerous spot where there were spiles and sand bars. Quinn maneuvered through the hazards all right, but when he caught up with the man there was nothing he could do because the clammer had tossed all the evidence overboard.

When activity at the Fulton market slowed down, shortly after noon, the enforcement men gathered in the back office of the shellfish place run by Johnny Mey at 4 Fulton Street. Mey is above suspicion, as even the fishmongers agree, and the enforcement men make his place a sort of unofficial headquarters when covering Fulton Market. A little while later we all went to Sweets Restaurant, New York's oldest sea-food restaurant, which is one flight up wooden stairs above Mey's place. It is a genuine sea-food restaurant. The only other things on a large menu were a few salads, potatoes, eggs and cereal.

From the simplicity of Sweets' to the greater formality of Café Nino, in mid-Manhattan, is a big jump, but both come under the jurisdiction of Mazza and his colleagues. Café Nino is owned by Hazard Reeves, one of the founders of Cinerama, Inc. He serves as great a variety of game foods in the second-floor Sports Afield Room as can be found anywhere. Some of the foods, and some of the prices, too, are unusual. His chef, Jean Pradeau, has been with the restaurant since it opened in 1944, and takes great pride in the game dishes he has perfected.

You can get a grilled Rocky Mountain elk steak there for two for sixteen dollars, imported ptarmigan, tropical possum (serving two to four for fifty-five dollars). Scotch grouse, Ecuador-swordfish steak, domestic venison steak, grilled aoudad (an African animal which looks much like our Rocky Mountain sheep) steaks or chops; Morocco-coast baby octopus for thirteen dollars, turtle eggs for fifteen dollars, roasted English partridge, llama steak, Mexican pronghorn antelope (fourteen dollars) and Caribbean baby shark for seventeen dollars.

The customer is also informed that Nino's frequently has available these delicacies (no prices quoted): Mexican armadillo, beaver and beaver tail, bighorn sheep, South American boar, water buffalo, caribou, Australian kangaroo, moose, muskrat, woodchuck, porcupine, ostrich eggs and Everglades rattlesnake. All good, nourishing food, no doubt.

This, then, is Tony Mazza's strange outdoor world. He quit the construction business to become a game protector seventeen years ago because he had always loved the outdoors and shooting and gunning. So he was plunked down in Manhattan, where he had grown up dreaming of the open spaces. He has lived in the same neighborhood all his life. When he got married twenty-two years ago, he took an apartment near his parental home, and he hasn't moved since. He still gets in some hunting whenever he can, however, finding fair bird shooting and excellent rabbit hunting just north of the city. He also shoots a lot over traps, and is quite proud of the way his son is coming along as a gunner. It is almost like a vacation for him when he can put on his uniform and work the short deer season in the hills and woods upstate.

Let's be Frank About Me (Continued from Page 21)

Such garbage! Moral judgments aside, how can anyone seriously believe that my husband would let me walk out the front door on such a junket? Richard Ewing Powell is very much a man; he wouldn't think of tolerating such nonsense.

And furthermore, anyone who really knows me also knows that I just couldn't jeopardize my marriage and my home and my two wonderful children for a cheap extramarital jaunt.

Then it became bruited about that I was systematically wrecking the home of an actor I had once played opposite. It was reported that the star's wife had slapped me at a party; the truth was that Richard and I had left the party before she arrived. It was reported that she had come to my dressing room and told me off before witnesses; I challenge anyone to produce a witness.

The truth is that the four of us were close friends. This man and his wife were having marital problems at that time, and so were Richard and I. There was no connection between the problems, but it was so simple to write one. This sort of thing is disgusting and heartbreaking, but at least it's not frightening—not so fearsome as the time Richard almost died.

Richard has a wonderfully healthy appetite and is really a stout performer at the table. One night, after three huge helpings of Irish stew, he complained of a severe stomach ache. After that meal, we knew it was nothing worse than indigestion or perhaps a touch of intestinal flu, so we went to bed.

But at three o'clock he was walking the bedroom floor, the pain much worse. At six we called the doctor. He ran a cardiograph on Richard to check out the possibility of a heart attack, but it wasn't that. Finally he diagnosed intestinal flu, which was quite prevalent then, and Richard was shot full of pain killer. He lay in bed for three days, filled with narcotics to the point where he couldn't have known whether he was ill or not.

At four o'clock on the morning of the fourth day, I was sitting in a chair next to the bed, trying not to fall asleep, but I just wasn't able to. I was exhausted from lack of sleep and nervous tension. At last I lay on top of our bed next to Richard, covered myself with a blanket, and dozed off.

Suddenly I was awake. Richard was sitting up, his legs over the edge of the bed. He wore no clothes and was bathed in perspiration, and I had a momentary idiot notion that this was certainly a strange time to take a shower. Then I looked at him again.

I have heard of people being "gray-faced," but I never thought it possible. Now I do. Richard was the color of slate. Gripping my hand hard enough to break

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it, he whispered, "Junie, please help me." Then he fell moaning to the floor.

I weigh 98 pounds; Richard weighs about 190. But I managed to get him back on the bed, and ran to call the doctor and an ambulance. I remember, strangely, the doctor saying, "Can you put Mr. Powell on the phone so I can ask him where the pains are?"

I could not. Mr. Powell was dying. His abdomen was as distended as that of a pregnant woman and it must have been clear even to a layman that his appendix had ruptured.

Events after that are clear only in flashes. The ambulance dash to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica was brief, and I suppose, dramatic, and Richard was operated on immediately. Outside in the hall I waited forever, and finally a doctor came out and told me it was all over.

"Oh, my God! You mean ——"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Powell. I'm sorry. I mean the operation is over. We'll take him to his room in a little while."

But before they did, the surgeon came out again—this time holding a slip of paper. He crossed the hall, and I overheard him say to another doctor, "Peritonitis has set in. I'm not sure he'll make it."

No one was sure, and for many days the odds were very much against Richard Powell. He went to surgery again because of an intestinal block and other failures, and when he was wheeled to the operating table from his room, he looked like something out of a science-fiction movie. It was ghastly. He was being given two blood transfusions, and there were tubes extending from his nose and arms and legs.

Three days after the second operation, I was near a state of collapse. I hadn't left the hospital or changed my clothes and had hardly slept. A nurse insisted that I go home. "We'll call you if there's any change," she assured me.

The phone was ringing when I got there. It was the same nurse. "Come back as fast as you can," she said. "He's much worse." When I got there, the last rites had been administered to Richard.

It was dawn. One of the nuns said, "Let's go to the chapel and pray."

I said, "I've tried that every day and it hasn't done any good. I have nothing left to pray with." And that was how I felt. I said I wanted to be alone with Richard. I sat by the bed and held his hand. What else was there? Then suddenly rain started to fall, soft and blurry against the window.

It's funny, but everything nice that has ever happened to me has happened in the rain. My wedding, the birth of my son Ricky, the moving into our new home. I thought, *He's not going to die today. Not today, because it's raining.*

And I whispered to him, "You're not going to die, dear. It's raining. Besides, how will I ever raise the children alone? I'm not smart enough to do it by myself. And I don't know a thing about money. Can you hear me, Richard? It's raining."

Then Richard, gaunt and unrecognizable from his ordeal, opened his rather large blue eyes. One side of his mouth pulled up a little. "Bend down," he whispered.

Utterly overcome, I did so.

"Isn't this," he said, "a hell of a way to give up smoking?"

Richard was going to get well.

It was six weeks before he was allowed to leave his room, and *that* was a day. Although he still had more than 200 stitches in his abdomen and had lost fifty pounds, he insisted on walking. On other days a dozen steps in his room had absolutely exhausted him, but he insisted, and so Frances Bergen, Edgar's wife, helped me wheel him to one end of the corridor and guide him out of the chair so that he could walk back to his room.

We started, with Frances under one arm and me under the other, and suddenly he turned white and sagged against us. Stitches were giving way. And then, with the most incredible timing in the world, two women saw him, did a double-take and cried out, "There's Dick Powell! Let's get his autograph!"

Even more incredible, however, was that the women recognized Richard. He was so thin and drawn that I hadn't even allowed him to look in a mirror. Finally he insisted, impelled by curiosity and suspicion—Richard is an actor. "What's wrong with my face, Junie?" he asked. "Come on, let me look." I held the mirror and he glanced just once. "That's enough," he winced. "That'll hold me for a long, long time."

When he came home, his closest friends helped me whoop up a homecoming by taping welcome signs and greetings all over the house. But it's lonely being sick, and Richard began to feel his friends had forgotten him.

They hadn't, though, for on the fifth day we heard music outside. We went to the front door and saw an entire orchestra marching across the bridge in front of the house. Leading it was Frank Worth, a former orchestra leader and a long-time friend of Richard's. They marched onto the drive and began to play.

We stood in the doorway and heard the wonderfully nostalgic music of Besame Mucho, I Only Have Eyes for You, Forty-second Street, Shuffle Off to Buffalo, and the whole repertoire of songs that Richard had sung and made famous in his pictures. It was the only time I have ever seen my husband cry.

It took six months for him to make a complete recovery, and while he was convalescing I had beautifully long, quiet days with him and I had a chance to think and do some adjusting. Perhaps for the first time in my life I began to think consciously, and I feel it has helped our life.

Not that we don't have our quarrels, for we do, but I do resent the columnists' comments that we quarrel frequently in public. It just isn't true, although there was one time, and that ended up in slapstick comedy.

We were dining at a restaurant with Frances and Edgar Bergen, and began to discuss schools for Pamela, our nine-year-old daughter. Well, pretty soon the discussion was an argument—any parent knows how this can happen—and Richard went outside to cool off.

He was gone for some time, and at last Frances went after him. Frances didn't come back either, so Edgar went after her. Then Richard returned by another door, and when I told him that Frances and Edgar were out looking for him, he went out after them. This musical-chairs thing kept up, and the poor waiter kept coming in with our lobsters and patiently carrying them out again. Finally we all did get together, by now mildly hysterical.

It was after Richard's illness that I made the break with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It wasn't easy. I had been with them for ten years, and everything I was on the marquees of America I owed to Metro. For most of those years I was happy and grateful—and abjectly dependent on Metro, which had been mother and father, mentor and guide, my all-powerful and benevolent crutch. When I left them, it was like walking into space.

But I had no choice. I was afraid that if I remained with M-G-M, continually playing in what I considered poor pictures, I would end up back on Broadway, hoofing it in a chorus line.

For some time I had felt that the front office said to itself: *June Allyson can make money in a dramatization of the telephone directory, so why bother giving her anything better?*

I said to them, "Look, you buy special properties or have original stories written for people like Lana Turner and Ava Gardner, but you don't tailor-make scripts for me. I seem to get whatever comes up suddenly."

"Yes," they replied, "but whatever film we put you in ends up making money, so it isn't necessary to have special things written for you." It was the old telephone bit.

Matters came to a head one morning when I read in the papers that Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz had been assigned to do the comedy, The Long, Long Trailer. Now, Lucy and Desi are wonderfully funny, but that was slight comfort to me after I had been promised that film as an alternative to a clinker called Remains to be Seen.

I didn't know what to do. I needed Metro; they had done so much for me. Without them I would have been nothing; without them now I would be nothing again. If I left Metro I was sure I'd be through. No one would ever hire me again, and if they did, they wouldn't like me. It did no good to tell me I was "Number One at the box office." Even Richard's strength and encouragement didn't come through. The children were a comfort, but not yet a salvation. I was still the career kid, grafted onto a Bronx waif named Ella Geisman who could not forget how cold a cold pillow can be or the feeling of kindling against mittens on winter mornings under the Third Avenue El.

I owed Metro much, but I owed June Allyson something, too, and I was so unhappy with that script that I delivered an ultimatum: If I was forced to make Remains to be Seen, I would not sign again when my contract expired three months later. Metro insisted. I went through the agonizing experience with that clinker, and did not sign again. I was on my own.

Remains to be Seen opened in Los Angeles on the bottom half of a double bill—for me not good. But that same day Jimmy Stewart called me to ask if I would do The Glenn Miller Story with him, and I made the picture I have loved most of all, and one of the greatest box-office successes in films.

Today I have starred in thirty-seven of the forty pictures I have made, and I've worked for every major studio in Hollywood. I even made Interlude abroad. I guess I had no reason to be scared when I decided to leave Metro.

But another mid-career decision was harder, and perhaps more important to me—because it was mine alone. Even Richard opposed me violently when I decided to make The Shrike. All my advisers said no. But it was a challenge I could not resist. For years I had been the Perfect Wife: to Jim Stewart, to Alan Ladd, to Van Johnson, to Bill Holden; even on the screen to Dick Powell.

And now, in The Shrike, in the adaptation of the Broadway play with José Ferrer, I would be far from the perfect wife. I would indeed be a monster of a wife, one of the least attractive in the history of the theater. As it turned out, the picture was a wonderful flop, but I do not regret deciding to play the vixen, Ann Downs. I stuck to my guns, making the second major independent decision of my film life. I'm glad I did, for *I* had made the choice.

But other than my personal satisfaction in making my own decision, The Shrike was fun, and I even dreamed vaguely of an Academy Award. Which brings me to some comments about Oscars.

I think there are too many Broadway players who have carried home awards for the filmed version of a play they had done in New York. Of course, they're good at it. Why shouldn't they be? They've achieved mood and total rapport with the character by playing it again and again, while a screen player is tossed into his parts cold.

In films we shoot out of context, rewrite constantly and often between takes, and frequently you don't know your character until the picture is finished, and then all you can do is wish you could make the film over.

A perfect example of the problem was in The Glenn Miller Story, when, as Mrs. Miller, I was supposed to hear Glenn's last recording over the radio just after I had received word that he was missing

"I wish I had your outlook on life."

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and presumed dead. But when I went into the scene there was no music. I had to cry and couldn't.

We tried it several times and finally I told Anthony Mann, the director, that I wasn't up to it that day. Tony told me to go to my dressing room for fifteen minutes and think about the scene; just think about it. I did. Nothing. When I got back to the set for a final try, out came the music. Tony had got the record while I was gone. That was it. We did it in one take. I cried and cried, and couldn't stop crying.

And that was too bad, because the next scene was comedy, and at last Tony said, "June, I don't know what to do with you. First you can't cry, and now you can't stop!"

Then there was the time I finished Strategic Air Command with Jimmy Stewart on a Friday night, winding up with some highly dramatic emotional scenes. The next morning—studios were working Saturdays then—I was swept into a key comedy scene in a new picture, Woman's World. I was playing opposite Cornel Wilde, whom I had never met. I was so confused and tired after the long, harrowing schedule on Air Command that I simply gave up. I dropped my arms, turned to my dear friend and secretary, Barbara Salisbury, and asked, "Who am I?" Everyone laughed, but I wasn't joking.

Oh, it's a wonderful life, all right, but sometimes it's a little confusing. Even about money. Some people have wondered why Richard and I bother to work at all, assuming that we are indecently affluent.

Of course, we're not paupers, for it's well known that my price for a picture is $200,000 plus 10 per cent of the gross profits. And Richard commands top salaries as actor, producer and director.

But high-echelon salaries result in the high costs of business managers, agents, publicists, secretaries, Screen Actors Guild dues, charities, clothes, cars, entertainment. Then come high-echelon taxes.

I remember a Lux Radio Theater show when I was paid $5000 for a single performance. I said to Richard, "Can't I take this money and buy mother a fur coat, and something for you, and something for myself?"

"Why, sure," Richard said. "After taxes, spend it any way you like."

After taxes I had $300.

And once a columnist took me to task for dressing like a nobody instead of a movie star. She said I "owed it to my public," so I dashed out and got gussied up from head to foot. It was my first and last glamour outfit. I thought, of course, that it would be deductible as a necessary business expense, but the tax man shook his head. He wouldn't allow me a cent.

When I mentioned my "public obligation," he said. "My wife wears forty-dollar dresses and looks just as nice in them as you do in these." Which comment helped neither my ego nor my bank balance.

And early this year a hostile press didn't help my ego either when Richard and I separated for three weeks. They reduced the whole affair to a single sentence: Richard was a martyr; I was a flibbertigibbet. That was that.

But it wasn't that simple. Richard had his side and I had mine, and it took some working out. In all fairness, I suppose I must admit that I'm not the easiest person in the world to live with, but who is?

Poor Richard! Here's what he has to put up with: I'm a bad custodian of appointments; only recently I scheduled four dinner dates for the same night. One Saturday I invited six guests for lunch and then drove to Ojai. They had my lunch anyway—out of my refrigerator.

I bathe four times a day and wash my hair every twenty-four hours. I comb it almost constantly, although it stays in place without it. I'm just a hair-comber, that's all.

The sight of a tooth-paste tube squeezed in the middle makes me ill. I'm afraid of high places, except the hill I live on, and traveling by plane terrifies me until I can find someone more scared than I am. Then I regain courage by giving reassurance.

Richard says he can watch my driving and tell what I'm hearing on the car radio, which I play continually. With sambas I actually sway the car. When I listen to drama that is compelling, so is my foot on the accelerator. Once I was to pick up Barbara Salisbury at a bus stop, but happened to reach her just when the plot was the thickest. She told me later that I shot by her at sixty, my tongue sticking out of the corner of my mouth. The serial didn't end until I'd reached the ocean. Then, horrified, I snapped out of it and drove back. She was waiting patiently. She knew.

I have never been to a beauty parlor; I've never worn a hat; I don't care much for drinking, but I'll have a little Scotch or vodka if everyone else is having it. I sprinkle salt and pepper on pancakes, and love a lunch of pancakes and spaghetti. I don't like to wear flowers, but I do enjoy rolling in them—if there are any around to roll in.

I'm never the right temperature or else the room isn't. I'm too hot or too cold or sometimes both at the same time. I solved our bedroom-temperature problem in winter by opening the windows all the way and turning on a big electric heater full blast. It seems to work.

I'm an ash-tray emptier and I hate a poorly run house, mine or anyone's. It's a mania, I'm afraid. In my closets even the hangers and my clothes must face in the same direction, and Richard says my bureaus are as meticulous as filing cabinets.

Well, those are some of the things that make up June Allyson. And I suppose some of them might have contributed to our separation. Who really knows?

I know it appeared to the public that I was the "heavy," the pampered wife who needed a lesson. But honestly, in a way, it was Richard, this really wonderful man, who was self-indulgent. Richard is going to read this, too, you know, so I'm not going behind his back when I say that he was living his life exactly the way he wanted, without a terrible amount of consideration for his wife and children.

Both of us had been working hard for a long time—at least two years. With so many outside pressures, we had little time to spend together and we were hardly ever alone. Richard was wearing himself out, spending long hours at the studio, and then phoning home to tell me he couldn't make it for dinner; there always seemed to be a meeting. And if he did get home, there was always the jangling telephone. Home was an office away from the office, even on weekends.

Finally I said to him, "If that's the kind of life you want, just don't come home at all." I wasn't thinking of divorce; I've never thought of it. It was meant as shock therapy, and for a little while it worked. But not for long.

At the time of our separation, business had become the most important thing in Richard's life. To my mind, everything, even his family, took second place. I don't mean for a moment that he ever neglected us, but we seemed to have become incidental. I know that a man's work should be terribly important to him, yes, but not to the exclusion of those he loves and who love him. Richard was not enjoying his home or his wife or his children or his possessions. He didn't have time.

Our marriage was truly in danger. When I was between pictures, Richard was working, and vice versa. There was so little time to go out or even to be together, and it was next to impossible just to sit and talk, and discuss the children and plan our life together and dream of the future.

And there was another thing. Richard, you see, is so much smarter than I am that I have had to make an extra effort to grow out of the ingénue role in real life. Although he gave lip service to his wish that I grow up, it seemed that he really wanted to dominate everything, including the household, which is the wife's province. As a result, I couldn't shake my complex, and when we went out I acted defensively, clowning around in public, acting too, too gay, trying to assure him that I was an adult and was interesting to others. The rift was not sudden. It was a culmination of many months. We'd talked about it for some time.

Finally one evening I said, "Richard, perhaps it would be a good idea for you to move out for a while or go away by yourself."

He didn't want to talk about it. He said I was upset; that I was thinking only of my own happiness.

"But, Richard," I said, "my happiness means you and the children. Why don't we separate for a while and try to straighten this out?"

That night Richard moved out, and I felt so miserable that I sat in the garden in a gentle rain. But this time my old friend, the rain, turned on me and I caught pneumonia. With a temperature of 104, I was taken to the U.C.L.A. Medical Center and popped into an oxygen tent. (Later a fan magazine wrote the silliest article that I have ever read about myself, purporting to read my thoughts while I prepared for death. The gist of my thoughts, it seems, was that I was a crumb and Richard a saint. The writer guessed wrong.)

Richard had gone to Palm Springs and didn't know of my illness until he read about it. He drove right back. I was hospitalized for a week; then Richard took me home. He saw that I was settled on the couch and had what I needed. Then he left again.

Actually our separation had its funny aspects. Richard ate most of his dinners at home with us, and we dined out frequently, like a dating couple—which, in a way, we were.

One of our dates took place two weeks after the split. We went to a restaurant called Jack's at the Beach, and it was pretty wonderful. So was Richard. For a long time he told me how much he missed the children and how he hated living in the apartment he had taken. He said he wanted to come home. Things seemed just about settled.

Then, driving home, we got into a hassle over my "faults." That was where we'd both come in. Richard left me at the door and barreled away down our always-dangerous drive so fast that gravel spattered on the house. I was so scared I went after him, checking the road for dead bodies.

And I couldn't find him at his apartment. I didn't learn until the next morning that he had stayed with a friend. All night I couldn't sleep. Love doesn't make sense. And there's nothing you can do about it.

Two evenings later he called. "I want to come home," he said simply. And he did. And he is. Home.

Now Richard is a doll and I'm doing the best I can to match him. Home is home again and there is no more devoted husband and father in the world. Of course, he is still very much in the film business, director and producer for 20th Century-Fox, but it is no longer a compulsion, just a normal dimension of the scene. And he has his television too.

But perhaps it's I who need perspective now. Not long ago, right on the heels of a siege of virus, he planned to fly to Hawaii to begin shooting on a picture. I made a thing out of it, pointing out that he'd been ill and that he would do better to wait a few days and sail with me. Nothing doing. He said his place was with the picture crew—and I realize now that he was right.

Perhaps I have grown up. Richard says so. And Richard should know. Richard and the children and the home—whatever is the best of June Allyson is their making.

Editors' Note: This is the second of two articles.

"Want yours now?"

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Introducing for '58...

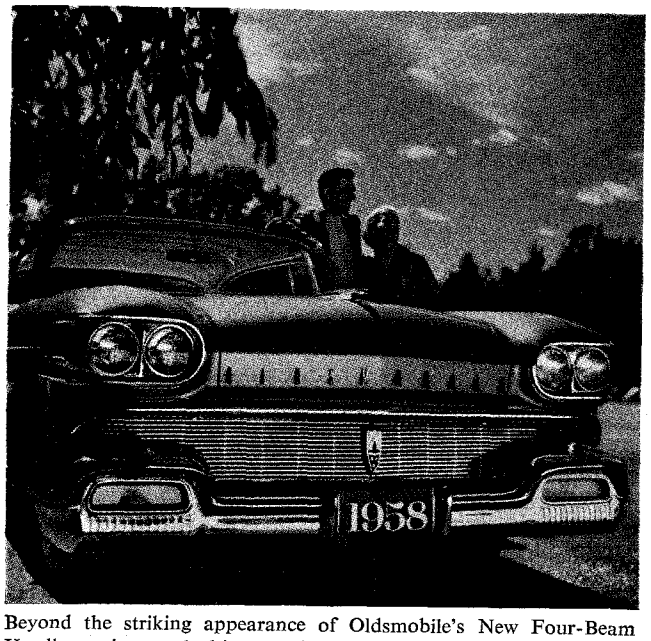
OLDSmobility

a new way of

going places

in the Rocket Age!

1958 OLDSMOBILE NINETY-EIGHT HOLIDAY COUPÉ . . . A CAR IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!



Beyond the striking appearance of Oldsmobile's New Four-Beam Headlamps is a marked increase in your night-driving safety. The Lo-Lites (the two outer beams) provide up to 50 feet more illumination . . . the Hi-Lites (all four beams) give you greater visibility, reduce glare.

Meet *OLDSmobility*, as only Oldsmobile's sparkling new Ninety-Eight for '58 can express it! Those lean, low new lines tell you at once—there's no limit on Ninety-Eight luxury, no finer expression of distinguished good taste! At the wheel you'll discover a new brand of brilliance, too—the fleet, easy grace of a great performer!

For the Ninety-Eight puts you in confident command of a magnificent, *more economical* Rocket Engine . . . offers you the supreme new smoothness of New-Matic Ride*, Oldsmobile's *true* air suspension! Only Olds brings you so much that's new for 1958!

See your Authorized Oldsmobile Quality Dealer soon!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION.

*Optional at extra cost.

OLDSMOBILE FOR '58

GM 1908-1958

FORWARD FROM FIFTY. . .INTO THE ROCKET AGE

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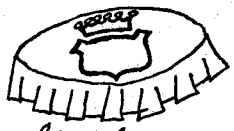
Dear Mom:



This little cap is a reminder that Canada Dry beverages ...all 10 including world-famous Ginger Ale can come to the rescue of your holiday entertaining. Your favorite store has your favorite flavors. Just ask for them.

Merry Xmas to you.

In your transistor radio

for finest possible performance...

use

P.R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.

MALLORY

Mercury Batteries

Steadier Power

Longer Life

Lower Cost per Hour

The unique mercury battery, pioneered by Mallory, is a long step ahead. It will help your transistor radio perform at its best. Incredibly small, it also provides steady, long-life power for tiny hearing aids, pocket recorders, photo-flash equipment.

For better performance and the convenience of fewer changes . . . to keep your equipment always ready to go . . . use Mallory Mercury Batteries.

Another **MALLORY** *First*

P.R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.

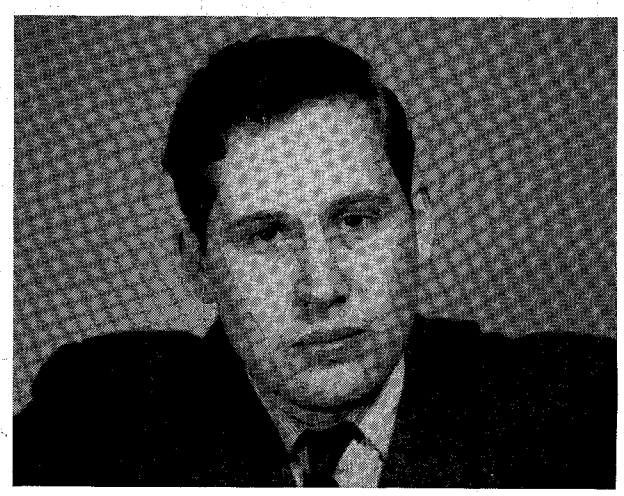
MALLORY

INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

Keeping Posted

He's Done a Lot of Living

Wolfgang Ott is only 33, but he has been very busy during that time. He was called from school into the German Navy at 17; he had desperate experiences as an ensign in a U-boat during the war; he finally became a staff officer in the High Command, but Germany's collapse left him destitute and he had to earn a living as a woodcutter. Eventually he got a newspaper job and then he quit that and wrote the extraordinary war novel that opens on page 13. This book, which has been a terrific success in Europe, will be published in America by Pantheon on Jan. 16th under the title Sharks and Little Fish. The German movie of the story, also a hit, will be shown in America soon with English subtitles. Ott is sitting in Stuttgart writing another novel, naturally.



Wolfgang Ott wrote a remarkable novel.

To Fly or Not to Fly

When a fighter-bomber pilot bales out of a burning jet, finds that his parachute won't open, yet lives to tell the tale (as on page 24), you'd think he might then be fed up with flying. But not **Capt. George Day, USAF.** Exactly two months to the day—and the hour—after his horrible experience, he took off on a solo flight at Nouasseur, Morocco. Surgeons had just pronounced him fit again for operational flying. So he soloed for two hours with his ankle, which had received multiple fractures in his awful experience, held together by silver screws. When he came down he commented, "Well, guess I haven't lost my flying nerve yet. I was a bit anxious about getting a loose screw, but they worked fine."

Happy time for Captain and Mrs. Day: look, no more crutches!

After a period of World War II service, Day got himself a law degree, then found himself wondering whether to be a lawyer or a flyer. "Best decision I ever made was to stay with the jet fighters."

Tales of the Authors

When illustrator **Ben Stahl,** page 22, recently made a quick trip to America from Spain, where the Stahls are living temporarily, his son David, 9, asked him to bring back some canned soup, cake mix and powdered milk. They have wonderful soup, cake and milk in Spain, but the lad had been checking ads in American magazines and he wanted the real U.S.A. thing. Meanwhile, daughter Regina, 12, has a boy friend, and in the approved Spanish style she sits behind her iron-grated window while he chats romantically from outdoors.

Jerome Ellison told in the Aug. 31st Post how the people of Bloomington, Ind., long plagued by a water shortage, had built themselves a huge and beautiful lake. In October, a Bloomington citizen visited a relative in Florence, S.C., which has a water-supply problem, and many people who had read the Post piece came to him seeking further information and advice. The last report is that Florence civic leaders are going to visit Bloomington and then go home and start lake-making.

Edna O'Brien, page 22, and her family live in Ontario, Calif., "on a friendly little street so hidden in orange and lemon groves that it takes a tax collector to find us." Weekends, they take off into the Mojave Desert where they have a cabin and two acres called Wild Acres. They terrify guests with tales of mountain lions that prowl about the premises, but actually the wildest beast there is a bobtailed lizard named Joseph. Joe is a wonderful critic; Mrs. O'B. reads her stories to him and he just sits and palpitates.

Edna O'Brien: a lizard is her critic.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"We Took the Nautilus Under the Ice"

Want to read the dramatic story of how our first atomic submarine cruised deep below the Arctic ice pack, almost to the Pole? It is told by the skipper himself, Comdr. William R. Anderson.

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